

Smashing Through



"The World War"

— WITH —

Fighting Battery C



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William McGinnis

Edward L. Davis.

SMASHING THROUGH "THE WORLD WAR"

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C.



102nd F. A.

"Yankee Division"

1917 — 1918 — 1919



— BY —

LIEUT. EDWARD D. SIROIS

AND

CORP. WILLIAM McGINNIS

REVISED BY

LIEUT. JOHN HOGAN

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THE MEEK PRESS, SALEM, MASS.

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INTRODUCTION

The Authors in the following pages have attempted to give the friends of Battery C. 102d Field Artillery, a clear and concise record of our achievements during the world war.

A brief outline of the early history is included, showing how the organization came into existence at the close of the Civil War.

No history would be complete without mention of the "Yankee Division," of which Battery C, was a unit. Under the leadership of our gallant Commander, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, the Division was cited time and again by high officials of the French Army. During the Second Battle of the Marne, the civil population of the devastated regions surrounding Paris conferred the title "Saviours of Paris" upon the "Yankee Division." All the information contained in this book (except citations and orders) is compiled from diaries kept by the Authors during the whole course of the War.

All photographs used in this book are actual photographs taken in Action by the Authors except those to whom credit is given.

At this time we desire to thank the citizens of Lawrence particularly Armorer John P. Ryan and the Elementary Teachers Association of Lawrence and the friends of Battery C, for the many kind expressions of friendship tendered during the dark days of 1918, while the Battery was in action. It gave us encouragement to continue the fight.

Lt. Edward D. Sirois
Corp. William McGinnis

The Authors are especially grateful to Lieut John J. Hogan of the teaching staff of the Lawrence High School for assistance rendered in the revision of manuscript.

DEDICATION

This history of Battery C, 102d Field Artillery, of the Yankee Division, from Lawrence, Massachusetts, is dedicated to our comrades of the Battery who were killed in action on the Western Front or who died of disease contracted while fighting for the Flag. They gave their lives in the true "YANKEE DIVISION" spirit, a spirit that never admitted defeat. May their noble sacrifice be an inspiration to the future members of Battery C and to the citizens of Lawrence.

The memory of these heroes will always be cherished by Battery C:

Corporal August Mathison—Killed in action at Chateau Thierry.

Private Phillips—Killed in action at Chateau Thierry.

Private Self—Killed in action at Chateau Thierry.

Private Jean Chenard—Killed in action Verdun.

Private Everett Roy Kenney—Died at Camp Coetquidan.

Private Charbonneau—Died at Aix-la-Bains.

Private Arthur Dyer—Killed at La Ferte Haute Marne.

Private George Scanlon—Died in the United States.

THEY DIED THAT DEMOCRACY

MIGHT TRIUMPH OVER AUTOCRACY

MAY THEIR MEMORY AND DEEDS BE EVER
PRESERVED

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, while in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead: Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to bear it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.

By Lieut. Colonel John McCrea,
Canadian Army.

HEADQUARTERS NORTHEASTERN DEPARTMENT

99 CHAUNCEY STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

June 16, 1919.

Lieut. Edward D. Sirois,
102nd Field Artillery,
Lawrence, Mass.

My dear Lieutenant Sirois:

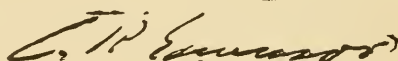
I remember your statement to me some two weeks ago that you purposed to write a history of Battery C, 102nd. Field Artillery, and your request that I should write a note relative to the Battery to go with that of the colonel of the regiment.

I shall not attempt to "paint the lily" after your colonel and yourself write the details about the gallant work of this fine organization. Suffice it for me to state that the record was fine, typical of the regiment, in an artillery brigade of which there was no peer, as far as I have knowledge, in France.

The liaison between the artillery and the infantry especially delighted me. The artillery swore by their infantry and the infantry swore by their artillery. Confidence of this kind means shock troops. I am inclined to believe that the fine protective work of the artillery, automatically functioning in protection of the infantry, was largely responsible for our comparatively light losses, considering the problems we have met.

I recall your excellent battery commanders, Daniels and Howe, as well as the rest of your personnel, with much pleasure.

Sincerely yours,



Major General, U. S. Army.



MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, OF THE 26th. DIV. ADDRESSING MEN OF
102nd. F. A. ON TROYON SECTOR, FRANCE—AT CLOSE OF ST. MIHIEL DRIVE.

(Courtesy of Frank P. Sibley)

53 State St., Boston

July 14th, 1919.

Lieut. Edward D. Sirois,
Lawrence Telegram,
Lawrence, Mass.

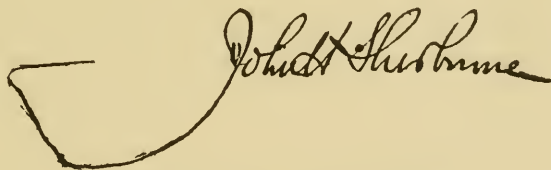
Dear Sirois:

I am very glad to hear that Corp. McGinnis and yourself are preparing to publish the history of Battery C.

I think no one outside of Lawrence has known better Battery C for a longer time than myself, and no one could value more the achievements of the Battery both in the years preparatory to the War and in the War itself.

The record of the Battery is one of which Lawrence may well be proud in future years and I am glad that you are making the record a permanent historical document.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John H. Sirois". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping initial "J" that extends downwards and to the left, ending in a horizontal line. The rest of the name "ohn H. Sirois" is written in a more compact cursive.

Brig. Gen'l. Commanding
51st. F. A. Brigade.

SKELETON HISTORY OF BATTERY C BEFORE THE WORLD WAR

The present organization known as Battery C 102nd. F. A. 26th. Division of Lawrence, Massachusetts, did not always have this designation.

The organization sprung into existence just after the Civil War. Edgar J. Sherman was the principal in the founding of this unit and was its first commanding officer. The outfit was organized in 1864 and became known as Co. K, 6th. regt. of Inf. M. V. M. Capt. Sherman had a distinguished career in civil and public life and was one of the best known and most popular men in Lawrence at that time. He served as District Attorney, Attorney General of Massachusetts and finally as judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

Fourteen years after its beginning, in 1878, the organization was transferred as a whole from the 6th. regt. Inf. M. V. M. to the 8th. regt. Inf. M. V. M. becoming Co. M.

L. N. Duchesney who had a brilliant military record including notable service in the Civil War, now assumed command of the organization which became known as, "THE SHERMAN CADETS."

On May, 10th. 1886, the organization ceased its career as an Infantry unit, being transferred and designated as Battery C, 1st. regt. F. A. M. V. M. and was equipped with American 3-inch field pieces (Light Field Artillery) Capt. Duchesney remained in command of the organization when it was changed over, which then became known as "THE SHERMAN LIGHT ARTILLERY."

The battery performed very noteworthy service during its existence, both to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the Federal Government. During the Spanish American War in 1898, the battery was called into Federal Service and was stationed at Gloucester, Mass., where it performed duty as Coast Artillery with an old Parrot gun. In 1912 during the great textile strike in Lawrence the battery was called into service and did remarkable work maintaining law and order in this city.

On June 25th. 1916, the command was mobilized with the other batteries of the regiment at Framingham, Mass. and soon

after was transported to the Mexican Border where it saw distinguished service from July 2, 1916 to Oct. 12 1916. The battery was stationed at Camp Pershing, Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas while on the Border.

It made an enviable record during this tour of duty and ranked amongst the best militia batteries in the country. While on the Border the militia automatically changed to National Guard holding the same battery and regimental designations as before.

In April 1917 a second regiment of artillery was formed in the Commonwealth and Battery C was transferred as a nucleus for this new regiment, becoming known as Battery C, 2nd. Regt. F. A. M. N. G.

The battery answered the call of the President for service in the World War and mobilized at Camp Curtis Guild, Boxford, Mass., on July 25th. 1917. August 5th. 1917, the entire unit was discharged from the National Guard and drafted into the Federal service. In the latter part of August 1917, the outfit became known as Battery C, 102nd. F. A. 26th. Division.

During the past ten or fifteen years the battery has spent two weeks in camp each year, for the most part within the State, although several trips were made to other states.

Following is a list of former Commanders of Battery C :
Capt. Edgar J. Sherman assumed command just after the Civil War and remained until 1886.

Capt. L. N. Duchesney 1886-1893
Capt. W. L. Stedman 1893-1900
Capt. C. F. Sargent 1900-1907
Capt. Urban W. Marshall 1907-1910
Capt. Louis S. Cox 1910-1913
Capt. Thorndike D. Howe 1913-1915
Capt. Watkins W. Roberts 1915-1917
Capt. Robert E. Goodwin 1917 (6 weeks)
Capt. Roy A. Daniels 1917-1918
Capt. William F. Howe Jr. now commanding.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

June 3, 1919.

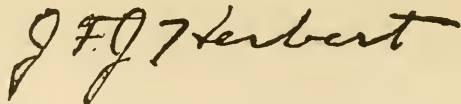
Lieutenant Edward D. Sirois,
Lawrence Telegram,
Lawrence, Massachusetts.

My dear Lieutenant:

I heartily endorse the movement to publish a history of Battery C, 102 F. A. and commend you and Corporal McGinnis for undertaking the writing and publishing of what must be to all those who served with your Battery and with the regiment and to the friends and relatives of the Lawrence boys in the 102nd F. A. an interesting and instructive story of the operations of Lawrence's "Crack Battery."

Battery C was one of the two batteries upon which the 102nd F. A. was built. With the men of the other battery more was expected from the Lawrence artillerymen than from others in the regiment. They were, as we viewed it at the time of organization, veteran soldiers, having been for so long associated with the National Guard of Massachusetts and having had the experience of several months work on the Mexican border, so it was they who had to set the example and establish the morale for the boys who had just entered upon the work of a soldier. How well the Lawrence boys did their work, and how good was their example is attested by the splendid record of which we are all proud that has made the 102nd F. A. The Battery was fortunate in the caliber, character and the ability of its commanding officers and his associates but, capable as they were, efficient as they proved themselves at all times, their work was made the easier because of the willingness, cheerfulness and the co-operating spirit at all times shown by the boys who were in Battery C.

It is pleasant to know that the associations and friendships that were welded by experiences in war will be refreshed and continued by the publication of a battery history. I hope that I may be honored to receive a copy of the book when it has come from the publishers.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. F. J. Herbert". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized initial "J".

Col. 102nd. F. A.



COL. J. F. J. HERBERT
Commanding 102nd F. A.



CAPT. WILLIAM F. HOWE, JR.
"Our Fighting Skipper."

CHAPTER I

"THE CALL TO ARMS"

From the moment War was declared among the European Powers, the United States maintained a spirit of strict neutrality. This was not to last long, however, for the reason that the German war machine, violating all the accepted rules of International Warfare, soon conducted the War in such a manner that the neutral nations began to protest, but without avail.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of the causes leading up to the entrance of the United States into the War. However, a few of the outstanding features will help the reader to understand why we declared war on Germany.

The United States has always been considered the Home of true Democracy. The stricken populations of Belgium and France turned their eyes to the United States when the German Hordes, violating the sanctity of a Treaty with Belgium, began their invasion of the little country which was unable to protect itself. The story of Belgium's heroic struggle against tremendous odds will live in the pages of history forever. Our sympathies turned to the Belgian Nation and the people of Northern France. They appealed to this country to stand by the starving men, women and children who were non-combatants. The response was magnificent. Ship after ship was despatched with food and clothing to the stricken people, many of them never reaching port. The Hun pirates of the sea were in waiting; a torpedo—a resounding crash—and food that would have saved thousands of people from starvation sank to the bottom of the ocean. The survivors were cast adrift in cold freezing weather hundreds of miles from land, only to be picked up by some passing steamer, many of them long-after they were dead.

The next step was the sinking of the ill-fated *LUSITANIA*, May 7, 1915, in which 1,134 souls were lost. The American public by this time began to take a stand. The country was divided in opinion. Many favored our entrance

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

into the War, owing to the fact that American lives had been sacrificed. Others insisted that we remain neutral. Gradually were we getting into the war. Bomb plots were being hatched and carried out by German spies and agents all over the United States and hundreds of American citizens lost their lives in these outrages.

The climax was reached when President Wilson expelled Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the United States, on Feb. 3, 1917. The situation took on a graver aspect when President Wilson appeared before the Senate on April 2, 1917 and urged the recognition of a State of War with Germany.

On April the 4th, 1917, by a vote of 32 to 6 in the Senate, in the House, April the 6th, 1917, 373 to 50, the following resolution was passed:

"Whereas, The Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of War against the Government and people of the United States of America; Therefore be it

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of The United States of America in Congress assembled, That the State of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formerly declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government and to bring the conflict to a successful termination, all the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."—
(Joint resolution of Congress, approved by the President April 6, 1917.)

The country was now at war. The Government made preparations to place the Army and Navy on a war footing. The Industrial and Commercial resources of the Nation were placed at the disposal of the Government. Labor and Capital pledged their forces to the country. War was the only topic discussed at work, on the street, and in the home. Preparations were under way to conduct the war according to American methods.

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

CHAPTER II

"MOBILIZATION"

The days that followed the resolution of Congress—that a state of war existed with Germany—were days of action, excitement and vigor. Army, Navy and Marine Corps officials sent out calls for volunteers. Huge, glaring, many colored, picturesque posters were placed in prominent spaces all over the country. Recruiting stations were established in Parks, on Commons, in Postoffices and in every conceivable place. Thousands of men hastened to enlist. Congress, under President Wilson's suggestion, passed the selective draft act May 18, 1917, under which 10,000,000 men registered on June 5, 1917.

It was at this time that the military authorities of Massachusetts decided to form a second regiment of Field Artillery in the Commonwealth. Accordingly, preparations were made to this end and Lt. Col. Thorndike D. Howe of Lawrence was appointed to undertake this enormous task. Col. Howe was well qualified to undertake this duty, having been the principal in organizing the second battalion of the First Mass. F. A. N. G. two years before in Salem. The first step in the organization of the new regiment of Field Artillery was the transferring of Battery B of Worcester and Battery C of Lawrence, from the first regiment of F. A. Mass. N. G. as a nucleus for the second regiment. Then, two new Batteries were recruited in Boston, to fill the vacancies in the first regiment and four new Batteries were organized in Haverhill, New Bedford, Worcester and Lowell and named Batteries A, D, E, and F respectively to complete the second regiment. The headquarters and supply Companies of the new regiment were recruited in Lawrence and Lawrence was used as the headquarters of the regiment. The new regiment became known as the 2nd. Mass. F. A. N. G. was formerly recognized by the War Department.

Battery C at this time was fully equipped with American 3-inch field guns, harness, pistols and other equipment, including 32 horses.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

Up to this time Capt. Watkins W. Roberts was in command of the Battery, but resigned his command about April and was furloughed to the Reserve Corps as a major. The men of the Battery then set about to elect a new Captain and Lt. Roy A. Daniels, then First Lieutenant in the Battery, was the unanimous choice of the men in the organization and accordingly, Lt. Daniels was elected about the middle of May at the Methuen armory. Lt. Daniels then went to Boston to take the examinations for Captain and successfully passed all the tests, with the one exception that he was nine pounds under the regulation weight. Regardless of the fact that Lt. Daniels was also under weight when he took the examination for First Lieutenant, and at that time was passed, the board refused to pass him on this occasion. Lt. Daniels then called a meeting of the Battery members and explained the circumstances to them. He said that it was a clear case of his not being wanted in this position by the officers higher up, but the Battery boys were firm in their choice and would not change. Lt. Col. Thorndike D. Howe then proposed ex-Mayor John P. Kane as a candidate for the Captaincy of the Battery, but although the battery knew that Mr. Kane was an ex-officer of Co. F and that he was a very efficient and capable officer, and meaning no discourtesy to Mr. Kane, they remained solid for Lt. Daniels. Col. Howe then proposed Capt. Robert E. Goodwin of Boston, Regimental Adjutant of the First Mass. F. A. for the leadership of the Battery and Col. John H. Sherburne, (General now), Colonel of the First Field Artillery regiment also favored Capt. Goodwin to command the Lawrence Battery. Both Col. Howe and Col. Sherburne spoke to the men of the Battery in the Lawrence Armory and urged them to elect Capt. Goodwin to command the Battery, but although Capt. Goodwin was a very efficient, capable and painstaking officer, the Battery, fearing that something "was being put over on them" and that officers were trying to be thrust upon them for some reason or other and that the officers whom they wanted were being held back, refused to consent to Capt. Goodwin assuming the command of the Battery. Then Col. Sherburne spoke to the men and told them that if they would accept Capt. Goodwin as Battery Commander for six weeks he would promise that Capt. Goodwin would be relieved of

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

his command of the battery within that time. The men of the battery did not like to accede to this proposition and after much debating decided to let Lt. Daniels make the decision, they promising to stand by whatever he deemed best. Lt. Daniels did not like to give in to this arrangement either, but it seemed the only plausible way out of the difficulty, because were the Battery to be mustered into the Federal Service without a Captain, their privilege of electing their own officers would cease. Once in the Federal Service, the officers higher up and the Government could appoint whomsoever they pleased, so Lt. Daniels decided in favor of Capt. Goodwin and relied on Col. Sherburne keeping his word. The battery took Lt. Daniels' advice, as they had pledged themselves to do, and Capt. Robert E. Goodwin was elected Captain of Battery C, in the Methuen Armory and assumed command immediately. Col. Sherburne kept his word and within five weeks Capt. Goodwin was advanced to the rank of Major and given command of the First Battalion of the 2nd. Mass. F. A. This would make it appear as though the officers in command wanted to make Capt. Goodwin a Major and that they simply used Battery C as a stepping stone to attain this object. Lt. Daniels was appointed Captain and given command of the battery when Capt. Goodwin attained the rank of Major.

Although the enlisted personnel of the Battery did not approve of Capt. Goodwin coming to the organization the fact must be acknowledged, however, that he made a "ripping good skipper." The battery was facing a crisis at the time that Capt. Goodwin assumed command. They were sick of being told that if they did not do this or they did not do that, just as someone wanted them to, they would suffer in some way or another.

It does not take a great deal of this sort of thing to bring the morale of an organization down and such was the state of affairs when Capt. Goodwin assumed command of the Battery. Although only a small man in stature he was full of life and energy, and when he turned the battery over to Capt. Daniels it was once again back to its "Old time spirit."

At the time that Lt. Daniels was first elected captain, there were also vacancies for one First Lieutenant and two Second Lieutenants. William F. Howe, Jr., Second Lieutenant

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

in Battery A of Haverhill, was elected to fill the vacancy of First Lieutenant in Battery C, and Corp. Robert J. Hancock and Sergeant Bernard J. Lynch were elected Second Lieutenants. These young men went to Boston. Lt. Howe passed the examinations and was assigned to Battery C. Corp. Hancock and Sgt. Lynch were less fortunate, receiving word some time later that they had failed. Both thought they could have easily passed the required examinations on their ability and merits, but that did not count for a great deal. Sgt. Lynch did not seek another examination as was his privilege, but immediately re-enlisted in the Battery. Corp. Hancock, however, did go to Boston, took the examinations again and passed. He was then assigned to Battery C. Sgt. Joseph McCarthy was now elected to fill the vacancy existing and successfully passed all the requirements. Both Lt. Hancock's and Lt. McCarthy's careers were short-lived however. On the 27th. of July, 1917, as the battery was boarding the electric cars to leave the Methuen Armory Lt. Hancock was handed his discharge and Lt. McCarthy received his about two weeks later at Boxford, Mass.

When Capt. Goodwin assumed command of the battery there were about 130 men in the organization. Due to the fact that the enlistment period of quite a number of the men expired at this time and also due to orders received from the War Dept., that all married men, and men with dependents must be immediately discharged, the ranks of the battery became greatly thinned.

Capt. Goodwin appointed 1st Lt. William B. Higgins as recruiting officer for the Battery. Lt. Higgins opened recruiting stations at both the Lawrence and Methuen Armories and commenced a vigorous campaign for recruits, not in Lawrence alone, but also in the suburbs. This campaign was very successful and the battery secured many fine men such as Charles L. Lannigan, who became a Second Lieutenant at Camp Coetquidan, France and later again promoted to First Lieutenant while at the front; also Joseph M. Mulhare, Police Inspector, who was one of the battery's "Old Timers," and who later became first Sergeant of the Battery in France. Another man was John M. Laing, circulation manager of the Lawrence Telegram, who worked his way to Radio Sergeant

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

in the 102nd F. A. Headquarters Company. Clarence L. Young of the Essex Company who came home as Regimental Sergeant Major of the 102nd F. A. was another man who enlisted in the battery as a private. These young men and many more like them were secured through the untiring efforts of Lt. Higgins. His work had been done so satisfactorily that when the battery was ready to leave Lawrence it required but few men to complete its full War strength quota.

Orders were issued to the Battery to report at the Methuen Armory at 4.00 o'clock, July 24, 1917, where a check roll-call was held, and all the members of the Battery found present. A special courier was despatched to the State House, Boston. He waited there all night and when the Adjutant General's Office opened on July 25th, Battery C was one of the first units of the Massachusetts National Guard reported present and awaiting orders. In the meantime, the Battery was busy pitching tents on the spacious drill field behind the Armory and getting everything in readiness for the order to move. The following day at 1.30 p. m. guns, caissons and horses moved over the road to Boxford, Mass. The rest of the battery were transported in touring cars supplied by the business men of Lawrence. Here the two Massachusetts Field Artillery Regiments and a third regiment composed of State Troops from the other New England States combined were mobilized, later becoming the 51st Artillery Brigade of the 26th Division.

OFFICERS OF BATTERY C AT TIME OF DEPARTURE FOR FRANCE

CAPTAIN

Roy A. Daniels

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

William B. Higgins

William F. Howe, Jr.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

Andrew W. Thompson

Prentiss French

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

ROSTER OF BATTERY C AT THE TIME OF THEIR DEPARTURE FROM LAWRENCE

First Sergeant

William F. Halloran, Lawrence

Stable Sergeant

Daniel J. Lorden, 751 Essex St., Lawrence

Mess Sergeant

Joseph M. Rinehart, 269 South Broadway, Lawrence

Supply Sergeant

Frank Conway, 5 Chestnut St., Winchendon

SERGEANTS

John J. McCarthy, 12 Cypress St., Lawrence

Clarence S. Davis, 563 Haverhill St., Lawrence

Mark W. Wyman, 43 Falmouth St., Lawrence

Leo Lacasse, 297 High St., Lawrence

Hartley L. Calvert, 30 Crescent St., Lawrence

William F. Weinhold, 17 Dewey St., Lawrence

Eric E. Borton, 34 Loring St., Lawrence

Bernard J. Lynch, 135 Bowdoin St., Lawrence

Joseph A. Pageau, 52 Railroad St., Lawrence

John G. Sheehan, 285 High St., Lawrence

CORPORALS

Joseph M. Cote, 241 Salem St., Lawrence

Frank J. Killilea, 89 Stearns Ave., Lawrence

Daniel Danahy, 223 Hampshire St., Lawrence

James Dick, 3 Cuba Ct., Andover

Wilfred Cote, 241 Salem St., Lawrence

Charles Hanley, 146 Willow St., Lawrence

William I. Hart, 10 Phillips St., Lawrence

Edward D. Sirois, 44 Oak St., Lawrence

Ralph Rossi, 119 Elm St., Lawrence

Edgar Blanchette, 41 Tyler St., Lawrence

Thomas Lacey, 82 Holly St., Lawrence

Bernard Coia, 75 Oak St., Lawrence

William McGinnis, 247 Broadway, Lawrence

George Rainville, 82 Farley, Lawrence

Charles E. Connors, 68 Texas Ave., Lawrence

Herman T. Gage, 232 Bradford St., No. Andover

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

Charles L. Lannigan, 239 Andover St., Lawrence
Harry W. Law, 132 Oakland Ave., Methuen
Daniel Neal, 4 Conduit St., Lawrence
Edward F. O'Leary, 175 Haverhill St., Lawrence
David O. Yule, 173 Broadway, Lawrence

CHIEF MECHANICIAN

Ralph E. Strout, R. F. D. 5, Belfast, Me.

MECHANICIANS

George R. Belisle, 282 West St., Lawrence
William G. Martin, 107 Nesmith St., Lawrence

SADDLER

Camille Dion, 161 West St., Lawrence

HORSESHOER

Alexander Dube, 36 Morton St., Lawrence

COOKS

Arthur M. Ellis, 10 Warren St., Lawrence
George A. Grey, 282 Broadway, Lawrence
Frank J. Lorden, 751 Essex St., Lawrence

PRIVATES (First Class)

Fred A. Gleason, 102 Walnut St., Lawrence
Peter Mich, 17 Currier St., Lawrence

PRIVATES

Samuel Adams, 62 Phillip St., Lawrence
Leslie Anderson, 125 Osgood St., Lawrence
Edward Bachand, 40 Manchester St., Lawrence
John Barmby, 200 Tyler St., Methuen
John W. Barrow, 4 Osborn St., Fall River
Timothy J. Barry, 102 Sarotoga St., Lawrence
Frank Beanland, 68 Camden St., Lawrence
Peter Beaudoin, 15 Tremont St., Lawrence
Rosario J. Beaulieu, 44 Tremont St., Lawrence
Albert Belanger, 36 Dracut St., Lawrence
Michael A. Belawsky, 25 Harvard St., Lawrence
Andrew Beletsky, 87 Valley St., Lawrence
Patrick Berube, 603 Andover St., Lawrence
William H. Bevington, 36 Manchester St., Lawrence
Earl H. Bitler, 176 Abbott St., Lawrence
Andrew J. Boissonneau, 159 Weare St., Lawrence
Bernard T. Bowden

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

James W. Bradley, 9 Byron Ave., Lawrence
Edward Brochu, 10 Hobson St., Methuen
Timothy Carroll, 310 Salem St., Lawrence
Frank Carroll, 92 Berkeley St., Lawrence
Leo L. Carney, 46 Morton St., Lawrence
William E. Carney, 86 Arlington St., Lawrence
Ernest E. Carter, 16 Madison St., Methuen
Joseph Charbonneau, 1 Acton St., Lawrence
Jean B. Chenard, 52 Railroad St., Lawrence
Joseph Coakley, 167 Salem St., Lawrence
Arthur J. Collins, 415 Andover St., Lawrence
Frank Collins, 16 Turner St., Lawrence
Thomas Corcoran, 507 Essex St., Lawrence
Edward J. Coughlin, 42 Crosby St., Lawrence
Irvin Cravin, 168 Tenney, Methuen
Percival S. Crawford, 332 Pelham St., Methuen
Warren G. Curtin, 32 Avon St., Lawrence
Louis E. Daigneault, 40 Water St., Lawrence
Thomas Davies, 4 Buxton St., Methuen
Walter W. Demers, 258 Essex St., Lawrence
Pierre Desbiens, 447 Haverhill St., Lawrence
James J. Devine, 149 Foster St., Lawrence
William D. Donovan, 98 Auburn St., Lawrence
Francis D. Dowd, 99 Abbott St., Lawrence
Arthur Dube, 337 So. Broadway, Lawrence
James J. Dugan, R. F. D., Highland Road, No. Andover
Rene E. Faucher, 17 Daisy St., Lawrence
George H. Fegerus, 5 Lund St., Worcester
John L. Ferguson, 153 Prospect St., Lawrence
Harold A. Fitzgerald, 460 Water St., Lawrence
John A. Fortin, 12 Perkins Ct., Lawrence
Charles Frazier, 19 Rowell St., Lawrence
Wilfred Gagnon, 33 Crosby St., Lawrence
Harold A. Gardner, 73 Essex St., Lawrence
Harry Green, Y. M. C. A., Lawrence
Joseph A. Greene, 386 Park St., Lawrence
Augustine Hadden, 71 Crescent St., Lawrence
George M. Hajjar, 262 Hampshire St., Lawrence
Raymond W. Hamel, 114 Butler St., Lawrence
Henry Hartman, 98 East Haverhill St., Lawrence

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

Francis P. Hayes, 83 Easton St., Lawrence
William J. Hayes, 83 Easton St., Lawrence
William Heffernan, 76 Bunker Hill St., Lawrence
Frank P. Hennessey, 30 Manchester St., Lawrence
Otto A. Hoffman, 47 Storrow St., Lawrence
Benjamin Hollins, 24 Willow St., Lawrence
Melvin H. Hubbard, 107 Ashland Ave., Methuen
Josiah H. Hull, 317 Lawrence St., Lawrence
Fred D. Hurrell, 70 Oakland Ave., Lawrence
Albert D. Hutton, 37 Eutaw St., Lawrence
James Ingle, 9 Chelmsford St., Lawrence
James Innis, 67 Warren St., Lawrence
Alfred Jean, 108 Concord St., Lawrence
William E. Jordan, 101 So. Broadway, Lawrence
Joseph Joyce, 374½ Common St., Lawrence
Henry B. Judge, 110 Ames St., Lawrence
James J. Kane, 630 Broadway, Lawrence
John Kavanah, 194 Walnut St., Lawrence
Roy Kenney, 70 Dorchester St., Lawrence
John M. Laing, 57 Center St., Methuen
George H. Langford, 2 Concord St., Lawrence
Aime Latulippe, 30 Ohio Ave., Lawrence
Robert E. Laycock, 32 Melrose St., Lawrence
Cyril Lemay, 41 Orchard St., Lawrence
Harry F. Leslie, 69 Fern St., Lawrence
Matthew J. Linehan, 220 Salem St., Lawrence
Joseph D. Lonergan, 365 Oak St., Lawrence
John F. Manion, 3 Bunker Hill St., Lawrence
Francis Manning, 141 Arlington St., Lawrence
Louis O. Martin, 4 Westland Ave., Lawrence
Laurence J. Matthews
August Mathison, 16 Clayton Ave., Methuen
William H. McClellan, 475 Essex St., Lawrence
Harold McDonald, 15 Crawford St., Lowell
William E. McDonough, 64 Oregon Ave., Lawrence
Raymond E. McGeoch, 405 Water St., Lawrence
John McNamee, 46 Margin St., Lawrence
William Menzie, 440 Haverhill St., Lawrence
Theophile Mercier, 27 River View St., Beverly
Arthur M. Miller, Au. Sable Forks, New York

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

Arthur Morin, 48 Railroad St., Lawrence
Daniel F. Moynihan, 14 Trenton St., Lawrence
Michael F. Murphy, 121 Haverhill St., Lawrence
Albert Noble, 42 Texas Ave., Lawrence
John F. O'Brien, 22 Bromfield St., Lawrence
James O'Brien, 395 Park St., Lawrence
John J. O'Neil, 98½ Tremont St., Lawrence
Dominick Palesky, 1 Cantillon St., Lawrence
Frank R. Payson, 15 Washington St., Lawrence
Thomas H. Peel, 149 Tenney, Methuen
Benjamin Poole, 58 Tenney St., Lawrence
Charles Poole, 36 Park St., Lawrence
Harry Poole, 58 Tenney St., Lawrence
Alcide J. Poudrier, 286 Broadway, Lawrence
John Provencher, 2 Blanchard St., Lawrence
Michael J. Rahilly, 311 Hampshire St., Lawrence
Leon N. Randall, 130 Cross St., Lawrence
John J. Regan, 55 So. Broadway, Lawrence
William H. Ruediger, 31 Lippold St., Lawrence
Phillip J. Riley, 235 Salem St., Lawrence
Frank Rourke, 2 Hall Place, Lowell
Patrick Ryan, 12 Atkinson St., Lawrence
George E. Scanlon, 396 So. Broadway, Lawrence
Bruno Sedar, 109 Newbury St., Lawrence
Albert Seguin, 72 Margin St., Lawrence
Herbert Slattery, 12 Elizabeth St., Lawrence
Edward C. Sullivan, 31 Bromfield St., Lawrence
Charles F. Sweeny, 38 Cedar St., Lawrence
Eugene Topping, 30 Nesmith St., Lawrence
Henry Topping, 30 Nesmith St., Lawrence
Richard E. Tordoff, Y. M. C. A., Lawrence
Patrick H. Webb, 127 Bennington St., Lawrence
Horace White, 48 Shattuck St., Lawrence
William L. Wilkinson, 35 Mass. Ave., No. Andover
Clarence L. Young, 375 Lowell St., Methuen
Henry Thibault, 32 Crosby St., Lawrence
Omer St. Pierre, 305 Broadway, Lawrence
Joseph Mulhare, 359 Haverhill, Lawrence

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

Life at Boxford was one round of pleasure. Nearby cities and towns could be easily reached and the camp was crowded with visitors at all times. We were under the impression that our next move would be to Charlotte, N. C. The troops were rapidly adapting themselves to military discipline. Owing to the efficiency of the New England State Troops, the War Department was prevailed upon to despatch the troops to France. Winter clothing and equipment were issued and Aug. 5, 1917, the National Guard units were drafted into the United States Army by a special act of Congress.

Shortly after this the 26th Division, which General Edwards and his staff had been working on for such a length of time became a reality. All the New England National Guard had been grouped together into the different regiments and now all that was necessary was to change their names. Accordingly, the three regiments of Artillery at Camp Curtis Guild became the 101, 102 and 103 Field Artillery regiments of the United States Army, forming the 51st Field Artillery Brigade. The Infantry and other branches of the service were named and grouped into Brigades in a similar manner. Battery C was now a unit of the 102nd Field Artillery.

It is now worthy of mention that all the material, horses and ordnance equipment had been turned in. We were now a "Christian Science" Artillery Brigade. Of everything that took place at Boxford, there is one thing that stands out much more prominently than anything else and that was the inoculation against typhoid. All the new men had to take five inoculations, while the older "vets" who had been in the organization for some time and who had received an inoculation while on the Mexican Border, only had to take three at this time. Without this precaution the troops in France never would have been able to stand the grind.

Just before the battery was called into service William Hollaran, who was farrier in the battery, with the rank of corporal was appointed 1st. sergeant, when 1st. sergeant Harry Smith was discharged on account of having dependents. Bill Hollaran who was known to the boys as "Father," was top sergeant when the battery went to Boxford. He was one of the best 1st. sergeants that the battery ever had and was very popular and well liked by the entire personnel of the organiza-

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

tion. Bill knew men, he knew how to handle men and how to get the best discipline without tyrannizing the men under him. First sergeant is one of the toughest jobs in the army, as a 1st. sergeant is the middleman between the officers and the enlisted men. A first sergeant very seldom makes any friends, but on the contrary makes a lot of enemies. Bill Hollaran was the exception to this rule. There was hardly a man in the battery who had anything but the deepest respect and admiration for him. However, Bill, "Our Father," was in the hands of Fate. One day the boys were astonished to hear that he had been reduced to a duty sergeant and transferred to Battery A. It was one of the biggest mistakes that Battery C ever made to lose Bill Hollaran. As stable sergeant of Battery A of Haverhill he performed excellent service and later on when the regiment got to the front he had the best set of horses in the Brigade. The battery boys never officially learned why Bill Hollaran was reduced and transferred and Bill was too much of a man to explain himself. He bore his exile like a soldier and when asked about it he would say, "It can't be helped now, let's forget it." Nevertheless we had a right to think, that is if we didn't think out loud, and to this day the battery boys still believe that Bill Hollaran was the victim of Military Politics. His parting words to the battery, "I would rather be a private in this battery, than top sergeant in any other outfit," serves to show in what regard he held Battery C. He tried to secure a reduction to a private and be transferred back to Battery C but was unsuccessful.

PAY DAY

Oh, it's early in the morning,
The mules begin to squeal,
You hear the cooks a banging pans
To get the morning meal;
The Bugler sort o' toodlin'
Outside the Colonel's tent,
And you kind o' feel downhearted,
'Cause your last two bits is spent.

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With a leggin' string you're fussin'
When the band begins to play,
And you listen and stop cussin'—
What is that the Bugles say?
Oh, it's PAY-DAY, PAY-DAY, PAY-DAY,
And the drums begin to roll,
And they sure do carry music
To the busted Johnnie's soul.

Some think about the girls they'll get,
And some, about the beer;
Some say they'll send their money home,
And all begin to cheer.
The games will soon be goin'
Snap your fingers at the dice;
With canteen spigots flowin',
'Til the barkeeps out of ice.

For it's PAY-DAY, PAY-DAY, PAY-DAY;
Can't you hear the bugles call?
The privates and the Non-coms,
The officers and all
Have been waitin', and waitin', waitin',
'Til they're broke or badly bent
For the coins staked up on blankets
And table in a tent.

Fifteen dollars in the mornin'
By the evein' in the hole;
And "Private Jones is absent, Sir,"
When the sergeant calls the roll;
The officers are lookin' up
The "Articles of War."
There's sixteen in the guard-house,
And the Provost has some more.

Author Unknown.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

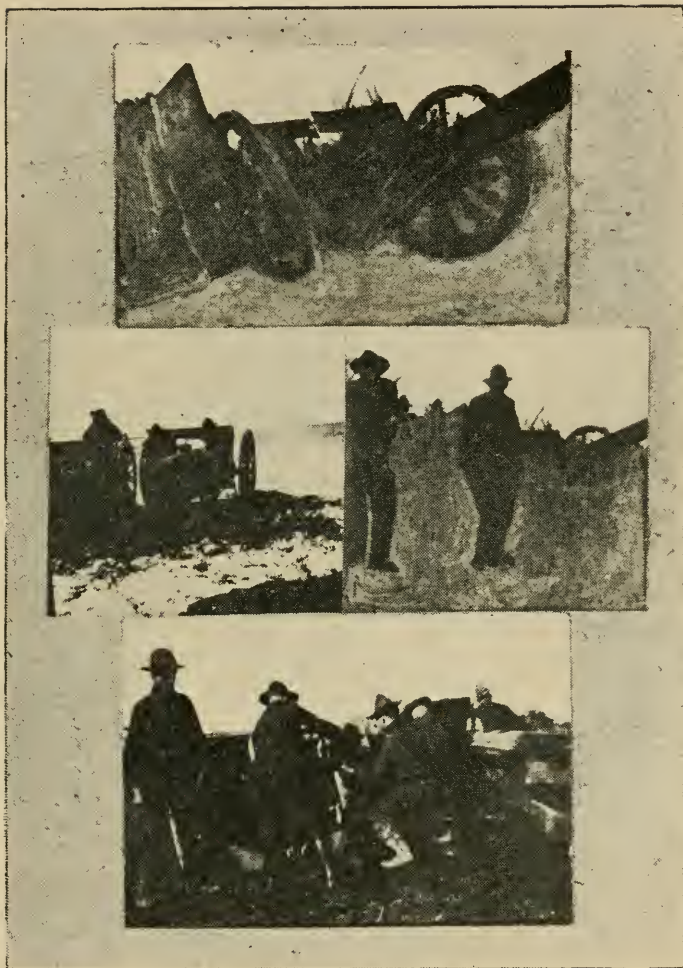
CHAPTER III

OFF TO FRANCE

When the organization of the division was completed, there was no time lost in getting ready for France. It was intended that the Division should go to Charlotte, N. C., for a period of training, previous to embarking for France. According to all the magazines and newspapers of the day, it was the intention of the War Department to first send to France the 42nd "Rainbow" Division, which was made up from the National Guard of about 27 states, but the "Yankee" Division beat them to it. Owing to the zeal and spirit with which the New England troops entered into the game, a high state of efficiency was soon attained. The 26th was ready to go to France before the Rainbow Division was completely organized and realized what was going on.

Everything was being done with the greatest of secrecy. None of the men and few of the officers knew exactly what was going on. But "Old Dame Rumor," started things going and sure stirred up trouble for a time. The signs were too pronounced to be mistaken. We began to pack all surplus equipment and mark the boxes, trunks and baggage with the overseas insignia. Then, all knew what was in the air. It was France for us without a doubt. All were in the best of spirits for, at last, we were going to avenge the insult heaped upon our Flag and Country by the German Government.

At the retreat formation of the battery, 5.30 o'clock, the night of Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1917, Capt. Daniels issued orders that every man would be allowed on pass all night, until reveille, 6.30 A. M., the next morning. The captain informed the battery that it would in all probability be the last opportunity to go home, but also impressing upon them the importance of being back by 6.30 A. M. the following morning, the penalty for non-appearance being a court-martial. Battery A of Haverhill and Battery F of Lowell also had the right to take advantage of this privilege but the Commanders of these two Batteries did not allow the men to go, fearing that they



Top:—Remains of a '75 and caisson, blown off by a defective shell, Camp Coetquidan, France; Center left:—1st. Section Battery C, Sgt. Bernard J. Lynch in charge, at firing practice, Camp Coetquidan, France; Center right:—Same gun as above, men picking remains of 5 comrades who were killed and blown to pieces, when piece exploded; Bottom:—4th. Section, Battery C, Sgt. Charles Hanley in charge, at firing practice, Camp Coetquidan, France, left to right—Joseph Greene, Henry Hartman, John Provencher, and Louis Daigneault (Note the gun in this picture in extreme recoil.) Pictures taken by the authors.

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would not be back in time. At the 6.30 roll-call Thursday, September 20, every man in Battery C answered present to his name. The organization received a flattering compliment from Col. Morris E. Locke, who was now the Regimental Commander of the 102nd F. A. for their promptness and perfect soldierly conduct.

Friday, September 21, 1917, was our last day at Camp Curtis Guild, Boxford, Mass. The morning was spent in making rolls, packing equipment and tearing down all construction work that we had erected. At 1.30 P. M. "General," was blown and every tent in the regiment came down simultaneously. In a race that followed to see who would have all equipment packed first, Battery C won out.

At 10.15 that night we boarded the train at the Boxford depot on the first leg of our journey to France, after 58 days of Army life spent at this camp. Little did we realize on this calm, peaceful September evening with everyone in the best of spirits, that we had seen our relatives, friends and sweet-hearts, for the last time for many a long day. The thought that some of us would never see them again never even entered our minds. Little did we know of battlefields, poisonous gas, dugouts, trenches, of cooties and almost a year at the front without a rest and here the fact must be acknowledged little did we care, for the soldier lives for today—let tomorrow bring what it will.

Previous to the departure of the train, orders were issued that all curtains must be pulled down, no one was to talk or hold conversation with people outside. If asked who we were, where we came from, or where we were bound, we were to say that we did not know. We were to be absolutely dumb. We were not given a glorious send-off, with brass bands playing, people cheering and flags waving—we just "sneaked off in the middle of the night," and to a certain extent that was just the way we preferred to leave. The American people were sending us to represent them in the greatest war of all time. We had a grim and gigantic task before us. We were on our way to avenge the wrongs done by the most ruthless, heartless and most despised nation in the world, to the most patient, peace-loving people who formed the greatest nation on the globe—a people who had patiently listened to the slanderous lies of a

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barbarian nation for three long years, but who were now aroused and ready to make every sacrifice to bring the Prussian rule to an end. We were representatives of the most just and glorious cause that ever man fought for—the Vanguard of the American Army, 2,500,000 strong. And well did we know that the time for brass bands and cheers would come when we accomplished the task before us.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

Didn't know much, but knew something,
Learned while the other men played,
Didn't delay for commissions;
Went while the other men stayed.
Took no degrees up at Plattsburg,
Needed too soon for the game,
Ready at hand to be asked for,
Orders said "Come"—and they came.

Didn't get bars on their shoulders,
Or three months to see if they could;
Didn't get classed with the reg'lars,
Or told they were equally as good.
Just got a job and got busy,
Awkward they were but intent,
Filing no claim for exemption,
Orders said "Go"—and they went.

Didn't get farewell processions,
Didn't get newspaper praise,
Didn't escape the injunction,
To mend, in extent, their ways,
Work-bench and counter and roll-top,
Dug in and minding their chance,
Orders said "First line of trenches;"
They're holding them—somewhere in France.

Author Unknown

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

T'was a hard blow, however, when our train passed through South Lawrence—our own home town and actually stopped. The platform was lined with fully a thousand people, mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, brothers and sweethearts of the boys, but we had already learned the first essential of a good soldier—obedience to orders—and the curtains remained down. Bitter as the pill was the swallow, there was not a fellow in that train whose eyes were not wet when he left the station for—God only knew where.

At 12.26 noon on September 22, 1917, we arrived in New York city and immediately detrained. The march to the wharf was very short. The ferry-boat Sumner carried us to Hoboken where we boarded the U. S. S. Transport Finland at 5.00 P. M. The entire regiment was put on this ship. Two Major Generals and two Brigadier Generals also traveled with us.

Early on the morning of September 23rd. we pulled out into the harbor, where we anchored all day. As the sun was setting this wonderful Sunday afternoon, we caught our last glimpse of the statue of Liberty and the buildings of New York's waterfront, in fact, our last glimpse of the good old U. S. A. for nineteen, long, weary months, for exactly at 10.17 P. M. Sept. 23, 1917, the propellers of the Finland started to revolve and at last we were on our way to France. What a beautiful picture the lights of New York presented, as they gradually grew dimmer, and dimmer, and finally faded from our vision! Never shall we forget it.

As we glanced around the waterfront our thoughts wandered back to Lawrence and the events of the past forty-eight hours, we gazed out towards the ocean. We knew the trip was fraught with danger but we were ready and anxious to get over where things were being done. Standing on the deck of the transport we were soon made to realize that the atmosphere of war was in evidence everywhere, all the docks were flooded with lights, armed sentries were on hand everywhere, their bayonets glistening in the moonlight, police officers were helping the military authorities, we were wishing the trip was under way.

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We were soon made aware of the fact that the voyage was not to be one of blissful idleness as many had anticipated, because a submarine watch was organized that night. This guard was posted at regular intervals at vantage points all over the ship. The duty of this guard was to maintain a constant lookout for not only periscopes and submarines, but to report all vessels coming into sight.

In our convoy there were three transports, the Antilles, Henderson and the one on which we sailed, the Finland. Our escort, consisted of the Armed Cruiser San Diego and two destroyers Nos. 22 and 24. On their return trip both the Finland and the Antilles were torpedoed, but both were successful in reaching Le Havre safely. The San Diego was less fortunate than these two. This cruiser ran on the rocks off the coast of New York and became a total wreck.

The "Prison Ship, Finland," was the name that we gave to our ship and surely it was most appropriately named. "No smoking" below decks at any time for fear of fire and "no smoking" on deck after dusk for fear that the glow would attract any U-boats which might be lurking near. After dark there was not a single light showing anywhere on that ship. The Finland was a fairly large boat, its beam 85 feet, length 690 feet and it has done fine work in the transport service. She carried at this time four 4-inch guns, two fore and two aft and she also carried a machine gun. The gun-crew who manned the guns certainly attended to business. We used to like to sit down and watch them drill. When a strange vessel was sighted, the crew would train the guns on it and keep them there until it was out of sight. Every vessel was challenged. The bunks and quarters of the men were all below deck. The bunks consisted of a wooden frame, across which canvas was stretched. These bunks were three tiers high and there were bunks on five decks. The ventilation was terrible. It was almost impossible to get a breath of air on the second deck let alone the fifth, and because of this and the poor quality of the food many of the men, who otherwise would have escaped, were made subject to seasickness. Most of the men were seasick the second day out and remained so during the entire voyage. Owing to the general feeling and disposition of the men most of us did not care a great deal whether we

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were torpedoed or not. It was a crime to issue to anybody the food that was served on this boat and the man responsible should have been held accountable. The food given us was horrible. It lacked quality and quantity. It was not that there was not sufficient on board because we were able to steal our way down into the galley after dark and there buy pastry made from flour intended to be used for the troops, from an unscrupulous English steward. Pies made from this flour averaged one dollar and a half each. The boys "settled his hash," one night, however, and he spent the remainder of the trip in the ship's hospital.

One of the most popular officers in our regiment made himself the most despised man on the ship because he carried his duties as Mess Officer too far. There was also a canteen on board but the prices were so exorbitant that it was far beyond our means to purchase anything. We were compelled to pay fifteen cents for an ordinary five-cent bar of chocolate and twenty cents for a ham sandwich in which it was some job to find the ham. Oranges sold for twenty-five and fifty cents each. A great part of the goods that were being sold by the crew was supposed to be issued to us. The boat was not operated by naval officers and crew, but by a private concern.

The boat and the sea had many interesting sights for us, in that they were new. Our only source of entertainment was the band which played considerably. There was also a large collection of magazines aboard which were donated by the American Red Cross. The boat drills every day were very unpopular, but at the same time helped to lessen the monotony of the voyage.

Sept. 25, 1917, was our first real day of excitement. An incident occurred which we consider worthy of mention here. About the middle of the afternoon, the engine slowed down, and the boat suddenly stopped. The officers ordered the crew to make ready and lower the emergency boat. Running to the port side we saw the cause of the trouble. A sailor had fallen overboard from the Battle-Cruiser, San Diego, and another sailor, seeing his plight, dived overboard to save him which he did after a great deal of swimming. We learned later on, that this man was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He certainly deserved it.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

Necessity compelled us to adopt several methods of securing food. Every night about twelve o'clock three or four of the boys would proceed to the galley with canteens, under the pretense of securing water. While there, one man would stay on guard and the others would raid the pantry where the freshly baked bread was stored. In these raids we averaged a dozen loaves of bread every night. There was a certain corporal in the battery who was a leader in all the raids. Ninety-two loaves was his record for the trip. We would then open some of our reserve rations of "corned willy," and with the bread, would have a feast. Many of the officers knew that this was going on, but they also knew of the predicament that the men were in on the food question, and, as they were powerless to interfere, they simply closed their eyes. This only goes to prove once again the old saying, "that a good soldier will never go hungry." There are many who would consider this a crime but to those who think this way let me ask one question, "have you ever in your life been really hungry and knew that there was food around, but you couldn't get it by asking?" I wonder what you'd do in a case like this?

The latter part of the trip was very interesting. Little excitement prevailed, however, and we almost prayed for a submarine to show itself to liven up things a little bit.

On October 1, at 2 P. M. we entered the war or danger zone. From then on until the completion of the voyage all life boats were swung from the davits ready for any emergency. Every man on board was compelled to wear his life belt. We even had to sleep in them. On October 3rd, early in the morning, our convoy was increased by five American destroyers. It was an inspiring sight to see these little ocean guards come suddenly upon us as if from nowhere with "Old Glory" flying to the breeze. The last two days of the trip were exciting to a degree. We were compelled to rise early in the morning and stand to the life boats, so that we would be ready in case a U-boat had followed us during the night. The favorite hour for torpedoing vessels by these Hun pirates was just before daybreak. But we did not fear them because we really did not think anything would happen. We placed our utmost confidence and faith in the United States Naval officers and crew. October 4, 1917, at 3.11 the lighthouse on Belle-Isle, a small island off the coast of

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France, just north of St. Nazaire, was sighted. On October 5th, at 3.16 A. M. we sighted the mainland and it was no more of a welcome sight to Columbus when he sighted America than the sight of France was to the troops on that ship. More naval craft and two seaplanes now came out to meet us and escorted us to the Harbor of St. Nazaire. We docked at 5.00 P. M. at the mouth of the Loire River.

The people of this ancient seaport certainly gave us a wonderful reception and we swore then and there that through no fault of our own, would they ever have reason to regret that welcome. The sight that impressed us most was the noticeable absence of young men on the docks and the almost universal wearing of black and mourning. Many of the women were so glad to see us that they wept for joy and hailed us as the "Saviours of France." It was an impression that will never be effaced from our memories. On the afternoon of October 6th, we paraded through the streets of St. Nazaire, then back to the ship again. At 8.30 A. M. October 7th, with full packs and equipment we disembarked and proceeded to the camp where we stayed for the next ten days. During our stay at St. Nazaire nothing of real significance took place. It rained incessantly all the time. The mud was almost knee deep. The food situation here was not much better than on the boat. We were quartered in Adrian Huts, long, narrow, wooden buildings of very poor material, covered on the outside with tar paper. Inside there was no flooring and we were compelled to sleep on the damp ground. In some cases the men had to pitch pup-tents, because the roofs leaked so badly. There was a foot of water in one of the huts assigned to Battery C. Most of our time at this camp was spent in foot drill. The rest of the time was spent constructing a reservoir for the city of St. Nazaire, as the water supply for the city was furnished by a small reservoir built by Napoleon and it was entirely inadequate. Amusements were scarce, but the Y. M. C. A. furnished movies and boxing bouts and passes were issued every night to go into the city. Getting used to the French money system was the cause of many amusing scenes and endeavoring to understand the language caused a great deal of fun.

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There were several Y. M. C. A. canteens at the camp, but the greater part of the men were "broke" and could buy nothing. The tobacco situation was fierce, but owing to the generosity of the citizens of Lawrence we were able to draw on the Battery fund. Capt. Daniels appointed Corporal Sirois to look into the matter of buying cigarettes and tobacco for the boys, at the U. S. Commissary. He purchased \$250.00 worth of tobacco and cigarettes which were issued to the Battery. The amount was deducted from each man's pay.

On October 17, 1917, at 3.15 P. M. we entered the railroad station of St. Nazaire to start for our training camp. Hundreds of horse cars were in the freight yard, but no sign of passenger coaches. We were surprised, indeed, that all our traveling over the railroads from now on was to be in these horse cars. It was a very strange experience to enter these cars with a neatly painted sign outside stating that the car held 40 Hommes, Chevaux 8, in other words 40 men or 8 horses. In a short while the train was on its way and as usual we had no idea where we were going. We were satisfied to be in France and would just as soon have started for the front right away.

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAINING PERIOD

We arrived at Guer, our destination, in a downpour of rain. Huge French Army trucks were waiting for us and each one took on a load of men and started for the camp. Most of the truck drivers had served their apprenticeship driving over shell holes at the front, at least we surmised this, from the way they manipulated the trucks. We were quartered that night in wooden shacks. The following day we learned a little local history. This camp had been used by Napoleon. It was nicknamed "Death Valley," owing to the number of men who died there. The camp was some thirty kilometers distant from Rennes, the ancient Capital of Brittany, a very beautiful city with magnificent public buildings. The city owned a large art gallery, public garden and an electric trainway system. One of the largest French military hospitals was situated in the heart of the city. Here we received our first impression of the horrors of war. Thousands of French soldiers, most of them maimed and crippled for life, were in this hospital. It was a pitiful sight to see the blind soldiers being led by wounded comrades through the city. One of the most interesting spectacles was the number of foreign soldiers to be seen here, Russians, Algerians, Arabs, Sengalese, French-Indo, Chinese, Portuguese, in fact every nationality under the sun, the most cosmopolitan population we had every seen. Each nationality wore the picturesque costumes of their respective countries. Most of these people worked in the ammunition factories operated by the French Government. The citizens of Rennes were very hospitable to the American troops stationed at the nearby camp.

Thousands of German prisoners were at Camp Coetquidan, building roads, stables and wooden huts to accommodate the American troops who were to do their training at the camp. German prisoners of war refused to believe that we were Americans, feeling quite sure that their submarine warfare prevented any American troops from getting over. They soon learned differently, however.

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On Oct 20, 1917, our real training began. Armed with picks, shovels and crowbars, we proceeded to the nearby woods and commenced to learn the art of digging trenches, building dugouts and gun emplacements. During this time guns, horses and equipment were arriving every day from the French Arsenals. We were to use the famous French "75." All were eager and anxious to master the intricacies of the gun and our French Instructors stated that the U. S. troops were very apt pupils. After a certain period of drilling, the day arrived for us to go to the huge range leased by the U. S. Government. The people were all ordered from their homes which were left standing as targets. The batteries would then fire on them just as if they were occupied by German troops. Later on we began firing at night, also with the aid of aeroplanes and observation balloons. It was the most realistic gun practice we ever heard of. We could see huge shells blowing roads, bridges and buildings into the air. In the meantime the telephone detail were busy learning the art of establishing communication, digging trenches for the protection of the wires, as the telephone was considered the most important factor of communication during the war.

The battery constructed an exact reproduction of what we would do when we went into our first sector. We laid miles upon miles of telephone wires, erected radio stations, dug machine gun emplacements, etc. Most of this work was performed during the bitter winter with snow in evidence everywhere. After our day's work was finished we used to hike to the nearby villages of Guer and St. Malo, where we could purchase meals at a reasonable price. The Government issue of food at this time was terrible, breakfast—rice and molasses, coffee with no milk or sugar, dinner and supper—most anything. The gun crews during this time never had a minute to themselves—up before daybreak and back to bed after dark. Horses, guns, caissons, wagons, were everywhere. It was out on the range every morning firing at targets over on the nearby hills. It was a wonderful sight to see, with the aid of field glasses, a big shell land on the top of a roof and when the smoke cleared away to see a gaping hole in the side of the building. We anxiously looked forward to the day when we would be dropping shells on the German lines with the same

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effect. Thanksgiving day arrived and the battery held a banquet in one of the wooden shacks. The decorations consisted of holly and evergreen. The program follows:

EXACT COPY OF THE PROGRAMS ISSUED AT OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER AND CONCERT

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

CAMP COETQUIDAN—FRANCE

THANKSGIVING DINNER AND CONCERT

November 29, 1917

BATTERY C, 102d F. A.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS PRESENT

Major Robert E. Goodwin, 102d F. A.

Captain Roy A. Daniels, Battery C, 102d F. A.

Lieut. William B. Higgins, H'dqs. 102d F. A.

Lieut. William F. Howe, Jr., Battery C, 102d F. A.

Chaplain Murray W. Stackpole, 102d F. A.

Lieut. Herman Lephron, 149th F. A., 42d Div.

Lieut. Thomas P. Atkinson, 149th F. A., 42d Div.

Lieut. Andrew W. Thompson, Battery C, 102d F. A.

Lieut. Prentiss French, Battery C, 102d F. A.

Lieut. Nathan Kroll, Battery C, 102d F. A.

Chaplain William F. Farrell, 103d F. A.

NOTE—Two of the officers above from the 149th F. A. are old Battery C men. Lieut. Lephron was formerly the Battery's Sergeant Instructor and Lieut. Atkinson was a former Sergeant in the Battery. Both were acting as Sergeant Instructors in the regular army and when war was declared were commissioned.

MENU

TURKEY

MASHED POTATOES

DRESSING

BOILED ONIONS

SQUASH

DOUGHNUTS

CELERY

APPLE PIE

COFFEE

NUTS

DATES

ORANGES

SMOKES

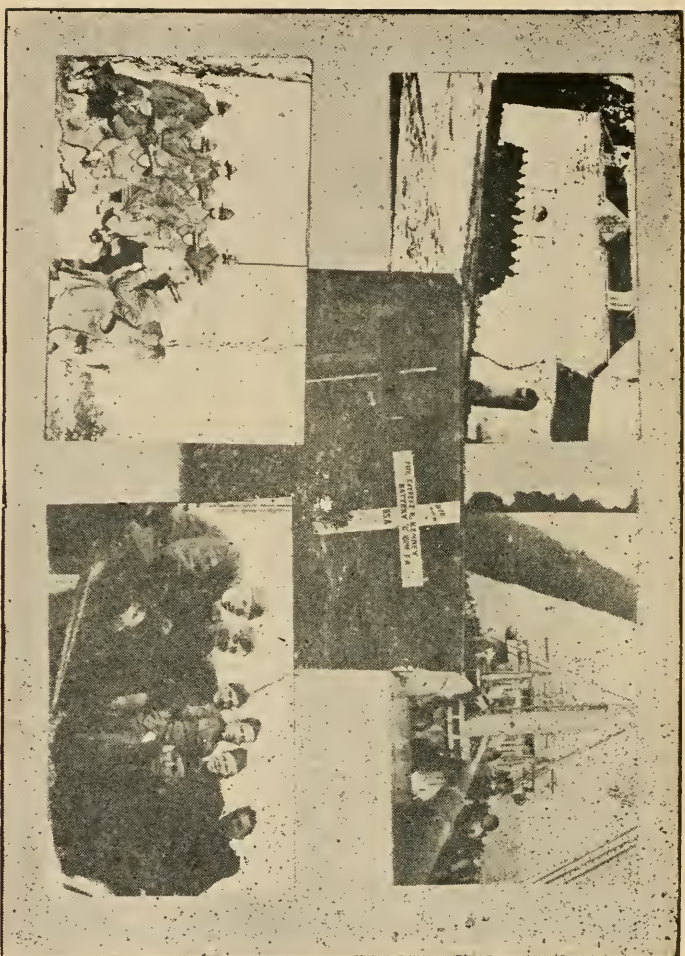
SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

PROGRAM

- 1 Quartette—*Medley mixed choruses*
 - 2 Song—*Sunshine of Your Smile* PVT. BEN POOLE
 - 3 Recitation—*Modern Version of the House that Jack Built*
CORP. WILLIAM MCGINNIS
 - 4 Song—*He Never Came Back* CORP. T. J. BARRY
 - 5 Song—*La Belle Marie* SGT. JOSEPH PAGEAU
 - 6 Recitation—*Gramophone of Fond du Lac* PVT. CHARLES MILES
 - 7 Duet—(a) *Larboard Watch*
(b) *All the World Will be Jealous of Me*
PVTS. HARRY AND BEN POOLE
 - 8 Song—*Someone More Lonesome Than You* COOK WM. CARNEY
 - 9 Recitation—*A Soldier's Nightmare* (by Pvt. Harold Gardner)
PVT. JAMES BRADLEY
 - 10 Recitation—*Dangerous Dan McGrew*
PVT. (KLOBY) THOMAS CORCORAN
 - 11 Song—*Mag Murphy's Chow* COOK PHILLIP RILEY
 - 12 Songs—(a) *I Don't Want to Go to War*
(b) *Little Grey Home in the West*
PVT. JOSEPH LONEGAN
 - 13 Recitation—(a) *The Cremation of Sam McGee*
(b) *Just in Fun*
(c) *Those Rumors* CORP. EDWARD D. SIROIS
 - 14 Songs—(a) *Turn Back the Universe*
(b) *Black Sheep*
(c) *Lonesome* BATTERY QUARTETTE
 - 15 Parodies—*On Modern Songs* PVT. CHARLES BISHOP
 - 16 Song—*Battery C* (by Sgt. Louis P. Berwick, reserver)
ENTIRE BATTERY
- Battery Quartette—Pvt. Charles Poole, Pvt. Harry Poole, Pvt. Ben Poole, Cook William Carney.
Violinists—Pvt. John Fortin, Pvt. Charles Miles.

Christmas passed without much notice. We were expecting to move to the front any day so no preparations were made for a celebration. "Corned Willy" was the principal item on the menu card for that day.

We were away from home and in strange country just long enough to realize what letters from home really meant.



Upper Left: Special Detail on reconnaissance, Camp Coetquidan, France; Upper Right: The Mongolia, mid-ocean, coming home; Center: Grave of Pvt. Everett Roy Kenney, Camp Coetquidan, France; Lower Left: Special Detail halted for a rest; Lower Right: "Are we happy?" "You bet we are." Mongolia on the way home, Left to Right: Mus. Fred Hirrell, Ed. Retelle, Peter Desbiens, Joseph Rinebort, Sgt. William Menzie, J. Asseln and Mus. Arthur Morin in foreground.

(Photos by Authors.)

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Mail day was far more important than pay-day. Unfortunate, indeed, was the man who did not receive mail while he looked around and saw his comrades, sitting on their bunks devouring every line in the letters and then reading them over and over again. Next to the letters were the parcels and home papers. When one member of a certain crowd would receive a parcel or box, the whole "gang" would gather around and if he succeeded in getting anything himself he was lucky, and he in turn would pull the same stunt on some other member of the crowd when his package would arrive.

New Year's eve arrived and the boys decided to welcome the New Year in. Just after midnight, some members of our regimental band marched up and down the road through the camp with their instruments, playing any and every tune they happened to think of. Other men from the batteries secured pistols and ammunition and a stranger would have had the impression that he was back in the wild and woolly west.

Later that day our first real tragedy occurred, Private Everett Roy Kenney, one of the boys in the battery and a member of the special detail, succumbed to an attack of Spinal meningitis. He was the first boy in the Battery and the first Lawrence man to lose his life in the War. He was buried the following day with full military honors and with Father Farrell officiating. A finer little soldier never lived and he was greatly missed by his comrades with whom he sailed for France. Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent an epidemic. Our battery was segregated from the rest of the regiment and three times a day we were marched to the medical station to have our throat sprayed with an antiseptic. No other case was reported.

The rest of the time until February 3, 1917, was spent in intensive drilling and preparing for the journey to the front. We knew that a tough time was ahead of us, but all felt that the firing line was much more acceptable than this life in the training camp. We wanted to show the Boche and our friends away back in Lawrence, what we were capable of doing.

February 3, 1917, at 8.30 A. M. saw the first battery of the regiment pulling out. At 5.00 P. M. the same evening the 102nd F. A. was on its way to the Western Front.

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CHAPTER V

SOISSONS—BUCY-LE-LONG—CHEMIN-DES-DAMES

Our destination was a mystery; rumors were rife; when they were counted up, we were on our way to every sector from the English Channel to the Swiss Border, but not one of them came from a reliable source. The one stating that we were on our way to Toul had more supporters than all the others. This, later on, turned out to be false.

On this trip we traveled in our special (palace) horse cars only forty men to a car. If the authorities had tried harder, they would have been able to find room for one more man. We were so crowded we had hardly room enough to stand up and lying down was entirely out of the question. Many of the boys sought the flat cars on which our guns, caissons and other wheeled material was being transported and there made their bunks under the wagons. The food on this trip was just as bad as ever with this exception, a pound can of jam went to every fifteen men. Very little which is worthy of note took place on this trip. We made two fairly long stops, the first at Lagle, to water horses, the second at Mantes, where French soldiers supplied us with hot coffee (French style). Here we got a chance to wash ourselves. We were following the route on a map and at one time were heading straight for Paris. Excitement ran high through the entire Battery. We looked forward to passing through the great city, but here again our hopes soon received another severe jolt, because we turned off the main line to Paris within three kilometers of the city itself. The country through which we passed was very beautiful and picturesque. One outstanding feature that attracted our attention was the fact that almost every foot of ground was cultivated and all the work on the farms and in the fields was being performed by French peasant women.

February 4, 1917, about 5.30 P. M. three aeroplanes formed an escort and traveled with us as a protection against air raids. We were nearing the front at last. The Western Battle Front of Europe. Oh! how much we had read, dreamed, and

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heard of this front! How we had looked forward to this night! As soon as it became dark, we noticed another peculiarity; everything was in darkness; the roofs of the houses were silhouetted against the skyline; no lights were allowed on the train; the striking of matches was absolutely forbidden. As we peered through the door of the train very little was to be seen in the immediate vicinity. This was necessary to protect us from Boche aviators dropping bombs on the train. The motto of the Boche aviator was, "Where there's light, there's life."

That night at seven-thirty our train pulled into the freight-yard of the historic city of Soissons. By eight P. M. we were unloaded, harnessed and ready to move. We were in the war zone and the distant thunder of big guns could be easily heard. A small group of Poilus standing nearby, informed us that the front was about twenty-five kilometers distant.

As we moved out of the freight yard on our way to billets we noticed that the once beautiful railroad station was a mass of wreckage. The streets through which we passed were filled with debris; no solid roofs were to be seen on the houses. In the darkness, the true horror of the situation did not strike us. A little later we pulled into a field well dotted with small trees, which furnished excellent camouflage and here parked all our carriages and guns. The horses were then billeted in some French army stables nearby. Carrying all our equipment, we hiked about a kilometer to the once beautiful, magnificent cathedral of Soisson, where we were to sleep for the night. It was now a mass of ruins, with not a single window left unbroken, half the steeple shot away, gaping holes in the roof and the interior stripped of everything considered valuable by the advocates of German Kultur. It was 1.30 A. M. before things quieted down and despite the excitement caused by being so near the front, the distant rumble of guns, the danger of air raids, in fact although there were a hundred and one reasons for not going to sleep, most of the men were immediately embraced in the arms of Morpheus, simply through sheer exhaustion.

The same morning Capt. Daniels, Sgt. John J. McCarthy and Private John L. Ferguson, left the Battery at 5.00 A. M. to reconnoiter the road and to determine the next place

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at which we would stop. The remainder of the battery was up at 7.00 A. M. and immediately made preparations to move. Regardless of the fact that we had been working very hard for the past week, with very little sleep and very poor food, the battery was in the highest of spirits. At 8.00 A. M. we were on our way. Our route led directly through the heart of the ruined city of Soissons. Here we noticed that although the business section was gone it was not hard to realize what it had been in former days. The residential section was shell torn, wrecked and battered beyond recognition. The stumps of trees that once lined the handsome driveways stood out as mute witnesses of what German Kultur was doing for civilization. Blood rushed to our eyes; we were filled with indignation and horror at the sacking of this city, which held no military value to either side. The city was constantly under the fire of the German Artillery and subject to air-raids almost every night, but the faithful French population—at least a number of them—still clung to the homes of their birth and hailed us with shouts and cheers as we passed on our way to the front.

Sergeant John J. McCarthy, who had gone ahead and who had been over the route we were to follow, met us on the outskirts of the city and guided us to our next stopping place. New and interesting sights greeted us as we trudged along. On all sides were signs of war, destruction and devastation. Huge ammunition depots with thousands of rounds of munitions, concealed under camouflage, and supply depots of every description were to be seen along the route. Trenches, barbed wire entanglements and dugouts were very prominent. A great many arbories with signs over the doors stating that they held a certain number of people and were to be used in case of air raids were also everywhere. Gaping shell holes stared us in the face. One particular sign that greeted us was a large inscription on a building, formerly a factory, GOTT STRAFTE ENGLAND—1914-1916. Many other evidences of Hun occupation were noticed on this hike. They told the story only too well of the early fighting at the beginning of the war. In the fields on both sides of the road small mounds of earth with rude wooden crosses marked the last resting place of friend and foe alike.

February fifth, about noon, after a hike of over eight kil-

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ometers, we arrived in the town of Bucy-le-long and if we thought Soissons was in ruins we quickly changed our minds when we arrived here. Not a single house was standing in the entire town. There were a great many French soldiers here and they lived in caves and dugouts built under the ruins of the buildings. The entire first battalion of our regiment was stationed in this town and each was assigned to a certain section of the town. Battery C, was billeted on the grounds of an old monastery, which had been totally destroyed. A big wall about twenty feet high surrounded the entire estate and after four years of neglect there were traces of the once beautiful gardens, lawns and trees. At one time it must have been a magnificent place of beauty. The guns and carriages were camouflaged under trees and the horses placed in stables hidden under trees and shrubbery. The men were billeted in wooden shacks which were also camouflaged. We were forbidden to use lights at night. The remainder of this day and all of the next was spent in cleaning the grounds, shacks, grooming horses, cleaning harnesses and guns. After this was completed we made an attempt to clean ourselves and were partially successful.

February 7th, at 10.00 P. M., one of the darkest nights we had ever experienced, with a cold raw wind blowing and a drizzling rain falling, the battery began the march which would bring them to the front positions. Absolute silence prevailed. Just enough men to man the guns, including the telephone detail, went up that night. The boys who were not so fortunate wished us all God-speed. In a short while the column was wending its way to the hills surrounding the city. Silently, gravely and cautiously the battery moved over the BLOODY ROAD TO VAILLY, immortalized by Robert W. Service. Not a man spoke, the gloom of the darkness seemed to take hold of our four-legged pals as well. The only sound which broke the monotony of this silent night was the dull thud of the horses hoofs on the soft road and the clinking of the traces as the chains struck each other. Everything has its funny side no matter how grave the situation may be. One such incident occurred at this time. Matthew Linehan had a horse which insisted on neighing and Matty patiently put up with it for awhile, but finally, being annoyed by the constant

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neighing of the beast, addressed himself to the horse in this manner, "Shut up, you damn fool, do you want the Huns to know we're comin'."

We had traveled about three kilometers and the road led us to the summit of a hill and the sight which met our gaze sent a thrill through us. In the distance, on all sides, flashes of guns were observed, both large and small. It was no longer a distant rumble, but a distinct crack. We were there at last. Star shells would shoot up at different points and illuminate the surrounding country. Even though the night was terribly dark, when one of these star shells or flares went up, the last man in the battery could plainly see the "skipper" at the head. While the flare was burning, machine gun fire was distinctly heard. There was no mistaking the rat-tat-tat rat-tat-tat of these machines of death. Time and again we thought that we had been discovered, but the thing that tried our nerve the most was when one of the big shells would come shrieking, whizzing and land on the road just ahead or just behind us and burst with a terrific explosion, the splinters and fragments, scattering through space. We were receiving our baptism of fire but not a man quailed under the ordeal.

In due time we came to a place where another guide was awaiting us; here we turned off the main road through a field, literally filled with shell holes. There was not a foot of this field that had not been raked with shell-fire. It was a tough pull, but our faithful horses, our best pals at the front, pulled us through without mishap. About a hundred meters from the road was our position. Here, quickly and silently, we unloaded the fourgons (French army wagons), rations, uncoupled the guns and other equipment. The limbers and empty wagons then started back over the same route which we had taken for the Echelon. The men at the position worked hard for two long hours in the dark, putting the guns into position and getting ammunition ready. Our work was completed about 2.00 A. M. Each section was then assigned to the dugout in which their homes were to be for the time being. A discussion now took place in each dugout of the trip up and things in general. It certainly was a great experience, the most wonderful and fascinating in all of our lives up to that time. Later on

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when we were fully baptized to enemy shell-fire we used to laugh and joke at our uneasy feelings on this night and when we compare it to some of our later exploits it certainly was tame, but at the same time it must be remembered that a single false step or miscalculation would have brought us to grief. Our officers had performed a wonderful feat at the start and it was for this reason that the men placed the utmost confidence in them. Consequently a high state of discipline and morale prevailed from the outset and without this the "Yankee Division" never would have accomplished what it did. A successful army must place the greatest confidence in its officers and our men had confidence in our officers and the officers in turn had the co-operation of the men; that in brief is the secret of the wonderful record made by the "Yankee Division."

It ain't the guns nor armament
nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
that makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual
nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork
of every bloomin' soul.

Rudyard Kipling

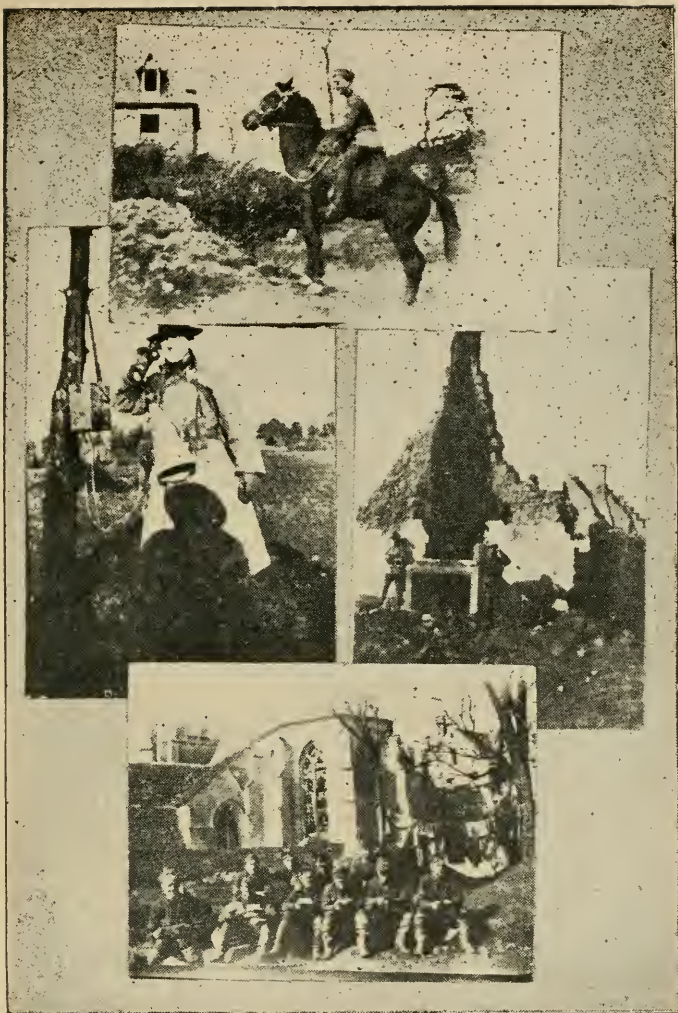
February the eighth, was our first day at the front. We slept rather late making up for some of the sleep we had lost. The day was very misty and owing to this fact, it was impossible to conduct observation, and consequently no firing was attempted. Most of the time was spent in cleaning the dug-outs, as they had not been used since the Germans were driven out the previous November. The gun crews set the guns on the enemy lines and the telephone detail began the gigantic task of laying the telephone lines and setting up a central. This position was situated about half way up a hill, on the forward slope. About three hundred meters north was what in pre-war days was known as the village of Allemant, now a mass of wreckage. About two hundred and fifty meters

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directly in rear of us was a French battery with whom we became the best of pals. To our right was a deep valley which ran at right angles to the front and extended back into our lines for about three kilometers and which was under direct observation of the Boche at all times. On the hill south of the valley, Batteries A and B of our regiment were in position. In the village of Allemant there was one battery of the 103d F. A. (155 howitzers, 6-inch) and two French batteries with ninety millimeter guns. Our battalion P. C. (Post of Command) was in a big cave about three kilometers in the rear. This at one time was a quarry which supplied most of the stone for the public buildings in Paris. It was undermined with galleries after the style of a coal mine and was capable of holding about forty thousand men. One could walk in these galleries for 21 kilometers without traversing the same ground twice. When the French recaptured this sector from the Boche in November the prisoners taken amounted to close on to 17,000 right in this quarry.

While in this sector we worked under and in conjunction with the French army. Most of these Poilus had seen four years of service in the war and were well posted and trained in the fundamental as well as the advanced principles of modern warfare. Even though it was exceedingly hard for us to understand their language and as we did not altogether agree with their customs and manners, we often felt that we would have liked to tell them how we considered modern warfare should be conducted. We got along fine with them and made rapid progress under their excellent teaching. They afterwards said that we were very good pupils. French officers, non-commissioned officers and privates instructed us patiently day and night and to them is due, in a large measure, our later successes.

At 10.41 A. M. February 9, 1918, Battery C, fired their first shot in our fight for freedom and well the Germans may rue that day. That very shot was even heard away back here in Lawrence for that same night pencils and paper were flying at top speed and the next day the officers threw up their hands in dismay at the deluge of letters thrust upon them for censorship. Capt. Roy A. Daniels conducted the fire from a forward observation post. Lt. Andrew Thompson was the



Top: Lt. Ed. D. Sirois then Corp., just back at Echelon from front with message, Chemin-des-Dames Sector; Center Left: Sgt. Wm. I. Hart receiving firing data over telephone, Chemin-des-Dames Sector; Center Right: Ruins of house, Bucy-le-Long, Chemin-des-Dames Sector. This is typical of all buildings close to the front; Bottom: Ruins of catholic church, Bucy-le-Long, Chemin-des-Dames Sector. Battery C's Echelon was in this church. The men in the pictures all of Battery C, are reading letters just in from the States, they are: Left to Right, top row: Pvts. Irving Craven, Tommy (Kloby) Corcoran; Mus. Arthur Morin, Pvt. Bernard Coia; Extreme Left: Pvt. Frank Hayes; Bottom Row: Pvts. John A. Kavanah; Thomas Lacey; Herbert Slattery; Edward Coughlin and Corp. Wilfred Cote. Photos by authors.

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executive officer and pulled the lanyard. Sergeant Edward O'Leary was chief of the gun section.

The empty shell case was preserved and sent to Armorer John P. Ryan to be placed in the Lawrence Armory as a lasting memorial. It required twenty-one rounds to register the gun. The other three guns were then laid parallel.

The first shell fired by the Boche to land on our position was a German 77, exploding within one meter of the fourth piece at about 2.45 P. M. Feb. 9, 1918. Sgt. Charles Hanley and Corp. William Menzie who were in the gun pit at the time were knocked down by the concussion, but sustained no injury.

Sunday, Feb. 10, the Boche paid their respects to us handsomely and at some cost. At 4.15 P. M., while we were all seated in gun-pits or dugouts eating supper, a Boche battery opened up on our position with 77's. We were receiving our first baptism under steady, concentrated fire. The projectiles came so fast and landing right in the position and were so scattered—the Germans using the sweeping fire method—that to say we were startled would be useless. But soon we were having a lot of fun at the expense of the Hun, for, after the first wave of excitement was over, the boys stood in the doorways of the dugouts and smilingly passed such remarks as, "drop us another card, Bill." This concentrated fire lasted three-quarters of an hour and in all about two hundred rounds were dropped, twenty-two of which were duds (defective).

The next new thing introduced to us was codes. Every message, every unit, station, central, name of everything and in fact every word sent over the telephone had to be sent in code. Codes were arranged and changed every so often and from this time on until the Armistice was signed, every word sent over the phone was in cipher. Just about this time we were also introduced to another feature of modern warfare, an enemy to sleep, comfort and peace, and no man was considered a soldier until he could place his hand down his neck and pull out any size cootie a comrade demanded.

The Boche were without a doubt masters of the air in this particular sector and their aviators were very active. Boche planes came over day and night and did a great deal of damage, besides taking a great many photographs. For this reason perfect camouflage was an absolute necessity. Owing

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to their supremacy of the air, movements of troops had to be concealed and there were days at a time when it was impossible to perform work of any kind while the day was clear. The battery machine gun crew consisting of Corp. Albert Noble, Harold Gardner, William Ruediger and Robert Laycock, got in a great deal of practice, however, and soon became efficient in their particular line of work. The French and American anti-aircraft batteries performed good work putting up aerial barrages and although seldom bringing a plane down were often instrumental in making them seek the protection of their own lines. An aerial barrage is a wonderful sight and we used to enjoy watching the bursting shells and the maneuvering of the planes. It is especially pretty at night when the flash of the bursting shells can be seen; also the score of searchlights used in locating the Hun fliers. It was a wonderful spectacle. The towns and villages in the rear suffered greatly from aerial raids. Our Echelon was bombarded by aeroplanes almost every other night and they were also a source of terror to our observation balloons, because they would sneak over in the clouds and suddenly swoop down on a balloon, drop a bomb on it and the balloon went up in a mass of flames. Six allied balloons were brought down in this manner, during our stay in this sector. We quickly learned the distinction between the allied and enemy air-craft. The Boche planes had a black Maltese cross on the wings and tail and the engine does not have a steady whirr, but breaks. The Allied planes on the other hand have red, white and blue circles on the wings and tail, the colors simply being reversed to distinguish British, French and American. All the allied engines have a steady whirr. The signal used to make known that hostile planes were around was one sharp blast of a whistle, at which all were supposed to seek cover. Two blasts meant "all clear."

A rocket guard was also maintained here, whose duty it was to watch our sector for rocket signals from the Infantry and report the same. In case of a barrage signal, he would simply shout, "barrage," and the guard on the guns would fire the first shot. At the sound of the first round, the entire gun crew would be awakened and immediately get on the job.

After the first week on this front, two men went every

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other day for a two days' course of instruction with French soldiers to a forward observatory where movements of the enemy were seen with powerful glasses. These observatories were situated in a wood about two hundred meters from the front line.

On Feb. 25, we moved from the position which we had occupied since our arrival in this sector to the position formerly held by the French battery directly behind us, they having been relieved. This was a much better position as it afforded us a much larger field of fire and the dugouts and protection were also better. In the early morning the Boche began a bombardment on our position which was very annoying. One shell was a direct hit on an ammunition arbi of the first section which started a fire. However, despite the fact that enemy shell fire was still coming in and that they were in great danger the first section gun crew under Sgt. Ed. O'Leary stuck to their posts and put the fire out.

When we entered this sector it was considered quiet, but it soon became active enough and we were in for extended bombardments of gas and H. E. (high explosive) at all hours of the day and night. The Frenchmen were angry with us for a time because they said we stirred the Boche up too much. There were several well directed raids carried out by the Boche, one on the 19th of February and another one on the 28th but owing to the rapid response of our artillery, both were broken up, and the casualties of the Infantry were very slight. Our Infantry also carried out several raids into the German lines which were very successful. During the course of these raids Sgt. John Letzing of the 104th Inf. took the first prisoner taken by any American soldier in this war. On the night of Feb. 23d, a raiding party of the 101st Inf. captured 24 prisoners, including three officers. This was the first time that American troops had raided the German lines and also the first time that American infantry went over the top following a barrage laid down by American Artillery.

Directly to the right of our new position was a deep narrow ravine, the hill on the other side of which, sloped gradually. On this slope was a French cemetery wherein were buried 102 French soldiers. They all belonged to the 30th. Regt. French Inf. All of these men were killed on Oct. 23rd.

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1917, when the French recaptured this sector from the Germans. There was a lone German with a machine gun on a hill opposite and he picked off these Frenchmen as they attempted to get him. He succeeded in killing 102 before he himself was killed. Each grave was marked with a cross bearing the man's name, regt. and the date on which he met his death. The German was buried just below this cemetery. It is a singular fact that when the French buried this German, they also buried his machine gun with him and the inscription on his little cross states that he died a brave and fearless soldier. This sector was covered with graves scattered here and there many of which were torn open by shells and the bodies exposed in many cases. We found a great many bodies of both French and German in exploring around.

As this was a training sector, Capt. Daniels, in order to give every man a chance to learn both ends of the war game relieved men at the position every day and sent them back to the Echelon and brought men up from the latter place to replace them. In this way every man soon became qualified to do duty at either place.

The men at the Echelon lived in shacks and in case of shelling or air-raids were compelled to jump into a trench constructed for this purpose. All the limbers, wagons, horses, in fact, all supplies of the battery not needed at the front were kept here. It was the duty of the men to feed, water and groom the horses, to keep the harness, wheeled material and other equipment in good condition, to supply the men at the front with rations, water and ammunition whenever they were needed. Mail was also taken up on these nightly trips.

As was previously stated this sector was primarily a training sector for us. We worked hard to obtain precision, efficiency and accuracy which are the fundamentals of artillery fire and all these with full confidence were rapidly secured. We also became experts at shirt reading (discovering the abode of the elusive cootie).

To further show the good-fellowship that existed between the French and Americans, General Edwards, on the eve of our departure from this sector issued an order stating that the 26th. United States Division, would be pleased to have the 11th.

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French Army Corps as Godfather for the Division. General Maud Huy commander of the 11th. French Army Corps, replied in an order of the day saying, "The 11th. Corps feels proud of the marked honor, being sure that wherever he may be sent, the Godson shall be credit to the Godfather."

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CHAPTER VI

OFF TO LORRAINE

The news that we were to leave this sector was not very welcome as we had begun to regard it as a home. Still, we looked forward to entering a much more active one and we were under the impression that we were going in, to support the British in Flanders. March 20, 1917, arrived—the day of our departure. The Boche had serenaded us with gas shells the night before. We walked around the gun position examining the new shell holes and trying to find out how much damage had been done. During the day we were not allowed to perform any work while aeroplanes were up, as Germany, at this time, had supremacy of the air, with the result that very little was accomplished until night-fall. About eight o'clock that evening our horses arrived from the Echelon at Bucy-le-long. We worked silently in the darkness and soon the guns, ammunition and supplies were out of the gun pits. At 12.45 A. M. we started for the rear. In the distance, machine gun fire was plainly heard and occasionally flares or star shells would shoot up into the sky and illuminate the country for miles around. We succeeded in sneaking out unobserved. We hiked about ten kilometers and our thoughts were anything but pleasant, travelling along that road.

We just retired from the Chemin-des-Dames sector in time, for even as we were entraining at Mercin-et-Vaux, a little town outside of Soisson, a bombardment began and all roads and villages in this section were heavily shelled. This marked the beginning of the German drive of March 21st, 1918. The Germans swept over the positions just vacated by us and were not halted until they had penetrated into allied territory as far as Chateau-Thierry, forming the famous Chateau-Thierry or Marne salient, the reducing of which, we were later to have such a large share in. The Allies knew that this drive was coming through the Intelligence Service, and the 26th would gladly have accepted the opportunity of staying in this sector and helping to stem the tide, but we realized, as well as the French,

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that, although we were fast developing into a first class division, we were not at this critical time capable of undertaking such a gigantic task.

We knew from experience that the Boche had a perfect range of the road and if he thought that the road was being used we were well aware that he could put a shell on any part of it that he saw fit and at the same time we would be unable to return the fire, as our 75's were unable to reach his lines at this point. Our heavy Artillery had preceeded us, so that we would have been without protection. The following day we passed through the city of Soisson or what was left of it, to board the train. Just as we were entering the city, the Huns, as a parting shot, it seemed, opened up with long range guns and dropped about ten shells in a big field near the railroad track causing us all to duck instinctively as the shells passed over our heads.

That evening we boarded our train during an air-raid, but as we were hardened against them by this time, it did not cause us much worry. We loaded horses etc. and started off, passing through Epernay and the martyred city of Rheims. Rheims was a terrible sight from the train, not a whole building being visible. We arrived at Brienne-le-Chateau at 4.00 P. M. the following day. Major General Clarence R. Edwards and Col. Parker (machine gun Parker) of the 102nd, Infantry were on the platform when we arrived. After the battery had been hitched up, Col. Parker told Col. Locke that he wished to speak to the Battery. He stated that back in America he didn't have any use for the Artillery, but while we were in the Chemin-des-Dames sector, he had been forced to change his opinion. He told us that with the "Yankee Division" Artillery supporting them, the doughboys of the Division would go anywhere, as they felt perfectly secure "with you fellows behind them." General Edwards then spoke a few words of encouragement to the battery. That evening at 11.00 P. M. we reached our billets on the outskirts of the city of Bar-sur-Aube. The sleeping quarters were in an old flour mill which had ceased to run for many years. 8.00 A. M. the following day found us on the hike again. We learned that we were on a forced march to some sector in Lorraine. Our billets that night were in hay lofts with cows and horses down stairs. The village was called Colombe-la-

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Fosse. The food on the hike was terrible for the most part consisting of canned tomatoes and hard tack together with the everlasting corned willy. It was quite a hardship to be riding or walking from long before day-break until long after sunset, sleeping and hiking without removing one's clothes. The horses of the Division were unfortunate as well as the men. They were compelled to work on considerably less food owing to the extraordinary conditions prevailing. It was pathetic to see these poor animals straining and pulling on the traces trying to do their "bit," yet, through lack of sufficient food making but little progress. There is a certain affection between master and horse in the army that does not exist elsewhere. Soldiers have been known to sit down exhausted themselves and the tears would come to their eyes as they looked at those poor horses. These same men have bought grain from the French farmers or have stolen it in order to keep the faithful brutes from actually dying from starvation.

During all this hiking absolute discipline prevailed; shoes had to be cleaned; harness kept in trim; guns and carriages washed; all, just the same as if we were parading in Washington. After the second day of the hike, the popular impression of "Join the Artillery and Ride," was rudely shattered. The gun crews were compelled to march with packs behind the guns and it was no easy task keeping the same pace as our four-legged chums.

Good Friday found us entering the small village of Le-Grande. The townfolks were all standing in their doorways with that typical, sad expression on their faces—so commonly seen in all those villages situated close to the front, showing also that they had felt the effect of the war far more than those outside this section of the country. The bad weather and the insufficient food for men and horses were beginning to tell. Horses were dropping dead from colic and exhaustion and the roads became spotted with their carcasses. The men were trying to stick it out. The whole outfit was "all in." Twelve days of forced hiking under fearful weather conditions and with nothing but canned tomatoes, corned willy and hard tack with the exception of two meals when we had bread, was nearly breaking the spirit of the men, but they tightened up their belts, gritted their teeth and went to it.

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Easter Sunday at 4.00 A. M. we straggled into the village of Coursey. It had rained for the past 48 hours without a let up and our raincoats were like wet rags. We understand that they were made by a firm of patriotic manufacturers who are now spending a vacation in one of the Federal prisons for defrauding the government.

We were needed in a hurry and no rest was to be given man or beast. At 11.00 o'clock that morning, Capt. Daniels, Sergeants Clarence Davis and John McCarthy, and Private John L. Ferguson were ordered to proceed to the front in a truck and pick out a Battery position. We realized that something was going on. Thousands of French troops were quartered in the nearby fields. Three days later, on a beautiful afternoon the column was halted on a magnificent road several miles long and shaded with tall poplars. Despatch riders on motor-cycles were flying along the road delivering orders. In the distance could be seen the city of Toul. At 4.00 P. M. a huge army truck arrived into which we threw all our personal belongings and also with the aid of steel girders rolled into it the first piece (gun). Our horses were turned over to our comrades and the truck, with the first gun section, Sergeant Bernard Lynch in charge and the telephone detail with Lt. Davis in command, started off for the front amid the farewells and best wishes for good luck from the battery. This method of transportation was necessary as our horses were incapable of continuing the trip to the front in time to relieve the division, which was holding the sector. Each battery had sent a truck in a similar manner and all the trucks were to meet in a certain village some kilometers distant at night-fall. At 9.00 P. M. prompt, the convoy left the village. The truck drivers, except the driver of the first truck were men who had never been over the road before. The others were ordered to keep each other in sight. This was no easy task, as it was a pitch dark night and no lights of any kind were to be shown. We made good progress until 11.00 P. M. when the truck ahead disappeared at a cross-road. We did not know which road to take and jumped out to see if we could follow the track made in the mud, when a voice out of the black night shouted, "for God's sake men get that truck to Hell off this cross-road—don't you guys know where you are?" We replied, "no,"—

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his answer was, "this is Dead Man's Curve." No time was lost in scrambling into the truck and away we went right ahead taking the chance that this road was the right one. We had no sooner left the corner when the familiar whizz and screech of big shells coming our way was heard. Our hearts came into our mouths; we lived a lifetime until those shells, nine in number, landed on the cross-roads. There was a blinding flash, a terrific report and the splinters flying through space sounded like a number of bees buzzing in the air. The smell of burned powder choked us and brought tears to our eyes. These shells all burst within two-hundred yards of the truck. It certainly was a very close call.

We learned afterwards that this particular cross-road was one of the most dangerous spots in the whole sector. It was under continual fire at night from the Boche Artillery and it could not be used in the day time as it was under direct observation from the German positions on Mont-sec. The road was one of the most important arteries of communication along the whole front. At 3.15 the next morning we stopped on the road. Voices were heard out in the nearby field. We ran the gun out of the truck, placed it in a vacant gun emplacement and went below to the dugouts. We were relieving Battery E of the 6th. Field Artillery, first division. They were a fine bunch of fellows and as we had received our baptism of fire in the Chemin-des-Dames sector, they accepted us as their equals although there always was an intense feeling against the National Guard by the Regular Army. However, we had done things already; they had heard of us and we of them; and so, while there was good natured repartee as to our divisional accomplishments, they left us the following night with hand-shakes and we wished them God-speed.

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CHAPTER VII

TOUL SECTOR—SEICHEPREY—XIVRAY

“DEAD MAN’S CURVE”

Just as dawn was creeping over the hills along the German lines, we were all astir, getting ready for any emergency which might arise. We took advantage of the clear day to look over our new sector. A brief description of the topography is necessary to fully understand the dangerous position which the American troops were in at this point. The German positions were on high ground all along the entire front, overlooking the allied trenches. Directly opposite our lines there was a steep hill some nine hundred feet in height, named Mont-sec. In the valley below were several small villages which, later on, became historical, Richecourt, Seicheprey and Xivray-Marvoisin. On the right, the hill dipped sharply, the base of which was covered with shrubbery and small trees and which was known as Remieres Wood. Along the center of the valley was a wide stretch of marshy land. Hundreds of French and German troops had been drowned in this swamp during the previous years of the war. Our lines for several kilometers back, were under direct observation from the Germans. On clear days, we were forbidden to walk on the roads, as the Olive-drab uniform was easily detected on the white surface of the roads and observers were constantly on the watch within the German lines. The Division took over 18 kilometers of front in this sector, by far the largest ever held up to this time by U. S. troops. Another peculiar fact was the apathetic attitude of the civil population in this sector, namely, the people who stayed some kilometers in our rear. Treachery was in the air day and night. This sector was full of German agents and spies. Special orders were issued to us and all were placed on guard, challenging everyone at night, both on cross-roads and at points entering our lines. The countersign was changed every night and the procedure was as follows: Men repairing telephone wires, wrecked from

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shell fire, and runners carrying messages, frequently had to pass through one or more points occupied by U. S. troops. At 4.00 P. M. each day one of these men would proceed to the Infantry P. C. (Post of Command) with an order requesting the password to be used that night. Only a Major could give this. The man would then receive the countersign and check-word. That night, chasing his wires or carrying his message, he would suddenly be given the order to halt and there, standing in front of him, would be an American doughboy with a long shiny bayonet fixed on a loaded rifle, just a few inches from his chin. A suspicious move meant his end right there. The guard would ask for the counter-sign, then the check-word and if satisfied he would allow him to proceed on his way only to be stopped a little further on and forced to go through the same process. No chances were taken. Colonel or Private, you were just the same to the doughboy with the loaded rifle and that long, shiny bayonet.

Our one gun was placed in a far from shell-proof gun-pit on the edge of the road leading from Beaumont to Metz (a section of the Paris-Metz Highway). Our dugouts were under the road with the entrances under the root of a large tree. The gun-crew and officers were in similar dugouts—evil, damp holes under the ground, that would never dry out. Each dugout had several blankets always soaked with water as protection against gas. Our Infantry lines were not very far from this one-gun position. The support trenches for the Infantry were just a hundred and fifty yards in front of the gun.

We learned that we were what is termed in the French Army, A Sacrifice Gun. This name sounded uncanny. There was too much mystery to it. We realized that the Boche could see the flash from our gun when it fired; hence the significance of "Sacrifice Gun." We were assured, however, that this was quite an honor to be picked out to do this particular kind of work. Our comrades in the battery were some distance back in the woods, well sheltered from German observation. Our duty consisted chiefly of drawing fire from the enemy, in other words, when the day was clear and German planes were in plain view, we would receive an order to open fire. The Boche planes would make note of the position of the flash and instruct the German Artillery to return the fire on our position.

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They would direct the fire by wireless. As soon as the first few shells would land we would cease fire and if they were landing pretty close we would beat it to the dugouts. At other times the order would be to stand by the guns and await orders. This was a terrible ordeal, a nerve racking experience, this openly flirting with death. When you are firing you do not notice it so much as you do not get time to see what is happening around you, but standing there in silence, waiting and listening to those shells coming in and exploding, the fragments flying through the air and falling around your gun-pit, is an ordeal which tries a man's nerve, but there are men who have to go even further than this, the men whom every soldier who fought in the war admires, the runners, messengers and the linemen of the telephone details.

Communication is the one essential means of conducting modern warfare. The telephone is the most reliable as the wires must constantly be kept going. If a bombardment begins, the linemen with extra wire, pliers and tape must hold themselves in readiness to start out at any hour of the day or night as soon as a wire breaks. They must establish communication as soon as possible, shell fire or no shell fire. There is no work more dangerous than this as these men have no protection, except to lie flat or jump to a shell-hole when a shell breaks. They never go out alone and if one gets killed, the other carries on. If both get killed more men are sent out. Most of these men had an utter scorn of death and it was a frequent sight to see these men leave the dugouts on their perilous mission, shake hands with those who were left behind grinly give instructions as to the disposition of their personal property and with a smile on their faces, pass out into the darkness, many times never to return. The hardest part of their work was that they knew their chances of meeting a Hun face to face and settling the score was seldom possible. They didn't even have the chance to return the fire. Their job in the war was to keep communication intact. The runners were in a similar position. When all the wires were gone from shell fire, their job was to get through the barrages with written messages while the telephone men were trying to patch up their lines. More casualties occurred (proportionately) in these two special branches than in any other branch of the service.

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Our new home was known as "Hell's Half Acre," so in order to keep up the reputation of the sector we painted a sign and hung it over the telephone detail's dugout, announcing to the world that our new residence was "Hell's Doorstep." About two hundred and fifty meters to the right of our gun position was a small French canteen, concealed in the woods, where champagne could be purchased for four francs a bottle. As the water was unfit to drink we did the next best thing at four francs a bottle although we have a suspicion that many of the sealed champagne bottles contained nothing more than good cider. T'was at this position that we secured our first mascot, a little black and white fox terrier, "won" by Sergeant Joe Rhinehart, and which we named "Bum." Corp William McGinnis and Private John Barmby had a close call in this position. We had a telephone line running down to the infantry trenches. It was a sealed line and no conversation was allowed over it, owing to the fact that the Germans were known to place men on outpost duty with amplifiers, little instruments resembling a dictaphone, to pick up our messages going over the wires. For this reason all orders were coded. On this line we just called the other end and used the word "check," simply to see if the line was still in working order or not. There came a day when no answer was heard from the other end, so McGinnis and Barmby were sent out to fix the line. They had never been over these wires before and as they ran into the infantry lines it looked like an interesting trip. They reached the other end, repaired the damage without anything real exciting taking place and when about one-third of the way back the German Artillery opened up. They were compelled to lie flat owing to the flying fragments. When the chance came, they dived to the trench opposite and were forced to stay in the trench for over an hour while the Boche shells were bursting on the ground overhead.

Late that night the ration cart arrived and we learned that the remainder of the Battery was in an open field about three kilometers to the rear, well camouflaged with colored burlap and chicken wire, but the dugouts were nearly full of water. Most of the time was spent baling the water out with tin cans. Before morning arrived we were connected with each other by telephone.

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We received more gas from the Germans during our stay in this position than at any other point on the Western front, owing to the fact that we were on low lying ground, we were good subjects for gas attacks, as the gas would hang close to the ground until its strength was expended. April 6th, we were subjected to a three hour gas attack, our respirators being worn during the entire time.

Poisonous gas was the most fiendish invention of the whole war and every man had the fear of death by gas embedded in his heart. We had been told of its effect by our French comrades. The chlorine was inhaled and entering your lungs would form large blisters. In a matter of a few hours the blisters would burst, flooding the lungs with water and causing a horrible death from suffocation. Medical skill was unable to save you. Mustard gas however, was the most feared. When the fumes from this gas came in contact with any part of the body a red patch would develop. Shortly after, this would break and an intense burning of the flesh would be noticed and it would spread and spread, eating the flesh down to the bone. If the doctors received your case in time some relief was the result. If not, you had to lie still and allow this burning to go on until it had eaten up its strength. Mere description of the sufferings of gas victims cannot be portrayed in words. This was another method of teaching civilization, "German Kultur." It is a terrible sensation, sitting in a dugout with gas masks on, when you don't know whether the gas attack is going to last for an hour, a day or a week. All water is destroyed and all food not preserved in sealed cans has to be buried. You may judge for yourself our sentiments during a Gas Party, because, as in the previous sector on clear days, we only had two meals (?). Smoke arising from a dugout meant a few shells landing there almost immediately. Our chef-de-Cuisinerie at this place was Phil. Riley, easily the best can-opener we ever had.

Our first barrage in this sector was fired on April 11th. We cut up an attempt by the Boche to raid our front lines and by the time our doughboys got through with him, quite a few of the raiding party were left hanging on the barbed wire. Our first casualty occurred on this day, Pvt. James Mahoney was gassed. The following morning he was taken to the hos-

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pital. There was considerable talk at this time of moving to a new position as we were too much exposed. April 19th. arrived and we received orders to make preparation to move that night. The day was anything but clear. There was no aerial activity, so by nightfall, we were all ready to move. We had been in position just fourteen days and it was the worst fourteen days we had spent for sometime. Arriving in the sector all exhausted from the forced hike and receiving very little rest because of the fact that we were kept busy all the time, not one single regret entered our minds as we thought of moving. The new position could not be any worse. We were ordered to be in position before daybreak April 20th. After-events showed that Battery C especially the first piece and telephone detail, came pretty nearly never being heard of again, for a few hours later amid a deluge of shells and gas, the Battle of Seichprey was under way.

At 3.00 A. M., April 20th, a murderous German barrage commenced. Looking in the direction of the front line trenches to try to find out what it all meant, we were suddenly dumb-founded to see rockets of all colors shooting up from the front line stations. There were red rockets with three white stars, the barrage signal for the day, and green rockets signifying that a gas attack was under way and many others meaning different things to the men who were on rocket guard. The relay stations along the Paris-Metz highway and farther back repeated the signals. The Boche batteries now began to sweep the rear areas as well as the front line positions, with a deadly fire. Only a moment after the rocket signals had sent out their warning, our Batteries opened up and the Battle of Seichprey was on in full blast. Thousands of gas shells were falling all around the place and the air was poisoned from their deadly odor. It was one of the most terrific bombardments of gas and high explosive that the Battery had ever been exposed to.

The one gun that had been at the sniping position had already left for the new location and the three guns that were further in the rear were also on the road to the new position when the shelling commenced. All four guns arrived in the new position without mishap and immediately prepared for ac-

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tion and in a very short time were giving back to the Boche as good as they were sending.

The only men left at the old sniping position were Corps. David Yule and Frank Killelea who had charge of taking down the switchboard, Corp. Edward D. Sirois, who was in charge of moving all the equipment to the new position and Cooks Joseph Rinehart and Philip Riley who were looking after the kitchen supplies. All these men had orders to remain here until they were relieved. Just before the bombardment commenced, a park wagon in charge of Corp. George Rainville, with Frank Payson, Melvin Hubbard, Mike Bolawsky and Dominick Palosky for drivers, arrived from the new position where they had taken a load of equipment and were preparing to return for another load. The wagon was about half loaded when the battle started and it was impossible for them to move on. The horses were unhitched and tied to the wheels with gas masks on. The men then retired to the Captain's dugout, thinking that the strafing would die down sooner or later. As time passed by, however, the shelling became more intense and the gas much thicker. Daylight came and the Boche observation balloons went up and the planes became very active. It then became necessary to act, because as soon as it became broad daylight the wagon on the road would be seen by the Huns and probably be blown to pieces. Corp. Rainville then gave orders to the drivers to hitch up and take the gas masks off the horses. This was quickly accomplished with the aid of the men at the position and the drivers mounted with their own gas masks on. Corp. Rainville then gave the order to start and the Park wagon galloped down the Paris-Metz highway towards Beaumont. How they ever got down that road, over Dead Man's Curve and past Hell's Half Acre without all being killed is a mystery that no one can explain, because every foot of that road was under a concentrated artillery fire. However they accomplished it and it certainly was a wonderful feat of daring and boldness.

About 8.00 A. M. the other men at the position received orders to abandon the sniping post and report to the new position. Their experiences during the two kilometer hike from the old to the new position with every foot under bombardment and the air thick with gas is something that is beyond descrip-

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tion. They were detained for over an hour in Beaumont, owing to the fact that the shelling was so heavy that they were not able to leave the village.

The rest of the boys at the new position were having their own troubles also. The entire place was under a constant shelling and the gas was so thick that one could almost cut it with a knife. One shell was a direct hit on the first section gun pit, but luckily it did but very little damage and no casualties were sustained.

The German heavy artillery came into play and swept all the rear areas. All roads were blocked, and our front line was kept under a constant fire.

The attack began without any warning at a time when the Infantry was changing reliefs and many of the Batteries changing positions. It was entirely unexpected by us. Twelve hundred picked German Shock Troops (Hindenburgs traveling Circus, as we called them) came over the top and advanced towards our lines to teach the Yankees a lesson. The attack extended along a front of four kilometers. Our troops held them in the center, but on the left the Huns were able to penetrate our lines by infiltration as the French call it, that is a gradual progress in small groups, supported by machine guns and automatic rifles. Their object was to get possession of the town of Seichprey, a small town on the very front lines, held by our troops, as this was a decided advantage to the side holding it. They also wanted to gain possession of the Remieres woods which was a short distance behind our lines. They were partially successful in this and about 8.00 A. M. the attack on the town of Seichprey itself began. Heavy hand to hand fighting occurred in the streets of the village and by 10.00 A. M. our forces had retired a few hundred meters back to the line of resistance. Here they consolidated their forces and at about 11.00 A. M. attacked, with support from the French. They were so determined that they drove the Boche out of the village of Seichprey back into their own lines and followed them up for a considerable distance. By 1.00 o'clock noon, the Americans were once again in full possession of Seichprey and holding the German front lines to boot. The Boche had concealed their machine guns in the trees, thus causing our men a great deal of trouble in locating them, but our snipers stalked



Top: Lt. Edward D. Sirois, then Corp. all set for a mustard gas attack, Toul Sector; Center Left: Officers figuring data and conducting fire; Center Right: Corp. William McGinnis, chasing up broken telephone line, notice the mud, typical of France; Bottom: Mus. Arthur Morin, firing on Boche aeroplane, Battery C's position, Toul Sector, notice the dugouts on left and right covered with sand bags and camouflage. Photos taken by authors.

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their prey in good old Yankee fashion and put an end to them. The Germans had tried our division out, with picked German Shock troops, in the hope of breaking their morale, but they had found their match. Instead of gaining a big victory as they had expected to, they had gone down to a terrible defeat. They had gained nothing and lost a great deal. They had found their betters in the Americans.

Although the Huns had been driven back, the German artillery remained very active all the rest of the day and night and kept the front, the roads and the back areas under a heavy fire. It was noon on the twenty-first before things quieted down.

During the course of the battle, several and in fact all the Batteries ran out of ammunition. One of the Officers of Battery C asked for volunteers to drive caissons of ammunition to the positions and especially to Battery G at Dead Man's Curve. Every man in Battery C who was at the Echelon volunteered for this service and a number were picked out. With loaded caissons and horses galloping, away they went. Many of them were wounded on this trip. One young fellow, Vincent Polito, had two horses killed under him trying to get the ammunition up. The following men received the Croix-de-Guerre for courage and daring during the fight, Corp. Harold McDonald, Pvt. Vincent Polito, Dominiek Palosky.

Another detachment from the Battery was manning four guns of an old type (the French 90). This battery was known as G Battery. They were situated right at the corner of Dead Man's Curve and Sgt. Edward O'Leary was first Sgt. Corp. Timothy J. Barry and Pvt. Fred Hurrell also received the Croix-de-Guerre, for sticking by their post when the gun was blown up and Sgt. Killelea and Corp. David Yule received Divisional citations for repairing telephone wires during the engagement. Corp. Rainville in charge of the Park wagon and the men with him who had galloped back to the Echelon along a shell swept road in broad daylight, should have received some word of commendation from the authorities, but no mention was made of their deed.

We learned the following night that the situation was much worse than we had imagined. All the horses and limbers

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were ready at the Echelon, to come up and take the guns back, if the worst came to the worst.

This was the first major operation in which American troops had participated and our French comrades commended the division highly for the excellent manner in which the situation had been handled.

After this engagement, orders were issued to place barbed wire and to construct hand grenade pits in front of our guns, in order to protect ourselves against attack at close quarters. We strengthened our dugouts with steel rails, concrete blocks, sand bags and huge logs of wood. All this was covered with camouflage. Two guns were situated on the edge of the Paris-Metz road, in an open field, between Beaumont and Ramboucourt, with no natural protection. They were the first and second sections and half of the telephone detail. This became known as the forward position. The third and fourth sections were in the woods, behind us. This was known as the rear position, nicknamed "Canobie Lake," owing to the fact that a large pond was near the guns, and that a shell had never landed anywhere near the position up to this time. The men at this position used to sleep outside during the night under the camouflage. The dugouts at this place were very uncomfortable and most of the time was spent baling water out and trying to make them fit places to live in. Needless to say the men at the forward position were unable to follow their example as far as sleeping was concerned because had they done so, they would be sleeping the eternal sleep, with poppies growing overhead.

The only communication with the Echelon where the battery office was situated, was the little ration cart, drawn by a single mule. This would arrive every night, about 10.30 or 11.00 unless the roads were being heavily shelled. It was the one big event in our lives and we would all crowd around, looking for mail. The letters would all be tied in a bundle, then rushed to the nearest dugout and with the aid of a candle stuck on the top of a steel helmet the addresses would be called off and five or six forms would huddle around the single candle to read their letters. They were truly happy days—the days when mail arrived from God's Country.

When the Huns would let us alone for a few hours, the-

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rumor would gain circulation that Fritz was out of ammunition and just as we were beginning to believe it, he would shower us with steel and iron confetti. It was just one thing after another.

While in this sector, we were surprised one afternoon with a number of extraordinary large shells coming over from the German lines. The explosion resembled a mine going off. When the fire quieted down and we started investigating, we found a dud and imagine our consternation upon looking at the brass fuse head to see in perfect plain type—MADE IN BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT U. S. A. We were amazed. A few days later, the mystery was solved. These shells were made for the Russian government during the early days of the war. The caliber of the gun was 308 millimeters. All these guns, with the ammunition, were captured by the Huns when the Russian Campaign collapsed and they were using them on us. It was anything but pleasant to contemplate the damage that was being done by this ammunition, made by our own countrymen, but such are the fortunes or misfortunes of war.

The need of officers thoroughly trained in artillery tactics at this time was so great that opportunities were given to enlisted men qualified to attend an Artillery Officers Training School at Saumur. We sent two men while in this sector, Corp. David Yule and Pvt. John L. Ferguson. Sgt. John J. McCarthy and Corp. Edward D. Sirois were sent to a Non-commissioned officers school at Gondrecourt, to receive extensive training in the finer points of artillery firing and gunnery.

Many sad and humorous incidents were witnessed while doing duty at this position. We saw Major Raoul Lufberry, the American Ace, who had fought many engagements in the Lafayette Escadrille, shot down by a Hun aviator in an aerial combat, over our gun position. We saw the fight and saw Lufberry come down, his plane a mass of flames. We also saw Lt. Hall another American Ace, take his final trip over the Hun lines. He was shot down by the enemy and as his plane hit the ground both his legs were broken and he was taken prisoner.

Our battery suffered two casualties in this position. Pvt. Swanson received a wound in the right thigh one night by a shell splinter while waiting for the ration cart to return to the

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Echelon. Pvt. Sweeney was also hit while working in the gun pit.

A very amusing incident occurred one afternoon, which we will never forget. It was a beautiful day and things were very quiet. Sgt. Killelea and Corp. McGinnis, had been out repairing wires the night before. They were sound asleep when a Boche battery opened up. The third shell to land was a 210 gas shell and was a direct hit on the telephone dugout and the concussion awakened both men from their slumber. Earth was falling on the floor of the dugout from the roof, and inside the air was full of gas. We all put on our gas masks, dropped the gas blanket at the door and sat there waiting for the supposed gas attack to blow over. Not another shell came in while we were sitting in the darkness. The familiar voice of Phil Riley was heard outside—Now we all knew Phil and we also knew that if there was a sign of gas around Phil would have his gas mask on. We could not understand why the air in the dugout was so full of gas and how Phil could be talking outside. We made an investigation and this was the result. The nose of the gas shell had penetrated the wall forming the foundation of the dugout. When the gas escaped from the shell, it naturally filled the dugout and with the heavy wet blanket down at the entrance, it could not get out. We hastily threw the blanket up and allowed the air to circulate inside. That was one time that the Huns put one over on us. To get an idea of the size of the hole made by this shell, it required thirty-seven sandbags, full of earth, to fill it in.

May 25th Elsie Janis, the famous American actress and the idol of the boys in France, came to Sanzy, where our Echelon was situated and gave an entertainment; also the Herron sisters and they, too, gave a wonderful show. They were the first American girls we had seen since we left the States.

This was considered a quiet sector, but even granting that, it was not quite so pleasant as living in Lawrence.

June 16th the Xivray-Marvoisin party began. The Boche tried much the same tactics, as in the battle of Seichprey and he also learned that we were fully capable of taking care of ourselves in any emergency. As if to retaliate for the defeat which they had suffered during this engagement, their long range guns shelled all the towns and villages behind the lines.

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Hundreds of civilians, soldiers and horses were injured and killed during this bombardment which lasted about two days.

About this time news was circulated that we were to be relieved. This fact was strengthened by the arrival of a number of French and American officers from new divisions, who were looking over our gun positions. Their Infantry were to relieve ours, but they were to be supported by French Artillery.

While on this sector, Captain Daniels carried out much the same policy as he had at Chemin-des-Dames. The men at the battery position were relieved every so often by other men from the Echelon. This gave every man a chance to serve both at the guns and the Echelon. It was a good stunt as it gave the men who had been at the position for sometime a chance to be relieved of the strain and in this way everybody learned the duties at the position and at the Echelon. The best efficiency was attained in this manner.

June 27th at 10.00 P. M. the horses and limbers arrived from the Echelon to take the guns to the rear. We were relieved by the 82nd U. S. Division and the 154th French. It was a moonlight night and we wondered whether we would get out safely, this night above all nights. The whole Battery was moved without a single shell coming in. We arrived at Sanzy at daybreak. Once more we were informed that we were to proceed to that mysterious place known as a rest camp.

While on the Toul sector we received many citations. At the time of our relief on this sector General Passaga, French Commander issued a general order in which he said.

"At the moment when the 26th Division of the United States is leaving the 32nd. French Corps, I salute its colors and thank it for the splendid services it has rendered here to the common cause.

"Under the distinguished command of their chief, General Edwards, the high spirited soldiers of the Yankee Division, have taught the enemy some bitter lessons, at Bois Brule, at Seichprey, at Xivray-Marvoisin; they have taught him to realize the staunch vigor of the sons of the great Republic fighting for the World's Freedom.

"My heartiest good wishes will accompany the Yankee Division always in its future combats."

General Passaga.

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CHAPTER VIII

OFF FOR A REST CAMP (?)

It was a popular superstition among the fighting divisions of the A. E. F. that, somewhere in France, there was a mysterious place designated, "A REST CAMP." However, after eighteen months continuous service in France, the Yankee Division never discovered the place or the individual who was responsible for the belief that such a place existed. Had they done so, this book would have been made interesting by a chapter depicting scenes and life at the camp. This may also be said of the 1st, 2nd and 42nd divisions. We do not deny that somewhere in France such a place or places, did exist, but we do insist, that it was never the good fortune of the 26th. to find it. We were in several places supposed to be rest camps, but more work was done in these places in one week than we would have accomplished in a month at the front.

Our stay at Sanzy was of very short duration. Most of the time was spent getting ready for the contemplated journey to "SOMEWHERE." What a terrible strain was removed from the minds of the men when they knew that they were going to some other place. It might be Russia, Greece, Belgium, or again it might only be twenty-five miles away, yet it meant just the same thing. The air of mystery surrounding our movements made it real fascinating and we never hit the place where the majority said we would. We were like a caravan of gypsies, here to-day, away to-morrow.

We were still quite close to the front, so that hiking at night was made necessary. From sunset June 28th. to sunrise June 29th., we hiked twenty-two kilometers. After a rest during the day we continued on the following night, arriving at Valcoullers, at 3.00 A. M. the next morning. Here we boarded the train and were off. During a stop at a large station, several troop trains passed through one of them containing Company F, of the 101st, Infantry, of Lawrence. July 1st. at 4.00 A. M. we arrived in a town named Dammartin, here everything seemed strange. We saw buildings that had never

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seen the hand of war; green fields stretched out as far as the eye could see. It was hard to realize, that a short distance from this same spot, men were flying at each others throats and that death was stalking everywhere. The men entered into the spirit of their new environment. We imagined that if our stay here lasted more than a week, we could forget that a war was going on. However, this privilege was not to be ours.

That evening at 6.00 P. M. after a march of seventeen kilometers, we arrived in the village of Chalifret. Many of the boys secured places to sleep with the civil population, this being allowed providing all bugle calls were answered. Beds could be rented for one franc a night. Many of the older people refused to take money. This was a beautiful village and here the regiment spent their first and only Fourth of July in France. We were in a small village thirty kilometers from Paris. We were told that this was the long sought, "REST CAMP" and it was a wonderful selection, amid shady trees and green fields. We planned on washing our dirty clothes and on a general clean-up, getting a much needed rest and allowing the horses a chance to roam among the grass and recuperate. Ball teams and athletic events were arranged between the Batteries. Little did we realize that in this quiet peaceful village and while we were making plans for the future, couriers were then on their way from G. H. Q. (General Headquarters) with orders for the 26th. to move at once. Our dinner July 4th, was much the same as usual. In the afternoon groups of men were out in the fields enjoying themselves, when bugles began to blow, without any warning, the assembly. At 7.00 P. M. we were on our way again. All men not needed to bring the guns and caissons were loaded into trucks and we started off again for "somewhere." Songs were started and the "Singing Battery," was on the move once more. We passed through Meaux at 9.00 P. M. and reached the village of St.Cyr. In the distance the boom of guns was heard again. Gathering in the streets was forbidden as the Huns made it a practice to bomb this village with aeroplanes. We sought the shelter of nearby trees and slept on the ground for the night. The horses and guns were drawn up under the spreading branches and carefully concealed.

Daybreak found us busy as usual. A rumor gained circu-

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lation that the Boche were massing troops for a drive in this sector and that we were to relieve the 2nd. U. S. Division. That morning, Capt. Daniels with the telephone detail, started for the front to select a battery position and to take over the telephone system of the battery whom we were to relieve. The trip was made in broad daylight and if the doubt ever existed in our minds regarding the truth of the German drive, it was silenced forever. Before our truck had travelled half the distance to the front, hundreds of farmers, villagers and peasant folk were on their way to the rear, with goods and chattels, piled on every conceivable conveyance, drawn by horses, dogs, oxen, and pulled and pushed by hand. Cattle and spare horses were hitched to the backs of the teams. Children of tender years were on top of the loaded carts. Old men and women, with the aid of sticks were hobbling along, with an expression of fear registered on their features. They were fleeing before the promoters of Hun Kultur and we were on our way to meet them. They were trying to seek safety in the environs of Paris, having abandoned everything except what they could carry with them. As far as the eye could see, all along the winding roads, people were coming in our direction, to escape the terror of the Hun. The very young and the very old were there; also young mothers, with babes in their arms; also the mothers to be, compelled to walk. It was pathetic and as we saw these harmless civilians and thought of the indignities which they had suffered, the knowledge came to us that in a few hours we would be able to wreak vengeance on these despoilers of virtue and the beautiful things in life—the things that make life worth living for.

A good many critics of the late war who were never nearer the firing line than New York or Boston, have stated that the element of hate should never enter the soldiers mind, that he should think of the lofty ideals which brought the American Army to France. We ask those critics to stand by the roadside and watch this procession leaving the homes of their birth, the homes in which they had been raised from childhood, in which they had been married and in which they had spent the declining years of their life. All this was now torn apart. The high salaried critics, with their flowery phrases, were not fighting the war—we were—so we made up our minds that every

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Hun who came within range of our rifles and guns would pay with full measure and all the hate that we could put behind those guns would go with them.

The telephone detail which had gone ahead to reconnoiter the new position arrived at the crest of a hill in broad daylight and with all their trappings and equipment reached a farm house where men from the 2nd. Division were running a telephone central. The owners of the farm had to leave without notice. Later in the afternoon, they walked through the wheat fields until they came to a small woods where Battery C, of the 15th. Field artillery was doing business.

There was quite a difference in this method of warfare. In the Toul sector, we had gun emplacements and dugouts, but they were not in existence here. This was our introduction, to open warfare, although it was not quite so "open" as we experienced four weeks later. We were to take over this position, telephone wires included and make preparations for immediate occupancy. We knew that the Germans were massing troops for an attack somewhere in this section, but just where, none could tell. The following night, orders were changed again. Our division was ordered to go in to the assistance of the French near the river Ourcq. The telephone detail received orders that night to pack up and return to the Battery, which was already on the move but in which direction they did not know. They were all bundled into a truck and started for St. Cyr where they had left the rest of the battery less than forty-eight hours before. Unknown to the Captain and the telephone detail, the remainder of the battery had received orders to move to a new sector. The telephone detail were following the route on a map. It was pitch dark and lights were forbidden. After traveling about four hours they discovered their first clue, a horse was lying dead by the side of the road. It was an American horse, a fact that they could easily tell by the long mane and tail and also the general condition of the animal. Upon examining the brand, burned on the hind quarters they found 102nd. F. A. They knew then that the regiment was not far away as the horse was still warm and the road was covered with imprints from horse shoes, and empty Bull-Durham bags. At 8.00 A. M. they arrived at regimental headquarters situated in a magnificent chateau owned

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by one of the scions of an old French family who was at the front. The battery was billeted in the stables, a very neat and spacious set of buildings. The same day part of the telephone detail and the first and second gun sections proceeded to the village of Vendrest where the guns were placed in position. Thousands of French Colonial troops passed through this village on the way to the trenches. The 4th. U. S. Division Infantry, was also in this sector. The contemplated attack did not materialize, at this time. Our division was now ordered to the relief of the second division, at Chateau-Thierry. The order was changed three different times, while hiking, but we finally got there and relieved Battery C, 15th. F. A. 2nd. Division. We were in this position until the advance on July 18th. or the counter-attack on the German offensive which will go down in history as the turning point of the whole war.

This was the Allies' answer to the Huge German Offensive which was to bring the Kaiser into Paris. Picked troops of the German Army had new uniforms all ready, for the "Triumphant entry" into the city. Most of our work here was done at night, firing incessantly harrassing fire, to prevent concentration of German troops. Our guns were laid on the village of Vaux and hill 204. We also sent out a roving piece at night—that is, a gun detached from a battery, for special firing and which usually operates between sunset and sunrise. Their work was to enter a field or stay on the edge of a road and fire all night into the Boche lines and return to their former positions before daybreak, in this manner they would attract fire from the enemy, but of course they had departed before the incoming fire arrived. While the Germans were trying to neutralize the supposed new battery, special observers from the aviation service and terrain observers were on the lookout for the Hun Battery. This method was followed by the Germans also. Battery C, alone fired over twenty-seven thousand rounds of ammunition during our stay of ten days here. Thus ended our experience at an American Rest Camp in France. Surely it was one that we will always remember.

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CHAPTER IX

THE CHATEAU-THIERRY DRIVE OR THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE

At the time when we left the Borders of Lorraine we were considered a first class division, equally as good as any division of the Allied Armies. There were four American divisions up to this time, which had been doing the greater part of the fighting of the American Army in France,—the 1st and 2nd regular army divisions and the 26th and 42nd National Guard divisions. These were, at this time, the only American divisions which were classified as first class divisions. All were so near equal in accomplishments and achievements that no practical distinction could be made between them. Prior to the beginning of The Second Battle of the Marne, these four divisions were designated, the “shock divisions,” of the American Army, that is the troops who were considered the best trained and whose ability and metal had been proven in both offensive and defensive warfare, troops who could and would be used in all emergencies at short notice, troops who, in case of an enemy drive, would be placed to stem and break up the advance and who, when their own side was waging an offensive would be placed at vital points. Hence, at the opening of The Second Battle of the Marne, all four divisions held vital points on the salient.

The 26th division held the sector about eight kilometers northwest of Chateau-Thierry directly on the line running from Vaux-Bouresches to Bois-de-Belleau. At this time we were a part of the 1st. American Army Corps. This was the first time that an American Army Corps appeared at the front to operate as a unit under a single Corps Commander. It was also the first major operation that American troops participated in and the “Yankee Division,” held the post of Honor.

July 18th came and it was on this memorable date that we arrived at our new position away up forward, at 2.45 A. M. amid a drenching rain, preparatory to attacking. The guns were quickly laid (pointed in the direction of the enemy with

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the proper data) and everything set for firing. The telephone lines had been installed the previous day. As this was never used as a position before, we had to cut our way into the woods and establish our own gun emplacements. There were no dug-outs or protection of any kind and the Boche persisted in dropping big shells (210's and 308's) all around the position, much to our annoyance. We were now well accustomed to shell fire and gas and did not worry much unless they coasted them a little too near for comfort.

On account of the peculiarity of the line here, the right of the division of which we formed a part, could not move until the left had attacked and advanced far enough to straighten the line at this point. Hence we did a great deal of firing on the opening day of the Drive and waited patiently for our pals on the left to drive in and straighten out the crooked line.

The first day the villages of Torcy, Givry, Belleau and Hill 193, were taken, together with a large number of prisoners machine guns and material. July 19th our Echelon moved from a position five kilometers in the rear to within 300 meters of the battery position, so that they would be able to advance with us when the time came.

Capt. Roy A. Daniels and Sgt. William F. Weinhold had been notified in the Toul Sector to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation to the United States where the Government intended to use them as instructors for a new division just being formed. They received orders the day before, that they would leave on July 20th. At 10.00 A. M. that morning after shaking hands and bidding farewell to every man in the Battery, they left us with the deepest of regrets that they could not take part in the offensive.

First Lt. William F. Howe Jr., the idol of every man in the Battery, who later became known as the "Fighting Skipper of the Fighting Battery" and who was the next officer in command, now assumed command of the battery. Lt. Howe had not been in command two hours when an incident occurred which will serve to show the type of man he was. A Boche plane came over our lines flying just above the tree tops, so low, that the anti air-craft guns could not fire at it. Lt. Howe, running to the tree where his pistol was hanging, ordered the men to get their pistols and follow him. We all did so, but

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by the time we got out of the woods the plane was out of pistol range. Lt. Howe was so mad for a minute, seeing he did not get a chance to get a shot at the plane, that he felt like running after it. In this offensive and in all our other engagements Battery C had one of the smallest casualty lists of any similar unit in the division. To Lt. Howe soon to be Captain Howe, is due all the credit for this. His judgment in picking positions and his personal interest in the men under his command were the chief reasons for our small casualties. Our "Skipper" would never send a man where he would not go himself, but any man who would go every place that Capt. Howe went would certainly have to possess a charmed life. He was always in the thickest of it and nothing worried him for a second. The more action there was the better he liked it. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have the four guns of Battery C in the front line Infantry trenches. When we went hungry our skipper went hungry; when we went without sleep, he went without sleep and sorry to say when we had cooties he had the cooties. He never smoked anything but Bull Durham and rolled his own. He never got sore when he looked over his supply and found out that the boys had been helping themselves. One of his favorite stunts, when there was no food in sight for breakfast, was to pick up a sack of Bull Durham, take out a wheat straw paper and say, "Well, let's have breakfast." This sort of thing put the men in the best of spirits because when they saw their Captain go without and do no grumbling, they could hardly do anything but follow his example. Every man in Battery C, without exception, would go through HELL for Bill Howe.

On July 20th the line had been straightened out and at 1.30 P. M. we began a harrassing fire that must have made the Huns think that we intended to do something. This continued with C. P. O.'s (counter preparation offensive) until 3.45 P. M. We then began a special barrage and the Infantry went over the top. For the benefit of those who are rather uncertain about the meaning of the word barrage it might be well to explain that a barrage is a curtain of fire and flying metal laid down by the Artillery in front of the Infantry for Offensive or Defensive purposes. There are a great many methods of fire called barrages, but in reality there are only three: a normal bar-

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rage used in defensive warfare, to protect our infantry against an advancing enemy; a rolling or creeping barrage which is used in offensive warfare and is laid down in front of our infantry which moves forward as the fire advances; and a box barrage used in offensive warfare. This latter is just what the name implies, a wall of bursting shells laid down in the form of a square encircling a town, village, battery or other place where troops are concentrated. The square, inside, is then raked and combed with high explosive shrapnel and gas. It is impossible for anyone to get out of it. The origin of the phrase, "a battery located is a battery lost," may be determined from this, because if a battery should be located, a box barrage would be the result. This emphasizes the necessity for perfect camouflage and skill in selecting battery positions.

We were ordered early in the evening to make our packs and prepare for a move. There was no sleeping this night as we fired continuously through the long hours until daylight. The order, however, did not arrive, but we remained prepared. On the morning of the 21st the enemy evacuated Vaux and Belleau Woods. At five A. M. our entire Brigade laid down a box barrage on Hill 204, a strategical point between Chateau Thierry and Vaux which overlooked our positions. After the barrage lifted, our infantry swept over the hill and cleared it at the point of the bayonet. Chateau Thierry was evacuated by the Huns about 10.00 A. M. This same morning the entire line pushed forward and here both the French and American cavalry came into their own and performed excellent service in scattering the retreating Boche and rounding up prisoners. From this time on until the end of the drive, trench warfare passed out of existence and the most open kind of warfare took its place. This was where the Americans showed their skill, because all our regular and National Guard troops were well trained in this method of open warfare, it being the basis of all our instruction before our entrance into this war and we could and did show the Boche a Yankee trick or two in this line.

By 9.00 A. M. on the morning of the 21st, our infantry had penetrated the Bouresches Wood and the Artillery, now being out of range, hauled their guns out of position and prepared to advance. By noon the first wave of the infantry had gained

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all their objectives and were occupying the Chateau Thierry-Soissons Road.

At 10.00 A. M. the first battalion of the 102d F. A. was on the move, with Battery C leading the column. We gained the Paris-Metz Highway and proceeded along this through Vaux and over Hill 204. Regardless of the fact that the past three weeks had been very strenuous and exhausting and that we had been working day and night in the rain which persisted in falling in torrents and that we were in mud knee-deep with very little food, catching sleep whenever we could, every man was in the best of spirits, and the cry that went around was, "Let's shag them all the way to Berlin." This was a wonderful day, the day that we had been faithfully training for, for over a year. For the first time we had a chance to see on the spot, the effect of our own fire and as we advanced over places on which we had been firing on it was an inspiring sight to see the damage which our shells had done. Vaux was levelled to the ground. The magnificent Paris-Metz Highway was ruined. Hardly a spot was visible that had not been blown up by our shells or by mines exploded by the Germans as they retreated. The once tall, stately poplars, that lined the road, were now nothing but naked, ugly stumps. Hill 204 reminded one of a giant honey-comb, simply a mass of shell craters. Ambulances were shooting along the roads in both directions, coming from up forward carrying their precious burdens to the rear, and others going from the rear to the front for another load. Stretched out all over the ground were grim, silent figures, who had given their lives and who would never again see God's daylight and breathe the pure air of Peace. There were hordes of Germans, many French and altogether too many silent forms wearing the Olive-drab, our own valient, precious, heroic pals. As we looked at these sights, our eyes for a moment were misted with tears and we wondered if some day we ourselves would be stretched out in such a manner. There were some ghastly sights but only for a moment did such thoughts occupy our minds, as the convictions spread over us of our duty to our country, our Allies, our mothers, wives, sweethearts and to our brave comrades who but yesterday were full of life, a part of the smiling, joking, never-fearing American Army. We once again, silently but fervently and for all time, took the oath

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never to rest, never to give up, until the cause for which our brave pals had died, should be fittingly brought to a close. Drove of prisoners passed us on their way to the rear and a sad looking lot they were and they got no mercy from us. Many wounded men also sat by the roadside, smiling and patiently waiting, while their more seriously wounded pals had been taken to the rear, for their turn to come. They forgot their pains and injuries, wishing us God-speed and the best o' luck, making such remarks as, "Give them Hell, Buddies and Don't stop until you get the —— in Berlin." This was the spirit that won the war, the spirit of '76, of 1812, of '61, of '98, born again and now the spirit of 1918.

Mastery of the air was an absolute necessity to safeguard and keep secret the movements of the troops. At this time about fifty Allied aeroplanes dotted the sky, and seventeen allied observation balloons were up in our sector alone. Not one single Boche plane appeared and as soon as a Hun balloon attempted to reach the sky, our planes went after it.

About 4.00 P. M., after an advance of five kilometers, we pulled into a wood, had our first meal for this day and awaited darkness before we would attempt to proceed. While resting we had an opportunity to make individual observations. We were staggered by the amount of equipment, ammunition, material and supplies that the Boche had left behind. They certainly were traveling light but they needed to, for the Yanks were on their heels. There were Hun rifles and machine guns with ammunition galore for them. We had a lot of sport with these and from the way the boys were picking off targets at the expense of the Hun, it looked as though they would all become experts very soon. We had a large quantity of souvenirs, but did not carry them long for in a few days we were lucky to have our own pistols and blankets. That night we resumed the advance and hiked steadily until 3.30 A. M., July 22nd, when we immediately went into position near Trugny. The guns were in position by 5.00 A. M. The telephone detail had communication established within an hour. The battery was then ready to open fire. Our Echelon had moved up to within two kilometers of the guns, but up to this time as no rations had been sent to us, we dug in to our emergency rations.

The line at this point had a very peculiar formation. Just



Upper Left:—Corp. Charles Connors of Battery C and Norman Barteaux of Hospital Detachment 102nd F. A. attached to Battery C, as first aid man, sitting outside rocket station of Battery C's sniping position, Toul Sector; Upper Right:—Battery C drivers, washing caissons in the Meuse River, at Sanzey, Toul Sector, left to right: Corp. Wm. E. McDonough, Pvt. Andrew Belesky, James S. Ellsmore, Louis O. Martin; Corp. Rene E. Faucher; Mus. Raymond R. McGeoch and Pvt. Frank Conway; Lower Left: Battery C, on forced march, to relieve 1st. Div. on Toul Sector; Lower Right: Rocket and Optical Station of 1st. Bn. 102nd. F. A. on Toul Sector, Corp. Joseph Cote, standing in doorway. Photos taken by the authors.



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to our left it extended back for about two kilometers. This put us in a small salient. A German observation balloon was up when we pulled into this position and our movements must have been observed, for at 8.00 A. M. a Boche battery that was in the section jutting into our line, opened up on our position and we received a bad straffing. Our first impression was that the French in our rear were falling short, but after a careful inspection we found that the shells dropping on us were German 77's. This fact was reported to our Battalion Commander by runner, all telephone lines having been wrecked by the enemy shell fire. We immediately jumped to the conclusion that we were trapped and had walked into an ambush. It looked as if we had been flanked by the Huns and that they were now between us and the rest of the allied troops, because the shells appeared to be coming directly from the rear. Therefore, we immediately prepared to defend the guns to the last man. It was a critical situation. Each man thought for himself that the Battery was lost. It was a case of defending the guns with pistols and the order was given to load them and stand by for any emergency. At this time none of our infantry were in sight, so we thought we were without support. A hurried call was sent out and a platoon of A Co., 101st Inf., was sent up to help us. Two shells landed in the middle of them and twelve men fell wounded. A group of the battery boys ran to their assistance and Corp. Sirois with a number of men aided the wounded doughboys to a first aid station in a nearby farmhouse. Seven of them died before medical assistance reached them. At this time Capt. Howe immediately prepared to give the expected Boche a royal welcome if they tried to take our guns. He was not the least bit excited but on the other hand was cooler than we had ever noticed him before. His coolness and level-headedness soon put every man at his ease. His first move was to summon the limbers and pull two guns out into an open field about 200 meters to the right and turn them to the rear. The gun crews took their posts with orders to open direct fire if the enemy showed themselves and to use pistols if necessary. The other two gun crews remained where they were with the same orders, provided any attack was delivered from the front. The two battery machine guns were stationed at different corners of the woods, one to the front, the other to the rear, with

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orders to open up at sight. Linemen of the telephone crew were sent out to patch up the broken lines and establish communication. The other telephone men got out semaphore flags and established signaling stations, holding themselves in readiness to communicate by this means if the telephone lines could not be repaired. Capt. Howe placed the remainder of the infantry and the other members of the battery in important places in the woods, up in the trees with loaded rifles and around the position with fixed bayonets, pistols and chau-chau (automatic rifles). The Battery boys, being armed with German rifles, bayonets and ammunition which they had collected, waited for the Boche to appear. It must be remembered that all this was quickly executed, a terrific bombardment being put down on us all the while. Not a man quailed, not a man was "yellow," but then, who could be with Bill Howe for a skipper? At this stage of the game Company B of the 103d Inf. arrived to help us. They fixed bayonets and in skirmish order formed three waves in front of our guns. They were ordered to go out and meet the advancing Huns. Several of the boys in the Battery saw the chance to go over the top with the doughboys. It looked like a chance to get a Hun. A fellow from Battery B, called Torchy McCann, came over armed with a Boche rifle and bayonet and seeing Corp. McGinnis said "Let's go, Mack." McGinnis secured a rifle and bayonet from Corp. Charles Poole and over they went with the third wave, so McCann and McGinnis were the only two who got away. Most of the fellows in Battery C, never saw McGinnis again until the Battery arrived in Brest, seven months later, on their way home, because he was only back about ten minutes some four hours later when he was wounded and sent to the hospital. After about an hour's patient waiting the fire gradually shifted. The news came over the phone from the P. C. that the enemy had been silenced by our heavy artillery. Capt. Howe was not the only one who felt a sense of regret that the Huns did not show up for every man there said that they would have liked the chance to get a crack at the Boche. It was really too bad that they did not come and rather mean of them after our planning such a nice welcoming party for their especial benefit.

Our only casualty in the drive had been Pvt. Swanson who

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had been gassed on July 18th, but we had a few checked up against us in this position. About ten o'clock after the excitement just related was over, Sgt. Clarence Davis and Corp. Edward Sirois, their work for the present being done, lay down to get a little sleep and rest. They were lying beside each other on the ground using the same blanket for a pillow when they were joined by Corp. McGinnis about 11.15, who had just returned from the infantry. At this time Eddie Sirois was well in the running for honors as champion food consumer of the battery because although only a small man in stature, he certainly could tuck away the eats. He later on dropped to fourth place, however, Corp. John L. Ferguson taking the leading place, Sgt. Frank Killelea second place and Pvt. William Donovan going to third. About 11.30 Eddie was notified by the "inner man" that he was neglecting him and so leaving his couch on mother earth, Eddie went scouting around for Phil Riley and his kitchen, which never had anything to eat around it anyway. Corp. William I. Hart figuring that Eddie's place looked rather good lay down between Ted Davis and Bill McGinnis and was soon far away (probably back in Lawrence). A few minutes after this a Hun battery opened up on the position, one of the projectiles landing within ten feet of this trio and causing all three to receive wounds. Steve Langmaid and Norman Barteaux, the first aid men attached to the Battery grabbed Hart and Davis and Capt. Howe caught hold of McGinnis. Their wounds were dressed and stretcher bearers carried them to a dressing station where they were met by Father Farrell who supplied them with cigarettes and tried to console them until the ambulance arrived and took them to the rear.

We continued to fire all day and all night in this position. We were constantly under fire and to make matters worse they coasted gas shells in, the gas hovering around the trees. Every man in the battery received a good dose of gas at this place, although not enough to seriously injure them. They had to wear gas masks almost the entire day and night, but they had to carry on. The only serious gas case was Harold Gardner one of our machine gunners and he was evacuated to the hospital. Late that afternoon, while firing a barrage James O'Rourke was seriously wounded in the left forearm. He came running

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out of the woods yelling that John Fortin was hit, forgetting his own injuries. Barteaux dressed his wounds and along with Corp. Sirois, carried him on a stretcher to the first aid station, while Langmaid dressed Fortin who had a terrible wound in the back. Langmaid and Sgt. Frank Killelea carried him to the first aid station.

There was no sleep or rest this night as we were firing all the time and the telephone lines would just be fixed when they would go out again. Our line had now been advanced as far as Epieds and Trugny Wood, but the Boche were putting up a stiff resistance here and with the aid of their reserves managed to stop us for the time being. Their entire rear-guard consisted of machine guns and they were everywhere, in the trees, behind stone walls, inside stocks of wheat, in houses of the towns and in every conceivable place. There were nests of them in places where our boys would think there was no one and they took an enormous toll.

Things in general were disagreeable enough but the ever-present rain, which had kindly stayed away for the past two days commenced and the mud made things all the more interesting.

We continued to fire steadily until noon-time of July 23d when we received orders to change positions. The new position was on the top of a hill commanding Epieds and the Trugny Wood, the possession of which we were striving to gain at this time. We relieved a French Battery in this new position. Before we could occupy it we were forced to climb a very steep hill. The Captain of the French battery which we were relieving told Captain Howe that it took him twenty (20) hours to get his Battery up this hill. Captain Howe replied by saying that it would take us no twenty (20) hours to make it and we commenced the task. Our horses had been working steadily day and night, pulling ammunition, supplies and doing a hundred and one other tasks and on account of the inclement weather and hard steady work with very little sleep and small ration of food, which was all canned and which had practically no nourishment in it, getting very little water and that not fit to drink, both man and beast were well nigh exhausted, but still there was no complaining or grumbling. As we looked around and saw the grim silent figures lying here and there,

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we thought how much worse off we could be and became all the more determined. As the horses were unable to pull the carriages up this hill, the boys put their shoulders to the wheel and inside of four (4) hours we were in position, with telephone communication established and firing away, a task accomplished which no one, most of all our French friends, thought we could accomplish in two (2) days. The hill, the rain and mud, were not the only things with which we had to contend in going to this new position. A German battery using whizz-bangs (Austrian 88 milimeter guns) so named on account of the speed with which the shells travel, kept up a continuous sweeping fire on the road, which rather hindered us in our work. Several French soldiers were killed. All our carriages except one caisson had been brought up the hill and Coporal August Mathison, who was in charge of the caisson was waiting on his horse at the foot of the hill, for the men to come back and push his caisson up and with him were two cannoneers, Self and Phillips. Just at the moment that the rest of the boys started down the hill to bring this last carriage up, one of the shells bursts on the road, not fifteen feet from this trio. All three were riddled with the shell splinters, and Mathison's horse was killed on the spot. Capt. Howe seeing them go down, galloped down the hill at break-neck speed, leaped from his horse and grabbed Mathison in his arms and started with him to a first aid station, five hundred meters distant but he was dead before he went ten feet. Self and Phillips also died immediately. It was one of the saddest incidents that took place during our entire career on the front.

All three of these boys were well liked by the battery and Mathison had seen more service in it than almost any other man, with one or two exceptions. They died true heroes, performing their full duty to the last moment. What more glorious death could a soldier wish! Their memory will always be dearly cherished by every man in the Battery.

This was another busy night and we received but little rest. We received orders on this night that we would attack on the 24th and that all objectives must be gained regardless of the cost. The Boche were stubbornly contesting every foot of ground and our Infantry was sustaining terrible losses. Early on the morning of July 24th all the Artillery concentrated on

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Epieds and Trugny Woods. Following these extensive Artillery preparations, our Infantry went over, drove the Huns out of Epieds and the Trugny Wood and once again we had them on the run.

At noon we received orders to prepare to advance once more, and at 2.00 P. M. moved on to the road and proceeded to Epieds. Just before we entered the village, we came upon a big German 210 milimeter gun, which had slid into the mud at the side of the road and had to be abandoned. This gun is in Boston at the present time. Just as we passed through Epieds, at 4.35 P. M., a German sacrifice piece began to fire into the village. It did no material damage, however, and no casualties were sustained. All along the line of march, the same sights which had been confronting us for the past week were visible. On all sides were those silent forms, both friend and foe alike. Every one of our boys had fallen with his face turned toward the enemy. There were great quantities of ammunition and supplies of every kind. Evidently the Boche had intended to remain in this salient for some time, judging from the extensive preparations which he had made.

Towards the end of our march on this day, when we were hiking along a road on the outskirts of the Fere Woods, we happened upon Co. F, of the 101st Infantry from Lawrence, which was marching in single file in the field adjoining the road to the left with Captain Francis M. Leahy, the Lawrence hero, acting as a Battalion Commander and marching at the head of the column. The Battery and company boys from Lawrence were exchanging greetings when a German Battery of Austrian 88's opened fire on the road. We continued along, not even this stopping the doughboys and Artillerymen from jollyng and wishing each other the "best o' luck." We were used to such shelling as this by this time and it was to us all a part of the day's work. We had seen pals drop here and there; we had seen them carried away dead and wounded; we had seen our best buddies and bunkies, horribly torn to pieces by shell and suffering the tortures of Hell itself, from gas and shell shock, the two most dreaded evils of the front, so that such sights and misfortunes were now an every day occurrence and we took them as a matter of course. To say that we were becoming hardened would be an injustice. Every man there

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had sworn to do his duty to the best of his ability, even unto death. We saw our pals and buddies go one by one, not knowing whether we would be the next or not and we may add we had long since ceased to worry about such things. We were in the hands of Fate and what mortal man, may I ask, can guide those hands? We asked ourselves, "what good will it do me to worry or ponder over such matters?" The answer would come, "no good, but a great deal of harm," for it meant a breakdown, sooner or later. We fully realized the danger we were in and were as prudent and careful as possible under the circumstances, but our work had carried us into dangerous and hazardous places and no man could or would shirk. We placed ourselves under the care of Almighty God, knowing that "His Will would be done," despite anything WE might do. If it was God's Will, that our worldly career should end here, then we were happy in the thought that we had done our duty and had done it as well as we knew how. Captain Francis M. Leahy was a wonderful example of this feeling. As he hiked along smiling and jollying despite the bursting shells, a very small splinter from one of the shells hit him in the breast, close to the heart and he fell. Immediately aid was summoned, but no earthly hand could help him. Knowing that he was about to die, he still remembered his duty to God, country and man and that fighting "Yankee Spirit" was there with his last breath. Calling for Lt. Hanson, the next officer in command, he turned over the Battalion to him, uttering those immortal words, that will live in the pages of history forever as the last words of a Great Hero: "**Hanson, the Command is Forward; see the boys through.**" What a wonderful example of a true American patriot, fighter and man! What a wonderful example to set for the "Yankee Division," and for the American Army to follow! This spirit and many other like examples fled through the American Expeditionary Forces, like wild-fire and ultimately ended in glorious victory. What chance did the Germans have with 2,500,000 men like our hero, Captain Francis M. Leahy.

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A Tribute to Captain Francis M. Leahy

We, true Americans, all honor your memory and deeds. You, who have proved yourself by your every action and deed, even to your dying moment, to be a true American Patriot. You, who have now the greatest of honors, the right to be called an American Hero. Let all true Americans follow your supreme example—let all those among us to-day who live and enjoy the rights and privileges of true American citizenship, all those who partake of the freedom of our glorious country, but who do not like the way our country is managed, the slackers, who, having taken out first papers or no papers at all, who when called for service hung to the plea that they were not citizens and refused to become citizens, because they would have to fight for their bread and butter, but who at the same time became rich, while all true Americans were fighting their battles for them, all the cowards and yellow streaks who hid behind the despicable name of "Conscientious Objector," all the so-called "Bolsheviki," murderers and bomb plotters, all the ignorant professors and backers of the "Red Flag" of anarchy, for there is room for but one flag in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and that is "Old Glory, the glorious red, white and blue," let all such swine as these be deported from our country, never to return for we have no room here for such as these, ignorant, unsatisfied, despoilers of law and order.

The firing on the road was the result of our column having been discovered by a Boche "one-eyed Riley" (observation balloon). Our aviators soon attacked and brought this balloon down in flames and we all broke into cheers. Luckily for the Battery, none of our men were among the 15 or 20 men wounded or killed, by this straffing. We pulled into the woods and halted on the side of the road, awaiting darkness to go into position. We had a wait of about two hours and were subjected to a continuous bombardment, but fortunately for us the Boche were poor artillerymen and only a few of the shells intended for the road, hit their objective. A drenching rain set in, which, of course, made things very much more pleasant. About 8.00 P. M. we pulled into position, about 200 meters west of the Joulgonne-Fere-en-Tardenois highway and 500 meters

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from the Saacrie Farm. Although it rained all night and the Huns persisted in dropping 210's all around us and despite the fact that we got very little sleep, everyone was in the highest of spirits, for Captain Howe informed us that the next day, July 25th, we would be relieved by another American Division and go back for a rest. However, once again we were doomed to be disappointed on the rest question. On July 25th the Infantry was relieved, but the Artillery, Signal Corps, Engineers and ammunition trains remained in to continue the fight for a time. This was on account of the scarcity of Artillery. It rained hard all day and the 42nd Division Infantry came in and we "carried on."

The Division as a whole recaptured 17.5 kilometers of territory, liberated many towns and villages, captured scores of machine guns, and many pieces of both light and heavy field guns. Also to the 26th went credit for great stores of supplies and ammunition.

We received many citations for our wonderful work in this offensive from both American and French headquarters. It is impossible to publish all these, but the following will aid to show what the 26th Division accomplished in this drive.

After the Offensive our gallant and courageous commander, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, issued the following order to the Division:

"On July 18th you entered, as part of the allied drive against the enemy, upon the offensive, and continued the offensive combat until the major portion of the command was relieved on July 25th. On the assumption of the offensive your position in the line demanded an important and difficult manoeuvre. Your success in this was immediate and great, and the way in which you executed it elicited high praise from the French Army Commander.

"The eight days from July 18th to 25th marking the first great advance against the enemy in which American troops bore proportionately a considerable share, are of historical importance. Your part therein can never be forgotten.

"In those eight days you carried your line as far as any part of the advance was carried. Torcy, Belleau, Gievres, the Bouresches Woods, Rochet Woods, Hill 190, overlooking Chateau Thierry, Etrepilly, Epieds, Trugny and finally La Fere

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Woods and the objective, the Joulgonne-Fere-en-Tardenois road belong to your arms.

"You are the recipients of praise, thanks and congratulations of our Commander in Chief. You went unafraid into the face of the enemy's fire; you forced him to withdraw before you or to accept the alternative of hand to hand combat, in which you proved yourselves, morally and physically his superior; you gave freely and gave much of your strength, and of your blood and your lives, until pushed beyond mere physical endurance, fighting night and day, you still forced yourselves forward, sustained almost by spirit alone.

"These things are now a part of your own consciousness. Nothing can detract from them, nothing that I can say can add to them; but I can testify in this way to my pride in commanding such troops, so capable of achieving success in every undertaking; and this testimony I give to each of you, gladly and with deep gratitude."

For the work performed by the "Yankee Division," in this great struggle, General Edwards and the Division received the thanks of the Mayors of the Arrondissement of the Meaux and General Degoutte, French Commander, wrote General Edwards as follows:—

"The operations carried out by the 26th American Division from July 25th, demonstrated the fine soldierly qualities of this unit and of its leader, Gen. Edwards.

"Co-operating in the attack north of the Marne, the 26th Division fought brilliantly on the line Torcy-Belleau, at Monthiers, Epieds and Trugny and in the forest of Fere, advancing more than 15 kilometers in depth in spite of the desperate resistance of the enemy.

"I take great pleasure in communicating to Gen. Edwards and his valiant division this expression of my great esteem, together with my heartiest congratulations for the manner in which they have served the common cause. I could not have done better in similar occasion with my best troops."

The only criticism made by Gen. Degoutte on the work of the Division was "that they were too ambitious and went ahead too fast."

The following article appeared in the Paris edition of the New York Herald about the end of July, 1918. At that time

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ensorship regulations prevented the names of Divisions being used, but the following story is a summary of the work of the 26th in the Aisne-Marne Offensive or The Second Battle of the Marne.

RELATES GLORIOUS EXPLOITS OF AMEX MEN IN BIG BATTLE

French Report Describes Twelve-Mile Advance North of Marne Against Immense Odds.

The story of the glorious part taken by the American troops in the great counter-offensive which has forced the enemy to retreat from the Marne is told in a French official report issued yesterday, which says:—

At daybreak on July 18 the order was given to capture the enemy's first positions. The American division, whose exploits are to be described in the report, held the Belleau Wood, which was the pivot of General Degoutte's army.

At the outset the Americans had to be held back, for in their dash and enthusiasm they would willingly have gone past their objectives. Closely following the barrage, they had reached the Torcy-Belleau-Givry line and the railway as far as Bouresches in the first dash forward and encouraged by this success were straining to push on.

Meanwhile the French were fighting hard on the American's left and in order to relieve the pressure on them the men in khaki, with amazing boldness, made an enveloping movement which was completely successful and General Degoutte, expressing his admiration, said "I could not have done better in the same circumstances with my best troops."

How Foe Retreat Started

As a result of this move the Germans' position at Monthiers was so critical that they began their retirement.

Epieds was entered on July 22nd by an American company. Terrible hand-to-hand fighting took place here, followed by an intense barrage from the enemy's heavy artillery. The shattered village afforded no cover and to cross it would have meant fearful losses. Rather than make useless sacrifices the

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Americans were withdrawn and another enveloping movement was begun on July 23d.

The plan of operations was to get through Trugny wood, south of Epieds. The Germans put up a furious opposition, but they only found out to their cost, the meaning of American tenacity. At first the khaki warriors were stopped, but on July 24th they went forward straight into the wood and fought their way ahead with such determination that by three o'clock in the afternoon they were on the outskirts of Fere Forest and a few hours later they had reached the road from Jaulgonne to Fere-en-Tardenois.

Thus in six days this American division advanced at some points as much as seventeen kilometers, fighting day and night without a break, displaying the finest military qualities."

When the entire division was finally relieved and we concentrated in an area around La Ferte-sur-Marne, about 30 kilometers East of Paris, they hailed us with cheers and conferred the title, "Saviours of Paris," upon the "Yankee Division." Nothing was too good for us. When we went to Paris, we owned the city as far as the civilian population went.

Our firing was almost continuous on the day and night of the 25th and the day of the 26th and so was the rain. On the night of the 26th the Infantry made a silent attack, and requested no Artillery fire, so we received somewhat of a rest. On the morning of July 27th the Infantry advanced as far as the Croix-Rouge farm. Here they encountered a machine gun nest but the Artillery concentrated on it and soon drove the Boche out. The Germans once more, finding their heels, began a rapid retreat. At 3.30 P. M. we hauled the guns out of position and once more took up the advance. This advance over shell-torn roads, subjected at all times to Artillery bombardment, was very similar to the others already described.

At 1.00 P. M., July 28th we pulled into our new position which was in a neck of the Fere-Forest about one and one-half kilometers East of the Croix-Rouge farm. Our Infantry had advanced as far as Sergy and the Oureq river and the French on our left after terrible opposition, took one of the most important points in the salient, the city of Fere-en-Tardenois, which was a railroad center and the supply base for the salient. We now expected the Boche to put up a strong opposition, in

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order that they might remove as much as possible of their supplies, ammunition and material out of the salient, having now given up all hope of holding it, and they did not disappoint us. We worked until daylight, getting the guns into position and communication established. Sgt. John J. McCarthy left about noon-time to attend a course of training at the Saumur Artillery Officers Training School.

We remained in this position for six days, until August 2nd, during which time we were firing almost continually day and night, but Capt. Howe arranged a system of reliefs and we got considerable rest, that is, when the cooties would behave. The food was also better, and we got some fairly good water. Up to this time we had been eating about once a day or once every two or three days. Here, we managed to get something such as it was twice every day. As there had been hardly any water to drink, washing also was entirely out of the question and we had washed but seldom in the past three weeks and then in only a handful of rain water out of a shell-hole. Shaving and hair cuts were things of another world and we were by this time, in army talk, a fine bunch of half-starved, funny looking birds.

Our particular target here was the Planchetta Woods just to the right of Sergy, where the Boche kept massing forces and we kept it under fire day and night.

Sergy itself also claimed a great deal of attention. Every day and night, during our six days here, we were subjected to heavy shelling, gas and aerial bombardments. About July 31st, the 28th division Infantry relieved the 42nd Division Infantry and still we "carried on," with no relief in sight. Sgt. David "Darby" Yule and Corp. John L. Ferguson, who had been to a training school returned to the Battery on this afternoon.

The fighting at this point was terrific. Sergy had changed hands nine times. But on Aug. 1st Sergy, Seringes, Nesle and the Planchetta Woods were taken and held.

The following article appeared in the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune about August 1st, 1918 and will serve to show how severe the fighting was at this time and how gallantly we were fighting.

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AMERICAN TROOPS FIGHT AND BEAT THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS

Sergy, Near the Ourcq, Changes Hands Nine Times, and Famous Enemy Regiment Melts Away Before the Shooting and Ardour of the Men From the U. S.

United States Official. Beyond the Ourcq, heavy counter-attacks made by fresh forces of the enemy have resulted in severe fighting. Sergy taken by our troops yesterday, after having changed hands nine times, remains in our possession.

From Herbert Bailey With The American Army

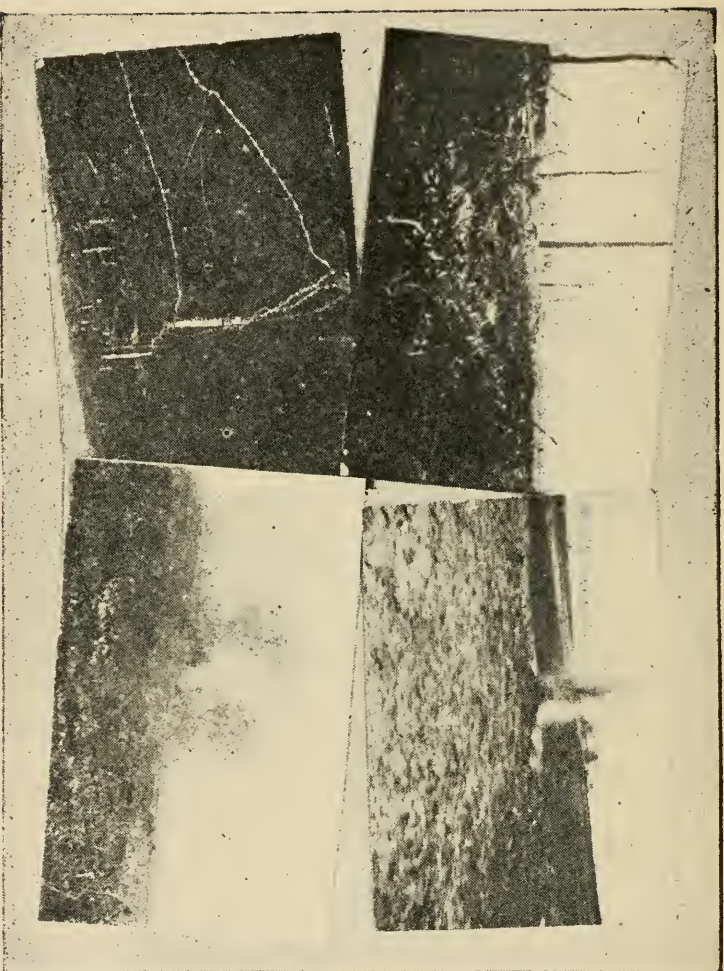
Fighting on the Sergy-Serignes front, where the Americans are in line, has continued throughout the day with marked severity. The 4th Prussian Guard, which has again and again attacked the Americans has suffered heavily and to-night it has been forced back beyond Sergy over the heights.

For some time today the Germans held a dominating position. They were on the heights beyond Sergy, with the Americans in the valley and it was here that the fighting of this afternoon was most intense. The Americans were without any semblance of cover from machine gun or Artillery fire and they had to lie in the gutters of the streets for shelter. But with the bayonet, the rifle and machine gun they stormed the heights and succeeded in forcing the Germans over to the other side.

Sergy has now changed hands during the recent fighting no fewer than nine times, but to-night it rests in the hands of the Americans. How bitter has been the fighting may be gauged from the fact that the Americans have only taken a few prisoners to-day. There is naturally much exaltation among the men at their success in defeating so severely a Guards division that was so fresh and in such excellent trim.

In Sergy when the Americans re-entered, they found that their wounded had been bayoneted. They also discovered that the Germans had placed machine guns in the church, and after the artillery had demolished the edifice the Americans went forward and captured what was left.

It was also discovered that in a Red Cross building in



Upper Left:—A section of the Jaulgonne-Ere-en-Tardenois Highway, one of the objectives of the 26th. Div. in the Second Battle of The Marne; Upper Right:—A German 77 bursting only 100 meters from the position of Battery C, on the Toul Sector (Note the town of Beaumont in the distance is marked by two black spots.) The light dark spots running from the upper left hand corner to the center of the picture, are the trees marking the Paris-Metz highway; Lower Left:—Barbed wire entanglements near Vaux, No Man's Land before the start of the Chateau-Thierry offensive; Lower Right:—Two 210 millimeter shells bursting in front of Battery C's position on the Toul Sector during the Battle of Seicheprey, April 19-20, 1918.

Pictures taken by the authors.

WITH FIGHTING BATTERY C

Sergy, the Germans had concealed a number of machine guns.

The Americans participated in some very severe fighting throughout yesterday afternoon and last night. They crossed the Ourcq in the region of Sergy early yesterday morning, the Germans at one point giving such determined resistance by machine-gun fire that it was necessary for the Americans who had waded the river to retire, and then, after the American artillery had rained shells upon the machine-gun nests, to cross again and mount the river heights. They then pressed on to Sergy on the one side and Seringes on the other.

Both these places were taken after intermittent fighting with machine-gun nests and under heavy shell fire. The French meanwhile had taken Fere-en-Tardenois when the Germans began the first of a series of violent counter attacks. The 4th Prussian Guard, which has been resting for sometime and which is one of the best in the service of Germany, was flung against the Americans yesterday afternoon, on its first day of arrival.

NO HEADWAY FOR ENEMY

The Americans seized the privilege with an ardor that must have astonished the foe. At various points the Americans, under the pressure of the attack and the severe artillery fire, were forced to surrender a farm or a field. Sergy itself changed hands many times during the day and night and an almost similar fate befell Seringes, but the Germans, despite four attacks, could make no real headway against the Americans who, with machine guns and rifles, backed by powerful and intense artillery fire, saw the finely built men of the Guard melt away before their shooting. At dawn this morning the enemy had made no appreciable gains, but the fight was still proceeding.

All along this front artillery of almost every possible caliber is in action. The tremendous noise seems strange after the last few days, when one contemplated an advance without even the sound of a gun, with curiosity and even amazement. Various opinions are held here as to what this counter-attack means. It may be, as has been suggested, merely in order to preserve the morale of the German troops, who have so often been promised a much needed rest.

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BATTLING FOR TIME

The most probable reason, however, is that the Allied advance is too rapid for the retreating Germans, and that it has even necessitated the desperate expedient of bringing the Guards into action to win the time needed for continuation of an orderly retreat. It is well known, for instance, that in the Forest of Nesles the Germans still have considerable supplies of ammunition and other stores, and that many guns of a very large calibre were firing from it a few days ago.

Then, again, the enemy is fighting for time in which to prepare defences and to select a point for a decisive stand, and it is possibly a combination of these reasons which has brought such a heavy counter-attack. Meanwhile the Americans are piling up the corpses and taking prisoners when it is possible. Few men, however, are coming out of the fight as prisoners. The struggle is so severe that it is a fight to the death.

Naturally details are very meagre, but that the Americans are fighting extraordinarily well is evident on every hand.

The following article appeared in the Paris Edition of the New York Herald about August 1, 1918:

PRUSSIAN AND BAVARIAN UNABLE TO STOP AMERICANS; FRENCH ADVANCE THEIR LINE.

Picked German Troops Fighting Foot by Foot as They Slowly Retreat—Meurcy Farm Scene of Fierce Conflicts Over Possession of Machine Guns

Special Telegram to the Herald. By Don Martin.
With the American Armies. Tuesday.

The Prussians and Bavarians who were rushed to the front in the region of Serpy to expend their full force in checking the advance of the American troops at all costs, and to try to force the enemy back were fighting all of Monday night and today, and were themselves gradually falling back under the determined assaults of the young men from across the sea.

It will be of interest to the Germans to learn some time that a fair percentage of the American troops who have been wresting the laurels from the picked German soldiers are of German ancestry.

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The Americans occupied Sergy last evening. It was the ninth shift in ownership of the village. The Americans still hold it. They have advanced up the slopes back of the village. They also have taken and held Seringes-et-Nesles.

The unit which has done such brilliant fighting in this region, especially for the last three days, enjoyed a splendid record before it was used as a shock division for the Allied cause. It cannot be identified because of the censorship rules, but some day, when the full story of its gallant performance near Sergy is given to the public, the Americans everywhere will tip their hats to the boys.

A HUMILIATING REVERSE

Indications multiply that the Boche has suffered the most humiliating reverse he has known and that it has left him in a much weakened and terrified state, though not so impoverished, it should be understood, that he is not capable of making another offensive and of interposing the stoutest resistance to any subsequent offensive of the Allies.

To the Americans the fact stands out that the Boche who was treating the Americans as a poor deluded boy in knee breeches, who knew nothing about the mighty art of war as Germany knew and perfected it, is giving the said Boche twice as much as the Boche sends and is giving brilliant proof every day that the German shock troops are no better, man for man, than the youngsters who make up the "contemptible" army.

Boche airplanes were busy over the lines yesterday. They were especially bold, flying as low as 500 feet in some places, to fire machine-guns at the line or to take observations.

German artillery also was active.

It is impossible to state how far back the Hun intends to go before establishing a definite line. If the Germans are able to hold in the Soissons region, it is probable and likely, it is said by men who know things about armies, that they will go no farther than Fismes.

August 2nd 1918, we once more took up the advance and left the position which we had occupied for the past six days at 9.30 A. M. The advance this time was not very long, only about four kilometers. We crossed the Ourcq river proceeded

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through Sergy and took up our 6th position of the offensive in the northern neck of the Planchetta Woods. Never will we forget the sight that we saw here. The town of Sergy, like all the others, was a total ruin: hardly a tree standing in the Planchetta Woods, our former objective, but that which impressed us most was the dead. There were thousands of Americans and Boche, piled on top of each other here. This section was literally strewn with all kinds of equipment of both armies. It was a horrible mess and beyond description.

There were no rations for supper this night. We had about half a dozen cans of Peaches, donated by the Red Cross and Cook Phil. Riley, divided these amongst the boys. Each man got about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a peach, Capt. Howe going without. We were now supporting the 4th Division Infantry.

We did not remain long in this position however and fired but little during the night. The next day August 3rd, at 10.15 A. M. we once more took up our loads and departed for parts unknown. We passed through Nesles at 1.00 o'clock noon. The sun was shining for about the second time in the past month. This was a hard hike as the roads were in a terrible condition having all been blown up by the retreating Huns. Late on the same night the battery went into their seventh and last position of the drive, near Chery, about five kilometers west of Fismes and the Vesle River, the final objective of the drive. All night and all the next day we fired on Fismes.

On August 4th, at 9.00 P. M. we were relieved by the 4th Division. Oh! how good this order did seem. It seemed almost impossible that at last we were going to get some sleep, food, water and clothes, but it was a fact nevertheless. What a job we had completed, how we ever stayed up is more than we could tell. The entire Brigade received many citations and congratulations, for the wonderful feat that it had performed. From July 18th, to August 4th, 1918, it had waged continuous offensive warfare, getting very little food, sleep or water. It made a total advance of 41 kilometers against great opposition, the largest single advance ever made by any similar unit in the entire American Army. It supported besides its own, the infantry of three other divisions (42nd, 28th, 4th) Even though exhausted, hungry, tired, they carried on and the morale was of highest calibre at all times. Not a single man

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grumbled or shirked his duties in any way. It was firing on Fismes and the Vesle Valley, the last objectives of the drive, when relieved.

Following is an order issued by General Edwards, at the time of his departure for the United States, to the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, of the 26th Division, of which Battery C, was a unit.

“To the artillery of the 26th is due my expression of admiration for its efficiency and aggressive fighting qualities and for its indefatigable support of our fine infantry. Artillery can desire no higher tribute than the conscious fact that it has gained the confidence, reliance and thanks of the infantry.

“During more than eight months of fighting service the spirit of loyalty displayed by every officer and man of the 51st Artillery Brigade, towards his duty, toward the Yankee Division and toward the division Commander has been fine.

“The record of the 51st Artillery Brigade in the Second Battle of the Marne, is glorious. It went with supported and protected the infantry in its advance of 18½ kilometers by Chateau-Thierry, and after in succession three other divisions in the advance from the Marne to the Vesle for a period of eighteen days, between July 18th and August 4th with a gain of over 40 kilometers. It is a record of which the entire division and our country justly may be proud.

“I congratulate and thank the Artillery Brigade of the Yankee Division.”

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

CHAPTER X

THE RETURN FROM THE DRIVE—OUR THIRD THEORETICAL REST CAMP

A fine looking lot of warriors we were, when we left the fighting front at 9.00 P. M. August 4th and if the folks who greeted us when we got home with the words, "Oh, how fine you look," could have seen us then, I wonder what they would have said. We had been just six months to a day, February 4th to August 4th on the front, without a rest with the one exception of about twenty days, consumed in forced marching from one sector to another. Now that the excitement and thrill of battle was over for the time being, a reaction set in. We had not washed or shaved for the past three weeks; we had been drinking all kinds of bad water and what little food we did get, was canned and contained but little nourishment. We had been working like slaves, catching only a wink of sleep now and then and this, usually in the pelting rain and knee deep mud, for it rained three quarters of the time. We had not changed a stitch of clothes, in fact, did not even remove our shoes or socks in all this time. We had been wet through time and again and our clothes dried on us only to be soaked again. And I do not think that I need add that our old friend the cootie, inhabited our clothes in abundance. Clothes and shoes were very dirty and almost in rags and many of the men were almost barefooted. The results of this were that almost every man had a cough, sore feet, dysentery, rheumatism, trench or three day fever and about every other ailment that could exist. The thing that worried us the most, however, was the lack of tobacco and cigarettes. It was wonderful what new life a pipeful of tobacco or a cigarette would put into a man in those days, but let me tell you that they were mighty scarce.

Not one of us, I feel safe in saying, will ever forget the first night of our march rearward. Two trucks were supplied to each battery, to carry the unmounted men and surplus equipment. These trucks followed along with the rest of the column. Despite the condition that they were in, the boys

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perched on the top, in the seats, on the mud guards, in fact, in every conceivable place on the trucks and burst forth into song. Were we happy? well I'll say that we were. Every song that we knew was sung over and over again and then different ones were called upon to sing solos. The road was shelled several times but little it worried us and the singing went on 'til daylight. We passed through a valley and on the hills in the distance could plainly be seen the flashes of the guns, rockets and star shells which were shooting up. Huge fires told us that the Boche were burning more ammunition and supplies in their retreat. What a wonderful sight it all was! It seemed all the more wonderful to us, now that we were leaving it all behind for the time being. At 4.30 P. M. August 5th we passed through Fere-en-Tardenois which had been leveled to the ground. We were spell-bound at the sight of the enormous supplies of all kinds left behind by the Boche. They certainly did not expect to lose this salient. At 7.00 A. M. we pulled into the Fere Woods after a twenty-eight kilometer hike. Here we first looked after our tired, exhausted horses and then sought our own comfort. The first thing on the program was breakfast and then followed sleep, the two most essential factors of every soldier's make-up. We rested in these woods all day and at 9.00 o'clock in the evening we were once again on the road. This time the march was only twenty kilometers long and took us through Chateau-Thierry at 6.00 A. M. August 6th. We halted just outside the city, on the banks of the Marne river and once more we had an all day rest. There were two reasons why we were hiking at night at this time. The first and foremost was, that we did not want the Boche to know that any troops were leaving the line, which they would surely find out if their planes came over and discovered troops on the road heading for the rear. The second reason was that at this season of the year it was very hot during the day, but at night much cooler and so it made it very much more comfortable for both man and horse to hike during the hours of darkness. Almost every man took advantage of the excellent opportunity for a wash and a swim in the Marne. Oh, how good that water did feel and the joy of getting our clothes off and splashing around in the water was unexcelled. The only thing to spoil our joy was the fact that we did not have any

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clean clothes to put on and it seemed a shame to spoil a good bath by putting on dirty clothes once again. All the boys took a trip into Chateau-Thierry after they were rested and if we were enraged at the destruction and devastation of the Hun before, we were furious now, when we looked about this once beautiful city. The houses and buildings were not destroyed as one would be led to believe. To be sure they were destroyed to some extent, but not in keeping with the other cities and towns along the battle-front. The reason for this is very apparent, because, when the Boche drove through this section and came within shelling distance of the city, the French, knowing only too well from experience that they would destroy it quickly retreated and let the Germans come in. While the Huns held the city, the French would not fire on it and would not let us fire on it, because there was too much that they valued in there. Again, when the Germans evacuated the city under our pressure they were driven so far back at the outset that before they could get their guns into action again they were far out of range. However, the city might just as well have been destroyed as left in the condition in which it was. All works of art, pictures, statuary, paintings, books and the like of which there was an abundance had been stolen by these creatures of German Kultur. All that they could not carry away with them had been destroyed. The once magnificent cathedral of Chateau-Thierry had been torn to pieces and stripped of everything valuable by these swine.

At 9.15 P. M. August 6th, we once again took to the road for another all night hike and at 6.00 A. M. August 7th arrived at Saacy, between Nanteuil and La Ferté-sur-Marne about thirty kilometers from Paris, after a hike of twenty-seven kilometers. Billets here were very poor and we only remained three days in this town. On August 10th we removed to a small town about three kilometers away which was nothing more than a group of farm houses, but a nice quiet place.

While in this area we had very little work to do. Of course the regular routine duty, such as guard, the care of horses and material had to be performed, but in general, we did nothing but rest. The food was much better, but we still figured that there was plenty of room for improvement. We were paid while in this town and were able to buy butter, milk, cheese,

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eggs and bread from the French peasants. A group of the boys would get together and give an order to a French lady and she would make up a "feed" for them with all the foregoing articles and rabbit and chicken or both and french fried potatoes to boot. Hence while the money lasted, we didn't care much whether the kitchen ever got any rations or not. While here, every man always had a canteen full of milk around with him. We were supposed to get new clothes, shoes etc. while in this area, but never saw any of them.

The divisional de-lousing machine came around and we put our clothes through this and were able to take a swim and bath in the Marne and this helped a great deal. We made preparations while here for extensive training in open warfare methods.

This was too good to last, however, and on August 13th, we were once again on the move. At 1.30 P. M. we were on the road and hiked twenty-seven kilometers to Chateau-Thierry, the loading point. We arrived there at 6.30 P. M. and waited until 11.30 P. M. to load. At 12.30 mid-night we were all loaded and started for we knew not where. We all thought at this time that we were going back to the front, to hold a sector of the new line along the Vesle River, once again they tricked us.

At 5.30 P. M. August 14th we arrived at Poicon a railroad head about six kilometers south of Chatillon-sur-Seine. At 6.30 P. M. we commenced a hike of twenty kilometers and at 11.30 P. M. arrived in the village of Obtree in the Chatillon Training Area. After the horses were taken care of and the carriages parked, we were assigned to billets, but most of the men either slept under the carriages or pitched pup-tents for the first night. The billets here were very poor, simply old barns and sheds, but one of the duties of a good soldier is to make the best out of nothing and call that place wherever he hangs his hat his home. Accordingly we fixed these billets up and succeeded in making them fairly comfortable. Some of the boys who could talk French were lucky and secured rooms in the homes of the civilians, which was allowable provided the men answered all calls and the French people were very glad indeed to take us in, because it seems our reputation had preceded us here. The boys paid these people the sum of one franc per day for

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this luxury but only ate occasionally with the inhabitants. We did not know whether we would be here a day or a month. We had been on the move so much that it did not seem natural for us to stay in one place for a very long time. It got to be that if we stayed long in one place we grew impatient and wanted to move again. If we stayed a whole week in one place you'd hear such yells going around as, "Well where do we go from here, Let's go, no excitement in this burg," etc.

After what we had gone through you might call our stay at the Chatillon Training Area a rest, but it was far from our idea of such. After the first two or three days a regular drill schedule came out and from then on there were drills and schools from reveille to retreat. Our hardest task was in getting acquainted with bugle calls once more. Bugles were not used at the front, and it was about six months since we had heard a bugle until we reached this camp. The course of training here was in the latest open-warfare methods for the reason that now we had the Boche in the open we were going to keep him there.

Clothes were issued while in this area and almost every man was fitted out anew. There was plenty of opportunity to bathe in the Seine River and although the water was very cold, the chance was welcomed and almost every man took advantage of it. Thus for the time being we almost became respectable human beings.

One thing which was a God-send, was the fact that we could get good fresh water to drink. The food also was much better than any we had received in France, but still it was nothing to boast about. I recall one incident that happened, while here, in the food line. Phil. Riley, thinking of making a hit with the boys, stole a bag of bran from our esteemed stable Sergeant Daniel J. Lorden and worked hard all day, mixing and baking bran cakes. The cakes were served at supper, but evidently the boys did not appreciate Phil's ability as a cook, for when they tasted the bran cakes, there was murder. Everybody, with their two bran cakes in their hands, surrounded the kitchen and calling Phil out, apparently to congratulate him on the fine job he had done, at a given signal from Paddy Collins, started a barrage and not a single one of those cakes missed Phil's red head. The next day the kitchen

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and in fact the entire town was covered with bran and needless to say no more bran cakes were made from this time on.

The work of the telephone detail here, consisted mostly in signal practice, observation, the picking of battery positions and the problems confronted in this task and work with the goniometer, scissors instrument and plotting board. Telephones for the time being were entirely forgotten and from early morn until late at night one would find the boys of the detail signaling by semaphore and wig-wag, from the top of one hill to another, three or four kilometers distant and reading with the aid of field glasses.

Furloughs were promised us here and the battery was even divided into sections and each section notified when they should go on the coveted furlough, but once again this privilege was not to be for us. According to regulations every man in the A. E. F. was to receive a seven days furlough once every four months. At this time we had been in France almost a year and three furloughs were now due us, but not a man in the battery had yet received one and I doubt if there was a man even in the division who had been so fortunate. There was no grumbling, however and our motto was, "Let's finish the job, then we'll get a furlough for life, out of this man's army."

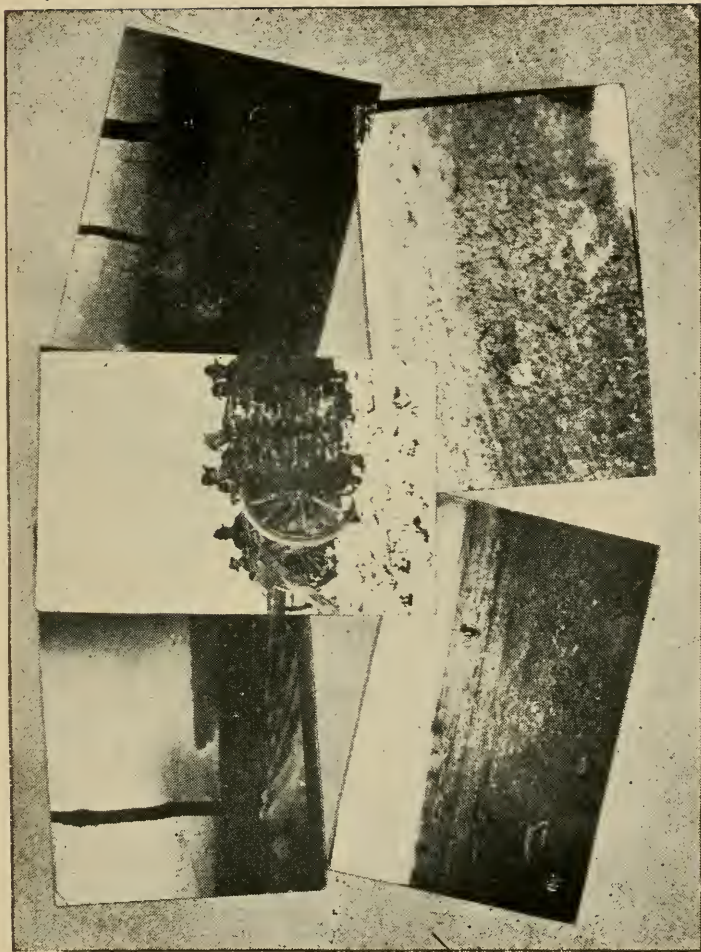
On August 17th Sgt. Bernard Lynch, left the battery to return to the United States to act as an instructor for a new division just being formed.

There was very little doing in the entertainment line. Once a moving picture came into the town and anticipating an enjoyable evening we all gathered in the square to witness one for the first time in France but the inevitable rain commenced about the middle of the second reel and although we sat in the rain watching another reel, it then came down so hard that they had to call the show off. The different batteries in the regiment organized baseball teams and a series was begun which was never completed owing to our sudden departure. This sport furnished good fun, however, while it lasted and the rivalry between the batteries was very keen. As was previously mentioned there was plenty of opportunity for swimming in the Seine River and this was enjoyed more than anything else. Capt Howe was also a lover of this sport and was to be found splashing in the river at every opportunity.

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We were only about eight kilometers from the big city of Chatillon-sur-Seine and passes to this town were issued frequently. Moving pictures were shown there and the many band concerts also afforded good entertainment. There was a good ball game scheduled about once a week and we never missed an opportunity to see these games. Many dainties and necessities could be purchased in Chatillon at the Huts of the different welfare societies, the Red Cross, K. of C., Salvation Army, Y. M. C. A. and Jewish Welfare Board. All had canteen and rest rooms in the city which were very largely patronized by the khaki warriors with a sweet tooth and I guess we all had sweet teeth. A good "feed" could be purchased for a reasonable price at the civilian establishments and a long line would always be seen in front of the "Mairie," waiting to secure bread tickets which were issued by the Mayor upon request. Permits to eat also had to be secured and the A. P. M. (American Provost Marshall) was the man whose tender mercies had to be prevailed upon to secure one of these coveted passes.

About August 25th, rumors were rife that a big All-American Offensive was coming in the near future. They were more than rumors; they were almost facts. About the middle of August there were enough American troops in France to form an Army. Hence, the first American Army was organized and the "Yankee Division," was one of the chief divisions in this Army. The 1st Army was composed of the veteran Divisions who had been on the front for sometime and had taken a part in the Second Battle of the Marne. General Pershing, Commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, personally assumed command of the 1st Army. American, French, British, Belgian, Italian and German military authorities and newspapers now began to speculate as to where the first American Army would operate, what their first move would be and principally how it would turn out. The individual American fighting man had proven to the world that he was as good and better than any fighting man of any country in the world. The junior and line officers had also proven that there were none better. Now the big question came, What would the American staff and general officers do? Would they make a record in keeping with the individual American soldier's record?



Upper Left: A 210 millimeter shell bursting near position during battle of Seichprey Toul Sector; Upper Center: 4th Section gun crew, Sgt. Charles Hanley in center in charge; Upper Right: A section of No Man's Land Chateau-Thierry; Lower Left: No Man's Land, Troyon Sector; Lower Right: Shell hole made by a 308 millimeter shell.
(Photos by Authors.)

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Would they also prove that they didn't make them any better? These questions will all be answered in the next chapter when we carry them through their tests.

Thus our becoming a part of the 1st Army, which certainly would do something soon, put us on the alert and every man quietly made his own little preparations for a return to the front. August twenty-seventh, gas masks were tested by Corp. Albert Noble, Gas Officer for the Battery. This was the climax; we knew now that our stay here was to be very short.

On August 29th, at 3.30 P. M. we left Obtree after fourteen days' extensive open warfare training. We hiked to Poicon, the entraining point, where fifteen days before we had detrained upon our arrival in this section. We camped in a field alongside the road all night. Early the next morning, August 30th, one of our guides informed us that Battery B of our regiment had loaded in twenty-eight minutes. Capt Howe later had this confirmed by Major Minot. He then said to the boys of C Battery, "Well boys, B Battery loaded in twenty-eight minutes, its mighty good time, but I've a hunch we can beat them." A general yell of, "Let's go," went up. And we were off, timed by Major Minot. We loaded in just exactly twenty-five and one-half minutes. That was the record for our Brigade and it never was beaten. I dare say that it was the record of the entire A. E. F. and that no other battery ever loaded in a like time, before or since. In all our travels we never found anyone who claimed that they had equalled or beaten that time and I don't believe that it has ever been done outside of Battery C.

At 9.15 A. M. August 30th, we were on our way and as usual, did not know where we were going. One thing, however, we did know and that was, we were going to some front for another drive and as in the Marne Drive, when we operated with the 1st American Corps which was the first to operate at the front under a single Corps Commander, so now we were going to operate at the front with the next larger unit, the Army, the 1st American Army, which for the first time was going to operate at the front under a single Army Commander.

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CHARTER XI

THE BATTLE OF THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT—MASSING FOR THE DRIVE— REDUCING OF THE SALIENT

According to the rumors which were prevalent, we were on the way to Toul, the Vesle and the Somme. It might be interesting to note that our real destination was not even dreamed of. This will serve to show how very secret all such information was kept. At 10.00 P. M. August 30th our troop train pulled into the freight-yard of a small village known as Longeville about five kilometers from Bar-le-Duc and stopped. Detraining orders were issued at once and the job of unloading began. At 11.45 we were harnessed and hitched and ready to move. At this stage of the game the horses were in a very poor condition, although they had picked up wonderfully during the past three weeks. The main trouble, now, was that horses were very scarce and we only had about one-half the authorized quota. It was a big problem. All the non-commissioned officers and even a great many of the commissioned officers had been dismounted and their mounts put into draft. Accordingly everyone except the drivers traveled from this time on, on "Shank's Mare." About 4.30 A. M. Saturday, August 31st after a thirty-six kilometer hike, the column pulled into a woods and halted for the day. We were now near the front once more. We did not know exactly what sector, but sign posts along the roads informed us that the immortal city of Verdun, was only thirty kilometers distant. Another thing that was clear to us was that the 1st American Army, now in its infancy, was concentrating for a Drive and we were all anxious to get into this first All-American Offensive, planned and conducted by American officers and men alone. Everyone was in the best of spirits and the morale was of the highest calibre. During this day there was no work to perform but routine duty. At nightfall we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness for a move. A heavy mist fell over the woods which made everything very wet and damp. We did not pitch pup-tents, however, because we wanted to be ready to jump at a minute's

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notice. Most of the boys slept under the carriages, but many slept out in the open. This was no new experience for us and despite the dampness, everyone got in a good night's "pounding."

By 6.00 A. M. Sept. 1st, we were on the road once more. The hike this time was but a short one of eleven kilometers. At 10.30 A. M. the battery halted in the town of Issoncourt and waited here until dark, when once again we moved about two kilometers outside the town, into a woods above Issoncourt. Here we worked until midnight, cutting bushes for camouflage and putting them around the carriages. We then made our bunks under the guns and wagons amid a pelting rain.

With daylight on September 2nd, came the delinquent, smiling sun. As our duties were not very numerous this day, many of the boys paid a visit to a cemetery outside of Issoncourt, where eight thousand brave Frenchmen lay, who had given up their lives for the great cause for which we were fighting, in the Battle of Verdun in 1914.

We remained in these woods for four days. Every night during this period, Artillery of all calibres came up and camouflaged themselves in the woods. Hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition, including all calibres from 75's to 520's, were piled here and there and everywhere and every night more and more were brought up. September 4th Capt. Howe, Leo Carney and Charles Miles, went up forward to reconnoiter our next home and on September 5th at 6.30 P. M. we once more began to hike. At 6.00 A. M. September 6th we passed through the town of Rupt-en-Woevre, and an hour later halted in the Rupt Woods, about five kilometers behind the front lines and made preparations to wait here until the big day. Everything was camouflaged perfectly, as secrecy was now the by-word because this drive was to be if possible, a complete surprise to our mutual enemy the "Heinnies."

Every night the roads were crowded with supply trains, ammunition trains, artillery of every calibre and Infantry, all of them melting away in the woods. During the day there was no sign of movement whatsoever. As this was to be a surprise attack on the Boche, it was absolutely essential that all work be done at night, so that Hun planes and observation balloons,

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which were up frequently might not catch even a slight intimation that there was something afoot. It rained most of the time and although this was a hindrance to our work in a way and caused many difficulties in transportation, we welcomed it for once and it was at this time one of the most valuable of assets, because it made observation impossible and kept the German aeroplanes and balloons down. The work went on, each unit bent on getting their particular job done first. Our positions had been assigned and during the long hours of the night, the boys worked diligently, constructing gun platforms and trail holes, laying telephone lines and establishing communication, bringing up ammunition and supplies; in general, getting everything in readiness for the opening day. Always, as daybreak peeped through the clouds, all work would be concealed and all men would return again into the woods, awaiting darkness to go on with their labor. In some cases there were trees which obstructed the field of fire. These were sawed half way through, low enough so that the projectiles would clear them and left with just enough strength to keep them from breaking, so that when Zero day came it would only take a blow to break them off.

The guns were taken up on the night of September 8th and camouflaged on the side of a road about one hundred meters from the position. On the night of September 10th, the guns were hauled into position, by hand, placed on the platforms, put into position and all final preparations made for the opening of fire. By this time every place one went, there were guns and guns and guns. There seemed to be no end of them. We never before had seen so many guns of such different calibres and styles and never dreamed even that there was so much ammunition in the world as there was around here. During all this time the Infantry patiently waited in the woods for the order to go in.

Our position was on the top of a hill, overlooking the town of Mouilly, and just outside this village itself, about one hundred meters in from the road. There were batteries in back, on both sides and in front of us. There certainly was going to be some fun when we all opened up. The 26th Division once again held a place of honor, having one of the hardest sectors on the salient assigned to it. We were placed on the left flank,

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about ten kilometers south of Verdun and northeast of St. Mihiel, at the point where the salient met the straight part of the line. The troops on our left were the 2nd French Colonials, the Yankee Division holding the extreme left of the American troops. It was to be our duty to attack with the 1st American Division, which held the right flank, in the region of Toul and drive in a southeasterly direction in an attempt to flank the Boche, break in his flanks, close up the mouth of the pocket and shut all the Huns up in the salient. All along the salient the other divisions of the 1st Army were massing and preparing in a similar manner.

Owing to the fact that September 11th, was a dark day and it was raining hard, there was nothing to be feared from aeroplanes or balloons, so the gun crews and telephone men left the Echelon in the woods, about noontime, for the position. The time went along very slowly as we waited for zero hour to come. About 9.00 P. M. the telephone detail was ordered to consolidate with the A and B battery details and lay a line from the Battalion P. C. to a shell hole, in No Man's Land, where Lt. George, the Battalion observing Officer would observe the results of our fire. They were ordered to have the line in by twelve o'clock mid-night. It was a tremendous task and only three hours to complete it in. Besides, no one was exactly sure of the location of this shell hole. The night was terribly dark and it was raining hard, with the mud knee deep. The suicide squad had to go through woods where there were no paths, scramble over barbed wire entanglements and through swamps. Several times they were halted at the point of a bayonet or the muzzle of a machine gun as they passed some infantry post. It certainly was a nerve racking experience, but the detail put the line through O. K. and a sorry looking lot they were when they came straggling back to the position.

At 1.00 A. M. that historic morning of September 12, 1918, every gun in the St. Mihiel salient opened up simultaneously and the first All-American Offensive was under way. Up to this time the sector had been very quiet, as it had been for the greater part of four years, but from this time on, it was as if all HELL itself had been let loose. My God! What a sight! What a thundering noise! What a picture it all presented!

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What a scare it must have put into the unsuspecting Germans! Oh! What wouldn't we have given to have been there and to have seen the look on their faces as that deluge came pouring down upon them. It was raining in torrents, but what cared the American Army for rain, when they were driving against the barbarians of civilization. If one paused for a moment in his toils to glance around, he would have seen flashes, heard a shell shoot out and whistle for the German lines from behind every tree and bush.

All this firing was merely the preliminary Artillery preparation. It lasted until eight A. M. There was not a single meter of the German front that had not been raked thoroughly. It was one of the most intense preparations ever laid down in the history of the war. Everything seemed to be playing in our favor at this time. The past two weeks, while we were concentrating and massing and welcoming the rain and wanting it, because it prevented the Boche from getting a line on what was going on, it had fallen in torrents. Now, when the drive was on and we were attacking and wanted good weather, it came. For, with daybreak the rain ceased and the sun shone brightly and soon had all the mud dried up. It seemed as though even the elements were out to beat the Hun.

At 8.00 A. M. September 12th, we commenced our normal barrage. This was kept up until 9.00 A. M. when we started a rolling or creeping barrage and the Infantry went over the top. The work of the Infantry was comparatively light as our preparation had driven the Boche, either to the rear or into the dugouts. The mopping up wave took them out of the dugouts by the dozen, while the first wave advanced behind our barrage, fast gaining all the required objectives. The Huns, entirely surprised and unprepared, soon began a wholesale retreat, abandoning guns, ammunition, clothing, equipment, supplies, stores and in fact, everything that kept them from running and running fast. An hour after the Infantry had gone over, prisoners began to flock to the rear in droves. There were a great many Austrians among them.

About five o'clock in the morning, while the artillery preparation was still in progress, a German sacrifice battery opened up and began to shell the town of Mouilly, all the shorts (shells dropping short of their intended mark) landing on our posi-

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tion. One of these burst in front of some empty ammunition boxes, behind which Capt. Howe was figuring firing data. The switchboard and telephone were also behind these boxes and Sgt. Edward O'Leary, then acting as 1st Sgt. was at the battery position talking to Capt. Howe and Sgt. William I. Hart who was on duty at the switchboard at the time, was also there, sitting on one of these empty boxes. The boxes were riddled with the splinters from the shell; the head of the shell crashed through the box on which Bill Hart was sitting, whistled between his legs and finally stopped when it hit Ed. O'Leary in the right arm, inflicting a terrible wound. His wound was dressed by Norman Barteaux and Ed. certainly was game, for he walked all the way into Mouilly to the first aid station, from which he was later evacuated. Bill Hart was dumbfounded. He had just returned to the battery from the hospital, having just recovered from wounds received at Chateau-Thierry. He simply said, "Well I suppose they'll get me good one of these days."

About noon, September 12th, the Infantry had gained all the required objectives for the day. The Artillery was now out of range and ceased firing. We immediately prepared to advance. Because of the fact that we were on the flank, our advance would be but a short one. The troops in the center, would have the longest advance to make, but on the other hand they would meet with little opposition. The guns were hauled off the platforms and the limbers summoned, but the roads were in such a condition that it was impossible to transport artillery over them. Before the roads were even securely held, the 101st Engineers, were on the job with picks and shovels and the work that they did here was marvelous, but it was an impossibility to have the highways repaired this day, so we remained where we were all night, with guns, limbers and all other equipment ready to move at a moment's notice.

The Infantry, after gaining all their required objectives, received orders to follow up the attack in the direction of Hattonchatel and stop when they got there. The 1st Division driving from the south, in the Mont-Sec region and the troops in the center, were also ordered to drive for Hattonchatel. Hattonchatel was on the edge of the Woerve Plain and about equally distant from both flanks and the center; hence, if a meeting

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of all three elements could be brought about at Hattonchatel, the reducing of the salient would be completed. On the morning of September 13th, the Infantry of the 26th Division entered Hattonchatel; a short time later, the advance patrols of the 1st Division entered the city, closely followed by detachments driving from the center of the salient. Hence, Victory was assured.

At 4:10 P. M. September 13th, Battery C left the position near Mouilly and after an advance of about ten kilometers went into a new position, just outside the town of St. Maurice.

All day the day of the thirteenth, great numbers of prisoners kept pouring in. On all sides it was very evident that the Offensive had been a complete surprise to the Germans. They had abandoned a great many field pieces. Many of these had been destroyed before they retreated, but on the other hand there were a great many that they did not take the time to destroy. There were large stores of munitions of all kinds: supplies, clothing, foodstuffs, tools, small arms, rifles, machine guns and other equipment in abundance. One of the things that impressed us the most, however, was the cemeteries. There were a great number of German cemeteries all through here and the graves were marked with large, costly, magnificent headstones and monuments.

The 26th Division had liberated over a dozen French towns, and thousands of French citizens who had been held prisoners for four long years. When the Infantry went through these towns, the civilians did not know what to make of them, as they had never seen the Americans before and did not know that we were in the war as the German authorities kept all this from them. When we told them that we were Americans and that we were in it 2,500,000 strong, they were overcome. The girls threw their arms around our boys, the older people rejoiced and civilians and soldiers together celebrated. Everything that we wanted was ours for the asking. They invited us into their homes and nothing was too good for us. One of the best captures to many of the tired thirsty Americans was a German Brewery near St. Maurice that was well supplied with good German beer. There was also a large amount of cigars taken here and almost every man in the division smoked for the next week on the Boche. A supply house was taken

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that had enough German sweaters to equip half our division and we paraded around in these until the Officers, acting under orders, confiscated them. The division had taken over 2800 prisoners, a great many field pieces of all calibres and huge quantities of rifles, machine guns, munitions, railroad material and rolling stock.

The first ALL-AMERICAN OFFENSIVE planned and carried out solely by American officers and men had been a wonderful success. The American staff and general officers had set a record, in keeping with that already made by the individual American soldier. The entire American Army, from the lowest, "Buck," private to the Commander-in-chief had proven to the world that there were none better.

In two days the 1st American Army, in their first drive, had made a wonderful record and won a glorious victory. For four long years the St. Mihiel salient had jutted into the Allied lines and been a great menace. Several times the French had tried to reduce this salient and straighten out the line, but had failed. In less than two days the Americans had completed an enormous task, that no one thought possible. Our casualties were very light; we inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy and had taken 15,000 prisoners, a larger number than had ever been taken before in a similar length of time.

The following AMERICAN COMMUNIQUE, issued on September 15, 1918, sums up the spoils of the American Victory at St. Mihiel.

15 Sept., 1918.

4 o'clock Communique.

AMERICAN OFFICIAL

In the St. Mihiel sector, our advance units have maintained touch with the enemy's forces and have repulsed counter-attacks attempted by them in the region of Jaulney. We are now able to estimate the success obtained during the two previous days. The dash and vigor of our troops and of the valient French divisions which fought shoulder to shoulder with them is shown by the fact that the forces attacking on both faces of the salient affected a junction and secured the results desired

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within 27 hours. Besides liberating more than 150 square miles of territory and taking 15,000 prisoners, we have captured a mass of material; more than 100 guns of all calibres and hundreds of machine guns and trench mortars have been taken. In spite of the fact that the enemy during his retreat burned large stores a partial examination of the battle-field shows that great quantities of ammunition, telegraph material, railroad material, rolling stock, clothing and equipment have been abandoned. Further evidence of the haste with which the enemy retreated, is found in the uninjured bridges, which he left behind. French pursuit, bombing and reconnaissance units divided with our own air service the control of the air and contributed materially to the success of the operation.

EIFFEL TOWER

The following tribute was sent by a Catholic priest in the village of Rupt-en-Woerve, to General Edwards, after the division had driven the Germans back onto the Woerver Plain. It will help to show the light in which the French regarded the Americans, especially the 26th Division.

"Sir, your gallant 26th American division has just set us free. Since Sept. 1914, the barbarians have held the heights of the Meuse, have murdered three hostages from Mouilly, have shelled Rupt, and on July 23rd 1915, forced its inhabitants to scatter to the four corners of France. I, who remain at my little listening post upon the advice of my Bishop, feel certain, sir, that I do but speak for Monseigneur Ginisty, Lord Bishop of Verdun, my parishioners of Rupt, Mouilly and Genicourt and the people of this vicinity in conveying to you and your associates, the heartfelt and unforgettable gratitude of all.

"Several of your comrades lie at rest in our truly Christian and French soil. Their ashes shall be cared for as if they were our own. We shall cover their graves with flowers and shall kneel by them as their own families would do, with a prayer to God to reward with eternal glory these heroes fallen on the field of honor and to bless the 26th Division and generous Americans.

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"Be pleased, sir, to accept the expression of my profound respect."

A. Leclerc.

General Blandlat, commander of the 2nd Colonial Army Corps, French, who operated on our left, during the St. Mihiel Offensive said in General orders:

"The spirit of sacrifice and magnificent courage displayed by the troops of the 26th United States Division on this occasion were certainly not in vain: they seem to me worthy of recompense and praise; therefore, I direct the General commanding this division to address propositions to me on this subject."

A DUD

On out-post guard while "over there,"
A shell came screaming thru the air;
And yet before I could retreat,
It landed there just at my feet;
I closed my eyes and thru my mind
The things I'd done in years behind
Rushed madly thru. My good intent
Seemed ruthless in the years I'd spent.
I groaned aloud in inward strife,
And wished I'd lived a better life.
My folks at home I seemed to see,
How saddened by my death would be.
Then yet again perhaps this shell
Might only wound, who then could tell?
I saw myself without a leg;
Would I have crutches or a peg?
Suppose that I should lose an arm,
Cold drops of sweat formed on my brow;
Would it explode? Oh, when and how?
I cast my eyes down at the mud;
There laid the shell. IT WAS ONLY A DUD.
By Regt. Sgt. Maj. S. SPARKS.
A. E. F. France.

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CHAPTER XII

A SO-CALLED REST—THE TROYON OR NEW ENGLAND SECTOR— MARCHEVILLE AND RIAVILLE

After the St. Mihiel Offensive, a new line was organized on the heights overlooking the Woerve Plain. The Germans organized their new line some 7 or 8 kilometers out on the plain. Although our main line ran along the heights on the Western edge of the plain, we had outposts, for some distance out on the flats, in the towns of Wodonville, Hanonville, Fresne-en-Woerve, Ancemont, Billy, Soulx and Herbeuville. We also had several Batteries out on the plain.

About noon Sept. 14th, Battery C once more pulled out of position, and left the position on the outskirts of St. Maurice and moved about 2 kilometers more, forward, taking up a place in an old German position in a thick woods about one kilometer north of Dommartin. Two guns, 88's had been abandoned by the Boche and remained in this location.

We were now only in reserve, supposedly for a rest. It was somewhat of a rest, at that, for the reason that we did very little firing ourselves, but the Huns kept us on the jump by constant high explosive, gas and aerial bombardments. Most of this supposed rest was spent in moving to new positions.

We left the woods North of Dommartin at 7:00 P. M. Sept. 15th. We went through St. Remy and Dommartin and took up a new position on top of a hill looking out over the Woerve plain, in another old German battery location about 2 kilometers East of St. Remy. This was different from the last four positions in that, there were dugouts here. The only firing which we did from this place, was one normal barrage, at 5.05 A. M. Sept 16th, which repulsed a local counter-attack of the enemy on our front lines.

At 7:30 P. M. Sept 16th, we once more harnessed and hitched, resigning our positions here to the 101st F. A. After a hike of 5 kilometers, through St. Remy and Les-Eparges, we took up another position in the Les-Eparges Valley, about 100 meters in rear of Les-Eparges.

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We remained here about a week, during which time we did but little firing. Every night we were subjected to lengthy bombardment. The food all this time was very poor indeed. The inevitable rain set in once again and made things very miserable. We were living in pup-tents and the result was that we had a wet bunk every night, but such a small matter as this could hardly phase us now. While in this position, we prepared no less than six times to move, only to be halted just as we were ready to pull out of the position.

On Sept. 23d, we left the position in rear of Les-Eparges and moved 2 kilometers forward, to a place, in a small woods, on the side of a steep hill, on the very edge of the Woerve plain, about 3 kilometers directly West of Fresne-en-Woerve. The only natural concealment from the plain, at this position, was a small clump of trees, in front of the guns. We relieved a French Battery here and after a week of duty in reserve, our Christian Science—rest was at an end and we were once more actively taking a part in things. The French called this the Troyon Sector, but the Yanks of the 26th named it the New England Sector.

This new position was the best of any that we had occupied on this sector as far as dugouts and personal comforts went. The dugouts, were in the side of a hill and fairly shell proof. There was also a running spring nearby where we could get good drinking and washing water. The approaches to the position were terrible, however. There were no roads, simply a path, and the rain and constant traveling over this, had made it a mud path, with the mud two feet deep for a stretch of 500 meters. The horses were unable to pull the guns in here, so each carriage had to be taken in by hand. We commenced at 9:00 o'clock at night to bring the guns in here and at daylight next morning we were hardly ready to open fire.

Difficulties were also experienced in bringing in supplies and ammunition as they had to be carried by hand almost half a kilometer. Sgt. Killelea who was now acting 1st Sgt. at the Battery position, had charge of this work and notwithstanding the immense difficulties, he did a fine job and is entitled to much credit for the manner in which he handled things.

Up to the time that the St. Mihiel Drive commenced, this entire front had been very quiet. Now it was one of the most

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active on the whole Western theatre of war. We were at all times subjected to heavy and extended bombardments of H. E. and gas and our guns were barking out day and night.

We had two casualties in this sector, Pvt. Percy Crawford was slightly wounded in the head and Pvt. Harry Brown was more seriously wounded, being badly cut up. Every incident, no matter how grave, always has its humorous side and such was the case in this. Percy Crawford was outside of his dug-out, with his helmet off, when a shell burst, a considerable distance away. One of the splinters which had almost spent its velocity, bounced off Percy's head, inflicting a very slight wound. Percy felt a little sting and cried out, "Well what do yer know about that, a splinter bounced right off my head and didn't hurt me."

A moment later, however, a stream of blood told him that it did cut him a little and as a result Percy went around for a couple of weeks with his head bandaged up. If he had had his helmet on, he never would have received even a slight injury and this only went to show what more serious effects might occur. At this time the boys had grown rather slack in regard to the wearing of helmets and carrying gas masks in the alert position. Orders were now issued and rigidly carried out that any man, who was caught outside of his dugout without a helmet on and a gas mask in the alert position, would be court-martialed.

Observation posts were established on the tops of hills and when the weather was clear, excellent observations of the Hun lines were afforded. We could look out over the Woerve plain, 22 kilometers wide and with the aid of field glasses and scissors instruments, see the heights on the other side. The big manufacturing cities of Etain and Conflans, 20 kilometers away, could easily be seen and the smoke rising from the chimneys told us that the Germans were working the factories for all they were worth. Almost every movement of the Germans, on the plain, could be seen and they were carefully watched. Our observation post alone, recorded the location of 11 German batteries and 3 balloon centers. We had a decided advantage over the Boche, owing to the fact that we held the heights and they were out on the plain below. Their only observation was by balloons and aeroplanes. The German aviators were very

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active and bombing planes came over our lines, dropping their deadly missiles every night. During the day our aviation service was kept busy, chasing and battling with the enemy reconnaissance planes.

As was previously mentioned this sector was now very active after almost four years of comparative quietness. Almost every day we carried out a local operation or repulsed an enemy attack. Enemy artillery was very active at all times. The biggest operation launched by us, commenced about 4:00 A. M. Sept 26th. It was what is termed as a diversion. As the hold on the new line after the St. Mihiel Offensive became secure, American divisions began to concentrate in the Argonne Forest, near Verdun, to launch another offensive against the Boche. Now that we had them on the run, we were going to give them no rest. Our positions, at this time were about 10 kilometers South of Verdun. The American-Meuse-Argonne Drive was not to extend down as far as our sector, but the idea of the diversion was to make the enemy believe that it was to extend all along the front. This was planned in order that they would not send the troops opposite, who were some of the best Prussians Divisions, up to where the real drive was coming off, to stem the tide and attempt to break up our advance. Consequently, at the same moment that the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, in which we were later to take such an important part, commenced, we also laid down a heavy artillery bombardment principally on the towns of Marcheville and Riaville and the Infantry a few hours later, just at daybreak, under cover of a dense fog, sallied forth onto the plain and entered the village of Marcheville and then proceeded to Riaville. Their orders were to take the towns, hold them all day and capture prisoners. The operation was entirely successful and accomplished every objective, although at the cost of large casualties on our side. The two towns were held against several concentrated, counter-attacks of the enemy and despite the fact that the Boche, kept a continual, artillery fire on the towns all day, the doughboys stuck to their job. According to program, the two villages were evacuated at dark and our troops withdrew to the former line. On Oct. 11th, 1918, we once again pulled out guns out of position, shouldered packs and began a long march, which was ultimately to end at the front, once more, this time for our last crack at the Boche, in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

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CHAPTER XIII

VERDUN—MEUSE—ARGONNE—ARMISTICE

When the Battery learned they were to enter Verdun, excitement was at its highest point and there was more interest shown in going to Verdun than in going to Paris. We wanted to see the "Holiest Ground," of France where lay thousands of her heroic dead; where that boasting idiot, the Crown Prince, found that the French were prepared to steep the valley with mangled bodies and that no sacrifice was too great for the sons of France; and in that great meeting place of the dead, the Sons of America met their French comrades and showed that they, too, were willing to Carry On, and if need be drench the valley with their blood. The Poilu declared to the world, "THEY SHALL NOT PASS," and they never did. Yanks and Poilu lie side by side in Verdun and thousands more of America's Sons were there to see that they did not pass."

The battered and ruined city, was in the same condition as Ypres, Louvain and Rheims, standing as mute testimony of what Boche Kultur had done for the world. As pictures of these ruined cities pass before the mind's eye, one wonders what is the meaning of the attitude of the Hun Delegates, to the Peace Conference, whining that this and that clause is too severe. If the question of the Armistice had been submitted to the Allies troops, holding the line, on that memorable November 11th,—even with all their hardships and sufferings, we think the answer would have been, "Carry On."

October 11th 1918, Battery C was relieved by the 113th U. S. Field Artillery. The same method of travelling at night was adopted. The roads, torn by mines, shells and bombs, were being repaired by engineers, with rocks and logs of wood, so that the Artillery could travel over them.

After a month's separation, the guns and crews being at the front while the horses were at the Echelon, the battery was again reunited, at Rupt-en-Woerve. No rest was given here for they started on a thirty-five kilometer hike which ended in the Sartelle Woods. The men and horses during this period



Upper Left: Mec. Frank Hayes and Cpl Charles Connors, Toul Sector; Upper Right: All ready for a trip in a box car; Center Left: Special detail or telephone dugout, Chemin-des-Dames Sector; Center Right, Sgt. Frank J. Killilea at switchboard in telephone dugout, Toul Sector; Lower Left: Ben Poole and Harry Poole, off on permission, 2nd class coach; Ed. D. Sirois, during gas attack Toul Sector, note 210 dud. (Photos by Authors.)

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suffered the worst privations of the whole war. Horses died by the score, due to the strain they were under and the men were exhausted, but with that indomitable spirit of the "YANKEE DIVISION," they kept going. On October 13th the Battery relieved a French Battery in the woods north of the city of Verdun. Preparations were being made for us to take our part in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

The German artillery were very active, at this time, and the American artillery were subjected to heavy shell fire. October 20th the battery was compelled to move to a new position further north, but still the incoming fire was unabated. "Heinie" was off on his range, however, and secured but few direct hits, although he tried hard to neutralize the American Artillery. It was at this position that John Kavanah was severely wounded. He was struck in the left shoulder by a shell fragment that tore a big piece out of that part of his body. He was immediately evacuated.

Sunday, November 3, the battery moved again, two kilometers further down the road, as it was believed that our position had been located, from the intense fire received at this point. It was during the stay in this position that one of the boys of the Battery, Bill Ruediger, lost his foot from a fragment of a shell and several other Battery boys were wounded. Severe fighting continued, from that time on, until Saturday, November 9th, when the battery advanced about five kilometers. Sunday, November 10th, in the afternoon, rumors were rife that an Armistice was going to be declared. Few believed it however, thinking that some "Wise Guy," was raving; others thought that it was German propaganda. Towards evening, the Officers began to talk of the rumor and all agreed that this was a HELL of a time to sign an Armistice when things were coming our way. The men on guard that night, were doubly careful, never for a moment relaxing and ready to pull the lanyard on the guns, at the sight of the proper rocket from the Infantry.

November 11th arrived and at 7.30 A. M. our doughboys called for a barrage and we sure gave them one and it certainly did not look like peace in that sector, for a while at least. About 10.30 A. M. definite word was received that hostilities would cease at 11.00 o'clock. Then began a series of confer-

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ences among the members of the various gun crews. They gathered in small groups discussing which section would fire the last shot. Each section wanted to be the last; every trick was to be resorted to. A few minutes before the fateful hour, orders were given to suspend fire. The orders to load were then given to the four guns and promptly at 11.00 o'clock Capt. Howe raised his arm over his head and gave the command fire; not a shell left the gun; this was repeated the second time with the same result; the third time the guns flashed and amid the roar, four shells flew through space on their way to the German lines—the last shots fired by Battery C in the world war.

Shortly after, Captain Howe, Sgts. Eric Borton, David (Darby) Yule and Private Eddie Lavin were on their way to explore the German lines. This little adventure almost ended in disaster as will be shown later. About twelve o'clock, the party was five kilometers behind the German lines, walking along a road when about forty German soldiers, in charge of a German Captain appeared on their way to perform some task. Other German soldiers were standing outside dugouts along the roadside, when some of their number started to throw mud and dirt at our party of explorers. Captain Howe was for fight right on the spot and he told the German Captain so. The German officer resented this and as he approached the party, it was easily seen that he was under the influence of drink. In his party was a corporal, who spoke a little English and he tried to act as interpreter. Through him they learned that his reason for being fiery was that our party of Americans were armed, each member of the party still having his pistol around his waist. The German officer insisted that they be made prisoners but Sgt. Borton then saved the day. He could speak German fluently and when the German officer heard this he changed his attitude and the party returned to their own lines.

Any person dropping into the battery position would never have known that the Armistice was in effect because the boys sat around the guns just as usual, waiting for the commands that were never issued.

Besides Bill Ruediger's misfortune in losing his foot and several other lighter casualties, Jean Chenard, who although detached from the battery and attached to Headquarters Com-

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pany, 102nd F. A. during most of the campaign, at the front, was always looked upon as a battery C boy, he having served many years in the organization, including six months on the Mexican Border, in 1916, was killed in action while performing his duties as reel-cart driver. It was sad news to all his pals and buddies in the battery, even more so that he should be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, at the 11th hour, just as the fighting was about to terminate.

That night was the one night of the whole war that will be remembered forever by the Battery, in fact by every man who was on the Western Front. It was a cold damp night and the boys gathered stray pieces of wood and started bonfires as soon as it was dark. The strangest sight for any person to behold was the Western Front after dark on November 11th. What happened in our sector was typical of the entire front; all the rockets, star shells and flares were collected, both on our side and the German and shot into the sky. A few short hours ago, these same rockets would have been the call for the artillery to spread death and destruction in the German lines and the German's signals would have meant the same thing to our men; now all this was changed; they were meaningless; these men, who for months, some of them years, had been denied the privilege of heat and light, were standing around huge bonfires, right on the firing line, watching the heavens become illuminated with the thousands of colored rockets. The war was over, but the true realization of what had taken place, during the past twenty-four hours never entered any man's mind that night. They were filled with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow. Joy, that the horrible thing was over, sorrow, at the thought that when we had the Huns licked to a stand-still that they could not carry on and finish the job, by planting "Old Glory" on the top of Potsdam's Palace.

It was strange that the YANKEE DIVISION should see the closing days of the war in this sector which had seen the bloodiest battles of the whole war, THE DEFENSE OF VERDUN. These New England troops whose homes were the scenes of many bloody struggles in our early fight for recognition and against a tyrant who had tried to enforce his ideas of Liberty and Justice upon a Liberty loving people caused more than one American soldier that night to think of the aid

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given us by France, in our effort to work out our own destiny.

The war was at an end; our division had been in the line almost ten months, with very little, oh, so very little rest. The men had seen their Buddies killed alongside of them, others torn and shattered; they had seen the stretchers going to the rear, with their precious burdens of blood and bandages; they had seen their idol, General Edwards taken away from them at a critical moment, from which blow they never recovered and which they will never forget. No Divisional Commander holds more respect from his men than General Edwards, the **GRAND OLD MAN OF THE YANKEE DIVISION** and if the time ever comes when the former members of the 26th Division, now civilians get the opportunity to show their beloved Commander how much he is thought of, all he has to do is to speak and the Old Fighting 26th will answer to a man. The night of November 11th will be long remembered. Most of the Yankee Division proceeded to the city of Verdun where a parade was held. It was a strange sight to see Poilu and Yank, Algerian and other French colored troops, from all parts of the world, marching through the streets. Several of the regimental bands furnished music for band concerts. The civil population, from near and far gathered to celebrate the event. There, amid wild cheering and shouting the **YANKEE DIVISION** celebrated the last day of the war. They had seen more fighting service than any other division of the A. E. F.

Two days later the Battery left the front, left the scenes of so many exciting and dangerous events and despite all the praise given by French and American Generals, the fact that our Infantry had complete confidence in our ability to support them was the greatest cause for joy. Many a doughboy has said that with our artillery supporting them they would go through **HELL** itself. Our thoughts were now centered on a rest and then home. We had accomplished what we had volunteered to do; now that the job was finished we wanted to return to **GOD'S COUNTRY**; we wanted to go **HOME**.

The following letter congratulating the 26th Division was sent to General Edwards by General Claudel, commanding the 17th French Army Corps, with whom the Yankee Division, operated, at Verdun. General Edwards received this letter the day he was relieved of command of the Division.

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"General—The reputation of your division preceded it here far ahead.

"To all its titles of glory gained in fierce struggles, and only recently at the signal of Hattonchatel, it has added on the 23rd of October a page which perhaps is more modest, but still does it great honor.

"In a few hours, as at a maneuver, it has gained all the objectives assigned to it in the difficult sector of the Woods of Houppy, Etrayes and Sellea. This operation is evidence indeed of superior instruction, mobility and will.

"I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for your assistance, dear General, and it is my great desire to express to you all our grateful admiration for your splendid division, which thus has added its name to all of those who have fought to hurl the enemy back from the outskirts of Verdun."

Gen'l Claudel.

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CHAPTER XIV

U. S. ARMY SERVICE AND TRAINING SCHOOL IN FRANCE

While this is primarily a history of Battery C, we feel that a great majority of the civil population would like to know a little something of the hospitals and the Service schools, operated by the American Army in France. Corp. McGinnis, who was wounded in July, 1918, during the Second Battle of the Marne, spent about six months in the hospitals, recovering from his wounds. During this time he was in no less than six hospitals. Therefore he is very competent to write a chapter on the first aid, evacuation service, hospital trains and hospitals, in France.

While Corp. McGinnis is writing his chapter, I feel as though I should do something also, rather than remain idle. Accordingly, I will endeavor, to the best of my ability, to give the reader an insight on the Army Service and Training Schools in France. I feel as though I know something about these schools, four months of my time in France being spent in them, one month at a training school for non-commissioned officers and three months at a school, where enlisted men were trained and made officers, provided upon the completion of the course they could pass the required examinations.

The principal duties of the first American troops who landed in France, about June, 1917, were to learn the intricacies of French material, munitions and the rather complicated methods of modern trench warfare, so that they later on, could impart their knowledge to the troops which would arrive in the future. For instructors they had only the French officers and men and this at first caused a great deal of confusion, owing to the fact that all the Americans could not speak French and all the Frenchmen could not speak English. This difficulty, however, was soon remedied, by employing the use of interpreters. These first troops received their first training in the rear areas, then went to the front and received the real thing, on the spot, in action.

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As a result of this, when the 26th Division arrived in France there were a number of American instructors, sent to the different units of the division, to tell us what they knew. Each group of American instructors were, however, under a French officer, who supervised the training carried on by his American assistants.

Buildings were erected in the training camps, furnished with all the material and equipment necessary for the particular course, which would be taught there. Classes were organized composed of a certain number of men from each organization and a schedule of hours of attendance posted. These men would then report at the assigned hours to receive the instruction. These types of schools were known as Service schools. There were schools for each branch of the service and each subdivision of that branch. For example—there were schools for the Artillery and separate classes in telephone, signaling and instrument work for detail men, gunnery and material for gun crews and mechanics, driving and care of horses for the drivers, firing and map work for the officers, gas, gas mask instruction building of gun pits, dugouts, trenches and camouflaging for all.

When a division received a certain amount of this training in the training areas they would then be sent to a quiet sector, where they would receive extensive training under actual conditions. When a division left the training area for the front, the best qualified men in the different units would be kept behind to instruct the new troops, just arriving from the U. S. In this way, the corps of instructors increased, as the demand for them increased with the arrival of more and more Americans troops in France.

It was soon found out that the demand for officers became greater than the supply. Men were graduating from schools in this country and receiving commissions, but in most cases all of these officers had to take a further course of training at French or English schools before they were considered capable of commanding or handling troops. The problem then confronted G. H. Q. (American Headquarters in France) of establishing a source of supply of officers who could be quickly trained and fitted to operate with troops in a short time. Consequently, officers' training schools were established for all

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branches of the service. The Artillery Officers' Training School was organized and established in the old French Cavalry School at Saumur, France. It is about this school that the basis of my remarks will be, it being the only officers' school that I attended, but if the routine and organization of this particular school is understood, it will serve as an example because the schools of all the other branches of the service were conducted in a similar manner.

When it was found necessary to establish an Officers' Training School, the French authorities removed the personnel of their famous Cavalry School elsewhere and turned the entire school, buildings and equipment over to the Americans for use as an Artillery School. About twelve hundred (1200) fine French cavalry horses and saddle equipment which had been used at the school for cavalry instruction were also turned over.

The school was situated about one kilometer from the heart of Saumur, which is a quaint and beautiful old French city of historical interest on the banks of the Loire River. The school proper consisted of one large building, facing lengthways towards the street with a large ell on each end and two extra large annexes. The grounds of the school were all enclosed by a twenty foot, spiked iron fence. Directly West, to the immediate left of the Main building, situated amid flowers, green trees and surrounded by beautiful lawns, was the school hospital.

The inside of the Main school building was not in keeping with the beauty and splendor outside. Contrary to expectations it was very rude, plain and rather dull inside. The entire building was made of cement, stones and marble.

The first floor was given up to Officers, where the administration of the school was conducted, telegraph and telephone exchanges, post office, saddler's and tailor's shop, quartermaster-warehouses, etc. In the center of the second, third and fourth floors were large lecture halls; the remainder of these floors being given up to school rooms and dormitories. In front of the school was a large open space, covered with sand, with beautiful flowering bushes in the corners. Here the different student units formed for reveille, retreat and other formations.

In rear of the building was another larger space, well shaded by tall stately poplars and elms. Barracks and mess.

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halls were built here to accommodate the overflow from the building sleeping quarters; all students had their meals served to them in these mess halls.

Directly across the street from the school was a big sanded park, called the Chardonnois, by the French, around which ran a race track. This sand covered park was used for drilling and reviewing purposes. Barracks were also built along the western edge of the Chardonnois which were used when the number of students increased to such an extent that the main building and the barracks in the rear were filled up.

The northern half of this huge drill ground was partitioned off from the rest by a high picket fence. Inside this inclosure were built more barracks for class rooms, material and property sheds where instructions were given, also two miniature ranges where the students learned the principles of artillery firing before they went out for real practice with the guns on the big range, ten miles out in the country; and a park for enemy artillery used for instruction purposes and also one for American and French artillery.

On three sides of the Chardonnois were monstrous stables and riding halls. Here the twelve hundred horses were kept. The riding halls were the joy of the good rider and the dread of the rookie. The equitation lessons given here were wonderful and no man could help but becoming a good rider, no matter how poor he might have been when he first went there. Many a tumble the good riders received as well as the rookie when the hurdling without stirrups began. There was more fun at equitation than at any other class.

In order that the men attending the schools might have all the time possible for studying, French ladies were employed, as *Femmes-des-Chambres*. Their duties were to look after the wants of the men, clean the barracks, make up the bunks and in general do everything that the men themselves would otherwise have to do around the quarters. Likewise, the mess halls were furnished with dishes, it not being necessary to use mess-kits and the tables were waited on by girls who were Belgian refugees. In this way the men had every possible moment to attend to their studies.

Once a month, four men who had qualified to a certain extent and had showed aptitude in artillery work and handling of

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men were picked by the regimental commanders of each artillery regiment in the A. E. F. and sent to this school. The men to attend the schools for the other branches of the service were picked in the same manner. When the school first started about November, 1917, there were only about three hundred students in the school. Sgt. Leo Lacasse of Battery C was a member of the first class. However, as more and more troops arrived overseas and the number of artillery regiments increased, the number of soldiers at the school increased, proportionately, until the school finally closed on February 1, 1919, when there were twenty-two hundred enlisted soldiers on its rolls as candidates for commissions. The policy of sending four men a month, from a regiment was continued throughout.

In the early days of this school as well as all other American schools of its kind, the instructors were entirely French, the Americans at that time not being in a position to spare American officers for this work.

The organization of the student body was as follows:—the entire body was divided into divisions of about two hundred men and named Div. A. B., etc. At the head of each of these divisions was a French Captain, who was in charge of the instruction and an American Captain whose duties were to take charge of the administration. By roster, each day, one man was chosen from the men composing the division and he served as divisional officer of the day. One of the officers in charge of a section acted each day as inspecting and disciplinary officer for the division that day. This officer also had charge of the mess for his division.

Each division was again sub-divided into two parts of about one hundred men each and called sub-division A1, B1, C1 and Sub-division A2, B2, C2, etc. These sub-divisions were in charge of an American or a French 1st Lieutenant. The sub-divisions were again divided into smaller parts called sections of about 20 men each, making five sections to a sub-division and ten sections to a division. At first, a French Second Lieutenant was put in charge of each section, but later on the section instructors became all American Second Lieutenants. Two men chosen by roster, from the section, were section chiefs and section officers for one week, at the end of which time two more men would be chosen. It was the duty of these two men to assem-

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ble the section, call rolls, report the absence of all men from classes and formations, march the section to and from class, in general, the discipline and supervision of the section came directly under these men and they were held responsible for all breaches. The sections were known by numbers, which ran consecutively through from the first section of the first division to the last section of the last division. For example the first section Division A was section 1 the second section 2, the third section 3, the first section Division B was section 11, the second section Division B, was section 12, etc. and so on through the entire body. At all formations the sections fell in with their own divisions; the divisions forming as a unit.

The course of instruction was of three months duration. After the first three months in the life of the school, a class graduated every month and a new class entered every month. In the fall of 1918, seven hundred men were graduating and being commissioned every month. It was necessary to obtain a general average of 70 to pass and not less than 70 in every subject, in order to pass the course successfully. Men who received a grade of over eighty-five per cent were kept at the school to act as instructors for future classes. Hence, in about six or eight months after the school had opened, the greater part of the French section instructors had been replaced by American officers. Many American Officers also assumed charge of sub-divisions. Not until December 31, 1918, however, did American officers assume charge of everything, even the positions of Divisional Instructors and on that date all French officers were relieved.

The greater part of the students were non-commissioned officers, but a few privates were also admitted. Every student was on the same footing regardless of rank. Many officers, some of very high rank including two Colonels, three Majors, one Lt. Colonel and seven Captains in my division, took the course, but they were considered to be no better than a Private so far as instruction and discipline were concerned. All men, not officers, were called "Candidates" and this was the only title that they ever received.

The course was a very hard and difficult one and the discipline was extremely rigid. What really should have been a six or eight months' training was crowded into three months

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and one, in order to pass the course successfully, was forced to plug and study hard at all times. The first six weeks, it was absolutely necessary to sit up every night until the "wee" hours of the morning or one would be so swamped with work that he never would catch up. Almost every man who attended these schools was anxious to pass for several reasons. They had been picked out of the men in their organizations and recommended as men who would be fit and capable of holding commissions with a little schooling. Accordingly, it would be kind of a disgrace to fail and then be sent back to their former organization, because although it was really no disgrace for anybody to fail to pass at the same time, one would have to stand a great deal of joshing from the boys. Another reason was that many wanted to make good for the sake of the folks at home. For these reasons and many more everyone worked hard and conscientiously lived up to the rules and regulations of the schools and when a man graduated from this or any other officers' training school in France you may be sure of it that he knew his business and that he was a soldier in every sense of the word. Because of the fact that almost every one was very anxious to pass, things ran along smoothly and everyone kept the rules and there were no delinquencies. As a result very few men fell down in the course. It was not that these few did not try, that they fell down, but simply because the course was too stiff. A man had to watch his every move, because demerits were given for even moving a finger while standing at attention. If you missed a formation you were given ten demerits and five for failing to salute an officer. Every time you turned you were given a demerit for something or another and it only took twenty demerits to be expelled from the school, and if a man was not constantly on the alert, he could get that number in as many minutes.

The French who are considered Masters of Artillery, said that this school was the best artillery school in the world.

The following is the list of courses given at the Saumur Artillery School:—

Material, Drill and Drill regulations
Battery Commander's Course
Field Service

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Preparation and execution of fire
Aptitude for Command
Deportment and conduct
Topography
Telephone—radio—telegraph
Dispersion and ballistics
Artillery
Ammunition—shells—powder
Equitation and Hippology

There were three branches of artillery instruction taught at Saumur, light artillery such as 75's, heavy artillery, 155 howitzers, and G. P. F.'s or 155 long rifles or railroad artillery.

When there were enough American divisions in France to constitute an Army Corps, the first American Army Corps was organized and along with this, a system of schools, known as the 1st Corps Schools. These schools like the others were for all branches of the Service and were situated at Gondrecourt. They were principally for intensive training of non-commissioned officers and commissioned officers but other ranks also attended them. The instructors were mostly Americans but a few French Officers assisted in the supervising of the work. The course was of five weeks' duration and all subjects in connection with the different branches of the Service were taken up. This course was hard and the subjects deep and the discipline was very rigid. Like in the officers' school a candidate in order to pass had to study hard at all times. Men who graduated from these schools with high marks were recommended for officers' school.

As the American Divisions arriving in France increased, more Corps were formed and new Corps schools sprung up everywhere. The School system of the A. E. F. was complete in every detail. The instructors were of the best and all things were done on a very systematic basis. All necessary equipment was provided for and the men attending received the very best training. Those in charge are to be highly complimented on the fine manner in which they handled this enormous problem. Without this system of schools the A. E. F. would never have accomplished what it did.

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CHAPTER XV

WOUNDED—A PEEP BEHIND THE VEIL

By William McGinnis

At the request of many of my friends I have decided to include a chapter describing how it feels to get wounded and the sensation you experience on getting a peep behind the Veil of Death; also the care you receive in the hospitals of the A. E. F. My memory is not so clear today as it was almost a year ago when I started on a trip which almost resulted in my pushing up daisies or as our Indian friends would say, starting off to my Happy Hunting Grounds. I will state clearly what I do remember. July 23, 1918 at 10.45 A. M. I returned to the Battery from a little trip with the Infantry. I had been away almost four hours, but gas, fired by the Huns and machine gun fire prevented me from attaining the object I sought or the object the platoon of Infantry to which I had attached myself were seeking. Out of seventy-five men in the third wave going in, seventeen were killed outright by machine gun fire and several were wounded. Gas (Chlorine) brought the casualties up to fifty-three men. When I reached the battery I decided to have a rest. My eyes were burnt and my throat was parched. No amount of water seemed to quench my thirst; still I did not think that I was gassed badly enough to report to the dressing station for treatment. I was asleep about fifteen minutes along with Sgt. Clarence Davis, Corp. Eddie Sirois and Corp. William Hart when suddenly without the least warning I heard a terrific explosion. I was dazed for a moment and did not know what to do but as my vision became clearer I observed the branches of the trees overhead trembling and the leaves falling to the ground. The odor of burned powder seemed to choke me; I seemed to be floating in space; everything was turning red; I was losing control of myself. I made an effort to stand up, but my legs refused to support me and I fell flat on the ground. I did not know that I was hit. I was conscious of something having happened, but what it was I could

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not tell. I wanted to talk, but somehow my tongue was cleaved to the roof of my mouth. Peculiar sounds were running in my head. Soon, I felt a burning sensation in my chest, near my throat and in my left shoulder. My left arm was lying stiff across my chest and my head refused to move from right to left. I realized that something was wrong. I pulled myself together again, but found I could not stand erect. However, I started off. I had no idea where I was going, but I felt this was no place for me. I wanted to speak to somebody, to learn what was the matter. I was afraid that I had gone insane from the concussion of the exploding shell. Someone in the Battery ran out and grabbed me. Sgt. Davis and Corp Hart were lying on the ground having their wounds dressed. When I saw the bandage being placed on them, the thought came to me in a flash that I was hit. This was the first time my mind had worked clear. Capt. Howe held me while Norman Bar-teaux, our first aid man, cut my shirt off so that he could place a bandage on.

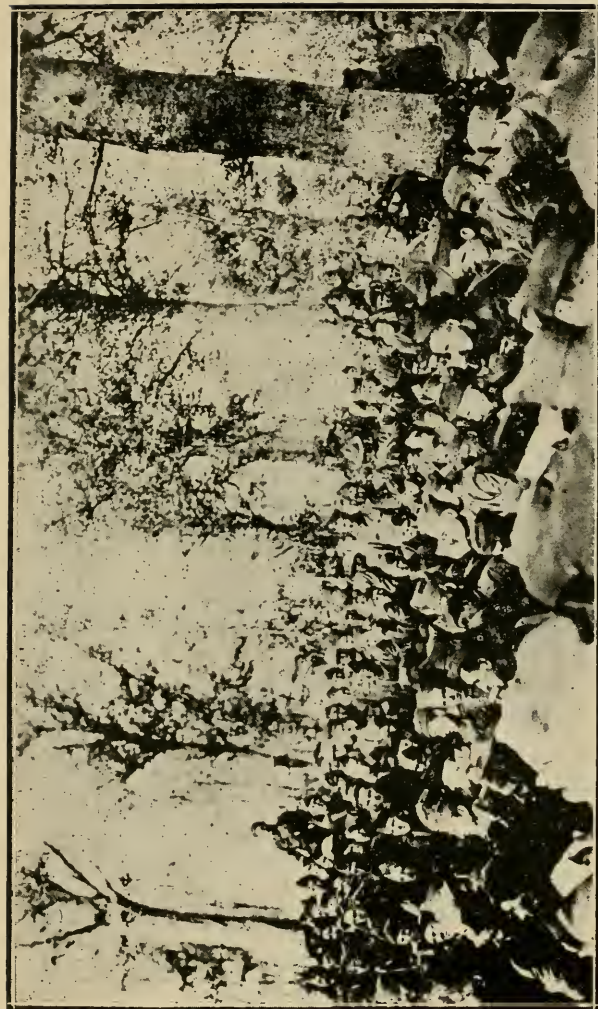
As the shirt lay on the ground there was no doubt in my mind that I had been bumped because the color of the shirt decided that question. A good drink of cool water was worth more than anything that I possessed in the world at that time, but water could not be found here. Someone gave me a cigarette and as I began to smoke all my worries came to an end. In the meanwhile, the doctor arrived and made out my field service tag, which was tied onto me, describing the nature of the wound. It was marked G. S. W. (gun shot wound) left chest and left shoulder. I also received an injection of anti-tetanus to prevent lock-jaw. I was placed on a stretcher and carried about three hundred meters to the rear, to a dressing station where Father Farrell and Chaplain Stackpole were attending to the wants of the bunch who had been wounded. The station was situated on the edge of a wood and there was a continual stream coming out of these woods to this point, awaiting ambulances. My Buddie, Eddie Sirois, stayed with me until I was placed in the ambulance. We had been bunkies from the start and he was there to see me off. We were placed in the ambulance and started off, four in each car. One of the boys in the lower tier who was from the Infantry and who had a fragment enter his stomach died in the ambulance before

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we reached the clearing station. This place was in an old church in a small village about eight kilometers from the front. Several operating tables were set up and surgeons with aprons covered with blood were attending to the worst cases, mostly amputations. Here I was tagged for evacuation to a hospital. There were several hundred stretcher cases laid out on the floor. The yard surrounding the church was also full of men, with bandaged heads, arms and legs. The groans of the severely wounded were terrible to listen to and above the cries of agony could be heard the everlasting cry for water and cigarettes. Two American aeroplanes circled over this house of misery to prevent Hun aviators from coming over and dropping bombs on the station, a popular sport indulged in by the average Hun flyer. Here and there you would hear an unearthly yell from a stretcher; the medical corps men would run over, look at the case, shake their heads and cover the still form with a blanket and they would instruct the bearers to put that stretcher over against the wall. This corner was well filled; no sound came from here and no movement of the blankets was noticed; they were perfectly still and silent; this corner was reserved for the dead. Every so often a couple of stretcher bearers would proceed to that corner and lay their silent burden, with the others; it was a horrible sensation. I was getting weaker, owing to the fact that I was bleeding quite freely. I distinctly remember a peculiar buzzing sound in my ears; everything seemed to change color; I took one hasty glance at that corner and made one supreme effort to pull myself together, but failed and lapsed into unconsciousness.

The following morning at 4.00 A. M. I heard voices at my head. I opened my eyes and saw strange forms running from one place to another. As I gradually regained my senses I saw the form of a woman all in white near me. She was moistening my lips with a piece of gauze dipped in water and placing wet towels on my forehead. I asked for a drink and then she spoke for the first time. She was speaking English; she told me to keep quiet, but in my semi-delirium, I could not understand why I should, so she left me.

I saw that I was in a bed with white sheets and that there were other beds in this place. I sat up to see what was going on. I could not understand it. Where was I? What had hap-



LAWRENCE MEN LISTENING TO GENERAL EDWARDS TALK. TROYON SECTOR
(Courtesy of Frank P. Sibley)

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pened? Why was it so quiet? Why had the guns stopped firing? I saw myself in bandages, then I remembered that I was hungry; I had not eaten anything for over forty-eight hours. The nurse returned in a short while and making me lie down again rolled up my right sleeve and shot some liquid into my arm from a small syringe. She told me that I was going on the operating table and that she had given me morphine. I was soon back in the land of dreams again. Thirty-two hours later, I came out of the ether. Owing to my weakened condition it had taken me over twenty-seven hours to recover from the time ether had been administered. The next two days were critical days for me. I had the opportunity to just peep behind the veil, which separates life from death, but with good care and treatment I pulled through. I discovered that I was in Evacuation Hospital, Number Six, and that we were in the town of Meaux. As soon as I was allowed to talk to the fellow in the next bed, he told me how I had acted under the influence of the ether. As the other patients glanced towards my bed they were all smiles; I wondered why; so he told me that in my delirium I had informed all and sundry that I alone knew how to overcome submarine warfare. I explained a new invention that was capable of wiping out the entire German Army and that I could not understand why the Government would not accept my invention. I could only smile, but I felt embarrassed. He advised me to stay awake because while I was sleeping they had brought two new cases in from the operating room. They soon began to rave. I realized then what a good time the other fellows had had in listening to me. They were fighting their battles over again, shouting for ammunition and ducking enemy shell fire. This was our only source of entertainment here, listening to the ravings of the other poor victims. The next day the doctor arrived to take out my stitches, four in the chest and seven in my shoulder. A few days later, I was evacuated to Evacuation Hospital No. 8, to await shipment to some other part of France. No praise is too great for the American nurses in Evacuation Hospital No. 6 which was so close to the front. They worked day and night amid the most horrible surroundings and may God bless them. I stayed in Hospital No. 8 two days, then was sent to the town of Dammartin where our Battery had unloaded three weeks before. Here a British hospital

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train from the Somme Front manned by British nurses and orderlies, were waiting for us. We loaded up and started for Bordeaux, nine hundred and sixty bed cases on the train.

This was a wonderful trip. At all the big stations, French girls decorated the train with evergreens and flowers and cheered us. It was a wonderful reception. Two days later, we arrived in the beautiful city of Bordeaux and were taken in ambulances to Base Hospital No. 6, which was in a girls' seminary which had been turned over to the United States Government for a hospital. It was a large set of buildings accommodating five thousand patients. Many shows and entertainments were provided for us here. After my wounds were healed, I was transferred to Base Hospital No. 22. This was a Milwaukee-Wisconsin unit and a finer set of officers and nurses I never met in my life. A wonderful spirit prevailed among all the members of this unit. The nurses were conscientious workers and the doctors adopted the professional attitude as exists between doctor and patient in civil life. Military rank held no place in the ward. I saw only one exception to this during my stay in this hospital. A certain Captain, a pompous individual, was in the habit of making a morning inspection accompanied by a little snipe of a first class medical corps sergeant who used to precede him and shout "attention." The Captain would pass through the ward with more dignity than President Wilson. After he had departed the patients would roar, laughing at the apparent satisfaction he expressed of the manner in which his inspection had been conducted. The American Red Cross did some fine work here.

Later on I was considered fit to go on light duty. I was called before the disability board and classified C1. I was sent to the Casual Camp for wounded and sick troops at Blois. This camp was a wonderful example of efficiency and common sense combined. We were allowed out of the concern (barracks) every day from 1.30 until 9.00 P. M., no passes being issued. Each man was placed on his honor. This was a very interesting city. Victor Hugo had written one of his popular works, "Autumn Leaves," in this city. Daniel Papin, co-discoverer of the expansion of steam with Stevenson, was born here and conducted many of his experiments in his old home, which is still standing and occupied. A remarkable fine castle,

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the Chateau-de-Blois, in which Catherine-de-Medici poisoned her victims, is right in the heart of the city, on a steep hill. There is a stairway in this castle that tourists from all parts of the world travel to and admire. Late in November, I was called before the disability board again and reclassified. I was still ordered to light duty. I was sent to Brest and from there to the ancient capital of Brittany, Rennes, later on to Brest again where I rejoined my battery after close on to eight months' separation.

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CHAPTER XVI

AWAITING ORDERS FOR HOME

The period immediately following the Armistice was the dullest and least eventful of our existence in "Sunny" (?) France. After the Armistice was signed and hostilities had ceased, we remained in the vicinity of the front for three days and then began our march to the rear.

When the divisions were named for the Army of Occupation to take their stand on the Rhine, until peace should be agreed upon and signed, the 26th division was ordered to begin at once the march over the territory being fast evacuated by the enemy, to the German frontier, but after eleven months of continuous fighting, on the front, as a shock division and after having been used in every conflict, without a rest, the division was, as a soldier would express it, "all shot to pieces." Man and beast were utterly exhausted and it was impossible for the division to take a part in this last operation of the American Army in France. If we had had the necessary amount of horses, we might have been able to accept this honor, but many of the units had only about one-third the number absolutely necessary for a move like this and these few animals were entirely worn out. Accordingly, the divisional commander advised G. H. Q. of the prevailing conditions and asked that the 26th be relieved of this duty, at least for the time being. The request was granted.

Thursday, November 14, 1918, the Battery pulled up stakes and instead of heading for the Vaterland, we struck out for the rear, and after a hike of thirty-five kilometers, the outfit arrived at Beauzee. The stay here was only a short one as November 15th saw the whole regiment on the move once more. After hiking fifteen kilometers, we reached the village of Ville-avant-Belrain, which was the billeting place for the night. November 16th another hike took place to Erize-la-Brullee. At this point a rest was called, which lasted four days in this village, at which time all material and horses were turned over.

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For the first time in fourteen months we were without horses and guns. We were not sorry to lose all this equipment as it made our work much easier. We would have liked to have brought our guns home with us, but this would entail a great deal of work and a great amount of shipping space, which could not be spared at this time. November 20th, 1918, the hiking was once again resumed and after a short distance a halt was called in the village of Salmagne. Of all the places we had been in France, this was the worst. The billets were very poor indeed, and it rained most of the time while there. Another feature which it had seldom been our unlucky lot to contend with was the inhospitable disposition of the peasants, in this village towards us. They were cold and hostile to all Americans, for some reason or other and we were very thankful that the stay was a short one.

While in the town of Salmagne several of the men in the battery received the coveted, long-looked for and much talked of, furloughs. They went off for a seven days' good time to Aix-la-Bains, one of France's famous watering places, but it proved to be otherwise. Several of the boys were sick with Spanish influenza and Joseph Charbonneaux after a short illness, died in the hospital.

With the ending of the war, the authorities were troubled as to how they could make the men feel contented. Athletic events were always popular in the army and they came into prominence at this time. Football, basketball and other events were arranged. We had little work to do, but it is true that this was the toughest battle of them all. There was very little to occupy our minds and time hung heavily on our hands, except when we were doing foot drill, calisthenics and long hikes, which usually took up the morning, the afternoon being devoted to athletics. At Salmagne, football teams were organized between the six Batteries of the Regiment and a tournament began, in which Battery C proved to be the champions.

Thursday, December 19th, Salmagne was a thing of memory and after a short hike, we reached the town of Ligny, where we were immediately hustled into the familiar old horse cars, for a trip nearer to the Atlantic coast. The following day, the train pulled into La Ferte-sur-Amance and here all detrained. The entire 26th Division was now in the Chaumont

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Area. The city of Chaumont, where General Pershing had his headquarters, was situated about fifty kilometers away from here. The following day we hiked thirty-five kilometers to Pouilly-Haute-Marne, which was to be our home for the next two months.

There was very little of note during our stay at Pouilly. We were now preparing for home. The chief duties were to get rid of the cooties, take care of our colds and sicknesses contracted and build up our broken health as much as possible before going home. There was no work to perform, except guard and keeping the quarters clean. Everyone had the opportunity to secure as much rest as needed. The football teams were again organized and the rivalry was keen. Battery B of Worcester was stationed in Pouilly with us. There was keen competition between the battery teams. Boxing bouts were also arranged. Captain Howe and Captain Page arranged a fight between Thomas Corcoran (Young Kloby) and Mulvey of Battery F. They began to train for a twelve round bout which was fought about two months later resulting in a victory for the Lawrence boy. Shower baths were built in the main square in Pouilly and every day a certain section would have the privilege of using them. A delousing machine came to the town and all equipment, blankets and clothing were put through it. This aided materially in ridding ourselves of these unwelcome pests. We also received a considerable amount of new clothes here. One new idea introduced to us at this time was the Infantry method of carrying a pack which became very unpopular. Now that we had no horses, we were compelled, like the doughboy, to march in squad formation.

At this time of the year it was very cold. Some of the billets were furnished with stoves and they helped some, but the government issued just about enough wood to keep the fire going one day each week and there was a strict order against stealing or just merely taking the wood, which belonged to the French inhabitants; consequently we had to buy the wood from them and pay a large price for it. The people in this town were very hospitable and soon made friends with us. Many, in fact most of them, had spare rooms, with great big French beds and many of the boys hired these rooms, for the small sum of one franc (about twenty cents). They took

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us in as one of the family and all the privileges of their little homes were graciously extended to us. When we ate with the battery it became necessary to eat out in the cold and rain, as mess halls were a luxury unknown to us, but it was not often that we would eat outside, for we were almost always invited by the peasants to eat in their homes. They often requested us to partake of their meals, but we seldom accepted this privilege because it would be too much of an imposition on their good nature as food was very scarce in France and very dear. Quite often, however, we would have one of the grand old French Madames kill a chicken or a rabbit, cook up some "French fries" and set a supper for us, for which we always paid them liberally.

There was one cafe in Pouilly, which had a large room in the rear, with tables, benches, stove and kerosene lamps. This was donated to the Battery as a club-room while we were anxiously awaiting the order that would start us for the only country in the world.

Christmas Day, 1918, our second Christmas in France, President Wilson visited the Yankee Division and ate his Christmas dinner with the officers and men, representing every organization in the division, at Montigny-le-roi, where divisional headquarters were located. This was a great honor and we all realized the significance of it, for everyone believed, when they heard that the President had stated that it was his wish to eat Christmas dinner with the division which had seen the most service in France, that he would have been escorted to one of our regular army divisions for the Christmas repast. This would have been entirely in keeping with other like events. This would not have surprised us at all. On the contrary, we were rather surprised to hear that he would be brought to a mere National Guard Division, to bestow on us this honor, on the greatest day of the year.

The President received a worthy reception when he arrived at Montigny-le-roi and was received by a committee of officers and enlisted men. As it was impossible to have a review of the entire division owing to the lack of a reviewing ground, capable of holding a full division, small detachments, representing every organization in the division, were reviewed by him. After the review, he inspected the billets, at Montigny-

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le-roi, where the equipment was laid out for inspection. A number of stories are told in regard to the happenings at this inspection. One of them will serve as an example. Upon coming to a bunk with all the equipment laid out upon it, General Pershing picked up a tent pole, used for supporting pup-tents. He then demonstrated to the President how the pole worked and the uses of it. Finishing with it, he tossed it upon the bunk. The President then said, "General, place that pole back the way you found it, that man's bunk is supposed to be laid out for inspection and he will be called for having that pole out of place." The great General merely stooped and placed the pole back into its proper place. After the inspection, Christmas dinner or as it was to us just plain mess, was served in one of the billets, and seated with Generals and Buck Privates, President Wilson ate his 1918 Christmas dinner of "Army Slum."

About the first of January, 1919, our long looked for barrack bags were brought into Pouilly from Sauercourt, where they had been stored for over a year. We had turned in our barrack bags about the middle of January, 1918, just before we went to the front and had not seen them since. We had heard all kinds of rumors about them being pilfered and looted and we expected to find but very few, if any, of the valuables which we had put in these bags and we were not disappointed in this expectation. We were lucky to get the empty bags. A great many did not even get these.

The stay in this area might be appropriately termed, the rumor period. Never before or since have so many different rumors been circulated. We were going home every day. It must have been almost as bad back in Lawrence, for every newspaper we received had glaring headlines, telling about our starting for home. It was not until two months after this that we received any orders in regard to sailing and were placed on the priority list.

Another thing which was brought to our attention while we were in this rest area, was the speech made by Congressman Gallivan and his fight for the Yankee Division in Congress. At the time that Congressman Gallivan brought forth his charges, in Congress, the entire division was boiling mad, on just these same matters which the Congressman gave utter-

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ance to. The fact of the case was that things were in just exactly the same color in which he painted them. He did not exaggerate at all because these injustices could not be exaggerated. The Paris Edition of the New York Herald, the Chicago Tribune and the London edition of the Daily Mail, were full of this talk in view of Gallivan's address. It pleased us very much to see that the people back home were beginning to see a little might of the "raw deals" that we were getting and we got many of them at the hands of our "would be" regular army friends.

We had read with pleasure, also, the columns of the home papers that found their way into our midst, of the arrival in the U. S. of our gallant Commander, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, the only man whom we ever recognized as Commander of the Yankee Division (even though we had two others, Brig. Gen. Bamford and Major Gen. Harry C. Hale) the "ONLY FRIEND THE NATIONAL GUARD HAD OVER THERE." We were overjoyed at the reception that our own New England gave our "Grand Old Man." He deserved it all; it would be impossible to applaud him too much.

On Jan. 21, we started on what we called the "first legs of the journey home." We left Pouilly about 8.00 A. M. and once again hiked over the road 35 kilometers to La Ferte-Sur-Amance, where about one month before we arrived from Salmagne. We billeted in La Ferte for the night and the following day. This day was a sad one in our record. When we left Pouilly the day before, all men who were not able to walk were allowed to ride on the trucks which were carrying the extra equipment. Arthur Dyer, one of the most popular of the Battery boys, had just returned from a rather hard siege of illness in the hospital and was riding on a truck. The brakes on the truck on which Dyer was riding were very poor and on going down a hill the brakes would not hold. The result was that this truck crashed into the one ahead and both skidded into the side of a building. All the men were thrown off. Dyer was pinned under one of the trucks and crushed to death. No help could aid him. Cook William Carney broke his ankle and all the others received a bad shaking up and minor injuries. Dyer was buried with full military honors in the graveyard of the little Catholic church in La Ferte-sur-Amance. A

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single white cross marked the grave. That evening at 8.00 P. M. we hiked eight kilometers to a railroad. We were supposed to entrain that night but the trains were late. The night was very cold and there was nothing to do but wait in the cold for the trains to pull in. Captain Howe, as usual, was not idle. There was a barrack nearby in which our barrack bags had been stored and he secured this for us to rest in. This was a great relief from the cold.

We remained in this barrack all night getting no sleep and little rest, because it was so cold and it was impossible to open packs, owing to the fact that we did not know at what moment we would be hustled out. At day-break, everyone was on the job; the cooks opened cans, made coffee and warmed up tomatoes and beans. Breakfast consisted of black coffee, tomatoes, beans and hard tack and was served about seven A. M. Our train pulled into the freight yard about 8.15 A. M. and we immediately began to load onto it. All the kitchen utensils and other supplies were loaded onto the flat cars and the men were loaded into the horse cars. Our entire regiment was for the first time traveling on the same train. This was made possible owing to the fact that we now had no horses or material.

These French horse cars are supposed to hold forty men or eight horses as the sign painted on the outside informs the observer. Never before had we ever squeezed forty men into one of these cars and we did not believe that it was possible to do so, but without exaggerating one iota, by actual count, there were anywhere from fifty to fifty-nine men packed into these cars for this trip and even in view of squeezing this outrageous number of men into these little boxes, there was about one-third of the regiment still on the platform with no place to ride. Both officers and men were at their wits end to solve the problem as to where these men would be put. Possibly there was room on the roofs or the brake beams. However, these men, veterans of the world war, soldiers of the greatest division ever formed in the United States Army, did not stop to think or argue; surely this was peaches and cream compared with the past eleven months on the front. So without a word, not even asking permission, buddies and bunkies got together here and there, stole up and carried off a bale of hay or straw, despite orders to the contrary. Lt. Charlie Lannigan who was in

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charge of this hay and straw of course had his back turned, apparently knowing nothing about what was going on only three yards behind him. The boys carried these bales to the flat cars and spread out the hay and straw, making bunks. Packs were then opened, blankets taken out and the bunks completed. Everybody was happy. Why not? Were we not on our way to an embarkation area and was this not the first lap of the Homeward Bound trip?

About 9.15 the train pulled out. The trip was of two days and two nights duration. It was a trip that not one of the men who made it will forget in a hurry. The men who were in the horse cars were so crowded that sleep was entirely out of the question. The trip for those on the flat cars was an ordeal not easy to cope with. Dear reader, may I be so bold as to ask you to take a little trip with me? It will last only two days and two nights. We'll start in the dead of winter, about the last of January, with the mercury hovering around the zero mark. We're going to travel on flat cars, that have no sides or protection of any kind. We'll get nothing hot to eat or drink, but poor water, hard tack, corned willy, canned tomatoes and canned beans. No, wait a moment. I'll take a little of that back; we'll make two stops, where, through no fault of the army, we will fare pretty well. Our trip will be from La-Ferte-sur-Amance to Mayet, France. One of the stops will be on the second day about noon time, at the city of Bourges, where the American Red Cross, on the job as they always are, will give us a sandwich and a cup of good, grand, delicious American coffee with milk and sugar in it and some magazines, which we were too cold to read. The other stop will be about 11.30 o'clock on the second night at Tours where once again the Red Cross will come to the rescue with hot coffee. That is the substance of our trip from the Chaumont area to the Le Mans embarkation area, a trip you may be sure will live in the memories of the men who made it as long as their memory lasts.

About January 26th we arrived at Mayet in the Le Mans Embarkation Area, amid a flurry of falling snow. In half an hour we had completed the task of unloading and were on our way to billets in the town.

Mayet was rather a large town, in fact the largest that

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we had ever billeted in and we began to doubt whether they would keep us there or move us out to some smaller village, but for once luck was with us and we remained here.

Up to this time we had received no definite orders in regard to leaving France for Home. Rumors were thick just as they always were. We heard stories of other divisions leaving for home. The fact that we were in an embarkation center told us, however, that we were soon to know something definite. If it was the intention to keep us in France for a long time or assign some other duty to us we would not have been sent to this area so we all waited patiently.

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CHAPTER XVII

HEADED FOR HOME

The stay in Mayet was a rather long one and what was said about Pouilly, might also be said about Mayet. There was very little work to perform and our chief duties were to rid ourselves of the unwelcome cootie and get everything in readiness for home. Everywhere you went there was delousing equipment of some kind. Fire places were built and over these huge boilers put up, each section would then put their clothes through this steam process in turn. Flat irons were also provided and after clothes were dried, from the steaming, they were sprinkled with creosote and then ironed. In this way, we soon compelled the unwelcome visitors to depart.

The chief factor in the drilling line was hiking, which usually took the greater part of the morning. Rifles were issued, however, and we made a poor attempt to acquaint ourselves with the doughboys' art. The afternoons were given up to athletics. We had some wonderful inter-regiment football, baseball, soccer, and basketball games.

There was considerable doing in the entertainment line. Several times moving pictures were shown in the main square. The Y. D. and other divisional shows and the entertainments under the auspices of the K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. were put on in the hall of the "Mairie," at Mayet. Band concerts were also frequent.

Boxing was one of the chief sports. A huge platform was put up in the square at Mayet, by the mechanics of Battery C, and here about once a week some good fights were staged. One thing that was noticeable in all these bouts, was the fact that Battery C was almost always against all the rest of the Brigade. In almost every bout a Battery C man opposed a man from another regiment or battery. As Captain Howe once said, "I've got them all weights and sizes, put up your man and we'll match him." Some of the battery's clever boxers were, Tommy (Kloby) Coreoran, Wilfred Cote, Oscar Cote, Albert Noble, Kid Lewis, Walter Demers, William (Speck-Hun-

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gry) Donovan, John (Gummy) Manion, William (General) McClelland and others too numerous to mention.

It was here that Kloby, our own Tommy, who is putting the old K. O. on the best of them now, fought Mulvey of Battery F, an ex-pugilist. The fight was to go ten rounds, but Kloby landed that old right cross of his on Mulvey's jaw in the sixth and Mulvey hit the mat, in a manner similar to that in which Phinney Boyle and Charlie Parker hit it. Battery C had bet their entire payroll against Battery F's payroll and this with the money the officers had put up amounted close on to 65,000 francs or approximately \$12,000 (dollars). You see we always backed the old boy to the limit and we're still with him, as the fight with Parker, in Boston, on June 16, 1919, proved.

A short time after this, the whole battery accompanied Tommy to Ecommoy, eight kilometers from Mayet, where he fought Stafford of Divisional headquarters five rounds. The decision was decided by two judges, who sat outside the ring. The man in the ring did not act as a referee, he simply broke the clinches. Kloby had the better of the fighting all the way through and even Stafford's supporters agreed that it was Kloby's fight, but the judges called it a draw. Kloby then asked that it go another round for a decision and it was agreed upon. This round was easily Kloby's. Stafford didn't have a chance, but the judges gave Stafford the decision. It was one of the rawest decisions ever given out and it nearly ended in a mob fight. Kloby then got up into the ring and said "I wish to announce that I'll fight Stafford any time, any place, for love, money or the glory of it and give him the best piece of change he ever saw in his life if he stays ten rounds with me." But Stafford did not accept the challenge.

About two weeks after this battle Kloby met Lajoie of the 103d F. A. at Mayet and defeated him in 10 rounds. Try as he might Kloby could not knock out the hard-hitting Lajoie, but he did best him on points. Kloby then offered to fight any number of rounds with Stafford after just finishing ten of the hardest rounds he ever fought and settle matters over their fight two weeks' previous. Stafford was in the crowd, but he did not accept the challenge.

About the first of March we were put on the priority list for home. There were all kinds of rumors afloat as to when

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we should leave, but most of them were mere heresay. Everything was put into readiness for the departure. Passenger lists were made out, service records looked up, supplementary records being made out to replace those which had been lost, final indorsements made, in fact all the paper work was cleaned up. There was no end of paper work and the clerks worked night and day for almost a month. It had been an easy matter to get into the army and to France, but it certainly was a tough job to get home and get out of the army.

About the middle of March, the Division was canvassed to get volunteers to stay six or eight months longer in France, in the M. P.'s, Army of Occupation and other branches. About 2000 Yankees remained behind. No one in Battery C stayed, however.

While in this area, quite a few of the boys received furloughs and enjoyed a vacation at some of the famous A. E. F. leave areas. After 18 months in France we were just getting the long promised and long-sought furloughs. But at this time most of the boys were pretty well disgusted with the army and the only furlough they wanted was to get home and get a discharge, which would be a furlough for life.

Just prior to leaving the Le Mans Embarkation Area, the entire division concentrated on a huge rifle range, just outside the town of Ecommoy, for a Divisional review. This was the first time in the history of the Yankee Division that the entire division assembled together for a review of all units. Previous to this time the 26th Division had no time for reviews and parades, we were too busy battling with the Huns, for this sort of thing.

The day set for the review, all units, began to concentrate at the assembling point. The further away the units were from the reviewing ground the earlier the start had to be. The 1st. Battalion, 102d F. A., of which Battery C was a unit, commenced the hike about 7.00 A. M. and as usual a light rain was falling. The battery had a hike of nine and one-half kilometers to make. This would have been nothing, if the rain factor had not entered into it. We had to hike over cow paths and through fields, where the mud and water was often over ankle deep.

We arrived at the rifle range about 10.00 A. M. and were immediately assigned to our place of formation. We were

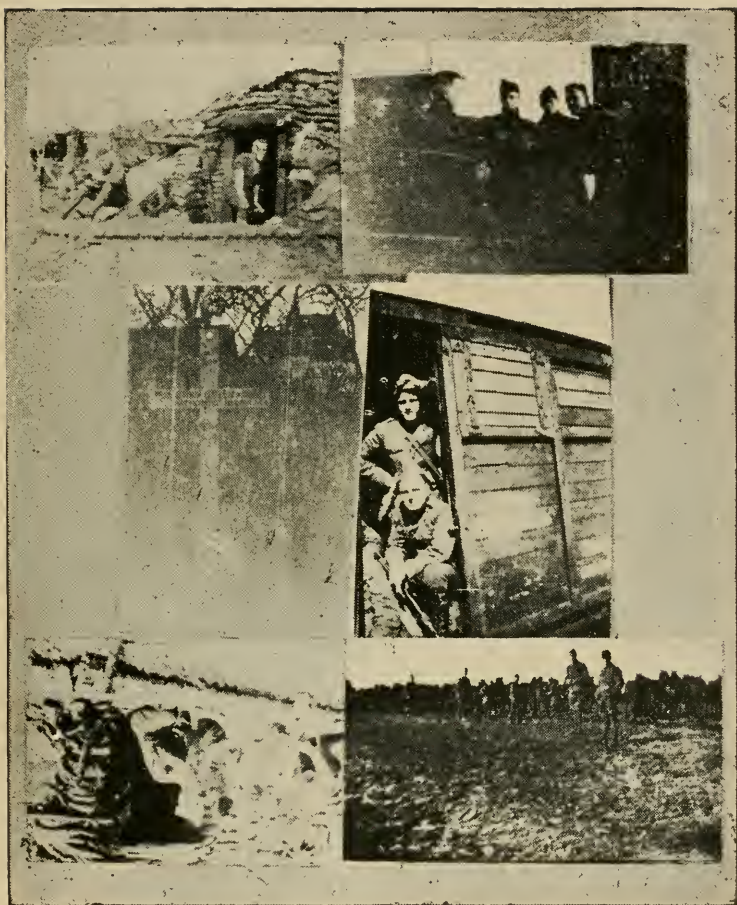
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standing on low, grassy, marshy ground and the water was ankle deep. The rain let up about noon, but there was no relief from the water and mud. We ate dinner, a jam sandwich and a drink from our canteen of water and waited until 2 P. M. for General Pershing to arrive, five hours in this mud, but the worst was yet to come. The review began, and General Pershing personally inspected every platoon in the Division, this taking up about three hours. About 5.15 P. M. everything was all set for the passing of the division in review. The different organizations had been formed in such a manner that at a single bugle call, every unit, every man in the Division moved off at exactly the same moment. It was the first time that close on to 40,000 men had moved as one by a single bugle call. The review was magnificent, despite the fact that everyone was wet through, cold and hungry. We had been in this condition before; it was no new experience to us and we knew how to carry on despite conditions, of this kind. The entire review went off without a hitch and had it been anyone else but General Pershing inspecting we certainly would have been highly complimented. We arrived back to our billets about 9.00 P. M. that same evening, after we had a good feed and a change of clothes we were ourselves once more.

About the 25th of March, we left the Le Mans area and struck out for Brest. For the first time we traveled in American box cars instead of French horse cars. The trip was of one day and one night duration. We detrained in Brest amid a pelting rain and after a hike of about six kilometers arrived at the camp. We were quartered in pyramidal tents. This was the first time we had used tents in France. The system at Brest was fine; they had everything down to perfection and there was no confusion. Corp. McGinnis was in a hospital here and after a great deal of trouble on his part and influence on the part of Captain Howe, Bill joined the Battery once more.

The second day in Brest was a fine one and the sun shone brightly. It was the first time the sun had shone in four months. It must have been because the Yankee Division was there.

We remained in Brest but two days. The authorities at Brest said that we went through there quicker than any other troops ever did.



Upper Left: Corp. William McGinnis and Pvt. Joseph Lonergan, Toul Sector; Upper Right: (Kloby) in training Mayet, France. Left to Right: Wm. Donovan, John Manion, Patrick Collins and (Kloby) Thomas Corcoran; Center Left: Grave of Pvt. Arthur Dyer, La-Ferte, Haute Marne, France; Center Right: Cpl. Ed. D. Sirois and Sgt. John J. McCarthy, in a French, (Palace) car (?); Lower Left: A cootie hunt upside down, Left to Right: Cook Wm. Carney, Corp. Wm. McGinnis, Pvt. Joseph Lonergan and Mus. Arthur Morin; Lower Right: Echelon at Toul Sector: 1st. Sgt. John G. Sheehan and Cpl. James Dick in foreground. (Photos by Authors).

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On March 31, 1919, at about 10.00 A. M. we were loaded on a ferry and later carried out into the Harbor, where the U. S. S. Mongolia was awaiting us. At 5.00 P. M. this same day the propellers of the Mongolia commenced to revolve and we were on our way home at last.

There was very little of note that took place on the way home. The first night out we sat and watched the light houses of France grow more and more distant, until they were out of sight altogether. Conditions were remarkably good on the Mongolia. Two meals were served each day and the food was fairly good. The quarters were 100 p. c. better than on the Finland, 19 months before, and the ventilation was excellent. Band concerts were given by our own band, the 103d F. A. band and the ship's band. Moving pictures were shown and boxing bouts were staged. One thing that was a Godsend was a canteen on board, where luxuries could be purchased at a reasonable price. We were allowed all the lights that we wanted at night and smoking was allowed on the deck at all times. The weather was wonderful and there was very little seasickness.

Every day the speed of the boat, number of miles traveled and the number of miles yet to travel were posted and everyone watched these bulletins with immense interest. The boat did not go half fast enough to suit that cargo of battle-scarred veterans.

The last night, April 10, almost everyone sat up all night so as to be the first one to catch the first glimpse of dear old Boston, which we had not seen for nineteen months and which we thought many times that we should never see again. Fishing-smacks, sail-boats and many other small craft and sea-gulls had warned us all day that the desired haven was not a million miles away. We were without any doubt fast approaching "God's Country," the "Promised Land."

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CHAPTER XVIII

GOD'S COUNTRY

In the early hours of the morning, long before daylight, the myriads of lights flickering along the shore, gave us our first intimation that land was near. Just as dawn was breaking the pilot came alongside, boarded the transport and in a short while we were on our way up the harbor. Long before this, all the points of vantage were taken. Even the rigging was full of soldiers waiting for a glimpse of the city. A number of small boats came out and on board one of them was the one person whom every man on the ship wanted to see, Major General Edwards, the man whom we considered the real Commander of our division, whether he was relieved or not. We always spoke of him as the Divisional Commander of the "Fighting 26th." His first act after paying his compliments to the ship's Commander and other high officers on board was to get down on the lower decks with the enlisted men. To say that he was happy would be defining his expression of joy mildly. We, in turn, did not know just how to express our joy at seeing him and the shores of God's Country, now plainly visible in the distance. A large number of small water craft, plowing through the water with great speed and in a regular formation were approaching the transport. As they drew nearer they sounded their sirens and the men cheered in return. Standing on the decks of the submarine chasers were many yeowomen from the navy yard, whom we had never seen before and a lot of good natured jollyng took place, as the girls tried to throw fruit and doughnuts aboard. In the meantime, several larger boats came alongside, with relatives, sweethearts and friends from every New England state, with banners flying and bands playing, shouting the name of someone whom they expected would be on board. Orders were passed to these boats to take up their positions as escorts. A gun on one of the forts fired and at the sound of the report, wild cheers were given. This was the sunrise gun. Once more we started off amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, that we will never forget.

"RAW WITH FIGHTING BATTERY G. I. SAMS"

Amid whistles, bells, sirens, hands and the wild shouts of anxious people, we started for the docks. All that had taken place in the past eighteen months, now flashed before our eyes. We remembered all our hardships, but at the reception we received from our people, all was forgotten. We had heard of the wonderful reception, accorded troops arriving in New York, but our reception excelled them all. We did not wish to go to New York, when Boston was quite capable of receiving us. Besides, we wanted the people of New England to welcome us in one of their own seaports. As we came alongside the pier, a veritable barrage of doughnuts was thrown aboard. The pier was thronged with people who were being handled rather roughly by a number of M. P's. A howl of derision went up from the ship as the boys saw these big huskies, using strong arm methods to force the women back. Such remarks as, "What kept yer," and continual booing and cat calls greeted them. Gang-planks were run up and officers came aboard. Arrangements were made for men to go ashore whose relatives were waiting for them. Then, began a wild scramble for packs and equipment, while below deck, men were striving to push their heads through port holes to get a nearer view of some relative or friend on the dock. Just before noon the troops started ashore. Before boarding the trains we received free gifts from the Salvation Army, K. of C., Y. M. C. A. and Jewish Welfare Board and hot coffee and sandwiches were also served by the ever faithful Red Cross. The first Lawrence men to greet us were Armorer John Ryan, John Ahearn from the Eagle-Tribune, Byron T. Butler from the Lawrence Telegram, Andrew Minahan, from the Lawrence Sun-American and Willis McNulty also a representative of the Eagle-Tribune. Trains were in waiting for us,—passenger coaches—what a difference from what we had been accustomed to, travelling hundreds of miles, in rickety old horse cars with the ever present stench which never left the cars once they had been used for horses and cattle. The strangest thing of all was to see so many civilians and hear them talking to us in our own language.

The hustle and bustle of American life was very noticeable, compared with the easy going French methods of transacting business. The train pulled out on its way to Camp Devens. The trip through the large and small towns, which the train

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

passed through, will always remain as one of our brightest and most pleasant memories. Thousands of men, women and children, lined the route with cakes and fruit. The little children cheered and waved flags and seemed the happiest of all; it was wonderful. The camp was reached in the early afternoon. We were assigned to tents until we had gone through the delousing plant, after which we were assigned to regular barracks. That night passes were issued to a limited number of men, most of whom proceeded to Lawrence in machines, with friends and relatives, who had been waiting for them. During the afternoon, relatives and friends of the boys were streaming into the camp; mothers were clasped in the arms of their sons, weeping with joy; sweethearts embraced each other; friends were shaking hands; all were so happy. The following day, many of the boys were on the streets, trying to get accustomed to the street cars, real sidewalks and rushing into the stores. From that time on, passes were issued so that all the men could get to Lawrence, but that fact,—the passes,—did not bother the Battery C, boys, passes or no passes they went to Lawrence just the same.

The barracks in Devens were the finest we had ever seen, steam heat, hot and cold showers, the mess hall with tables, plenty of good wholesome food, clubhouses of every description—soldiering in camp Devens was certainly far different from soldiering on the other side.

April 22nd we were tendered a reception by the citizens of Lawrence. At first a parade was contemplated, but the War Dept. prevented this, stating that no parades could be held, until the big Boston parade was over. This was a big disappointment, as preparations had already been made. The authorities compromised and we attended a reception instead. Battery C, Company F, many men from overseas divisions other troops, Company L, men from the navy, marine corps, and army nurses, in fact every branch of the service was represented. All along the route people were shouting themselves hoarse. We returned to the armory, where the Red Cross and St. Claire League provided us with refreshments and dancing followed.

April 27th our last divisional review was held at Camp Devens, where our colors were decorated and when forty-five

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men were also decorated with the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross. All the Governors of the New England States were present at this review which was very impressive. The massed bands of the divisions furnished the music, this huge band being in charge of Lieut. Russell, bandmaster of the 102nd. F. A. band. This was the last official military appearance of the famous FIGHTING YANKEE DIVISION. The troops were reviewed by Major General Harry C. Hale and Major General Clarence R. Edwards. The men turned out with steel helmets and packs and it was a magnificent sight to see column after column pass by the reviewing stand, with colors flying and steel bayonets, glistening in the sunlight. Each man felt a certain amount of pride in the work and accomplishments of the 26th which was composed of men in all walks in life. They were soon going to return to their offices, workshops and farms, proud in the thought, that the division to which they belonged had written one of the brightest pages in the military history of the Army of the United States. Each of the New England States, which had contributed their men to the YANKEE DIVISION, could point with pride to them, those men who fought with the division in France.

WELCOME HOME BY GENERAL EDWARDS

Welcome, you stout hearted lads.

There is not a day since I returned that I have not been telling of your splendid deeds. I have told your mothers that you returned clean and clear physically, morally and mentally, that you have been nearer your God in those desperate ten months than since you left your mothers' knee.

I have told everybody that you have seen others' countries and many things—that it has taught us all the benefit of our institutions—that you have seen Boche propaganda and will be the quickest to recognize the same stuff here in the guise of the I. W. W. Bolsheviki literature as used to be dropped in our lines called the "Ardenne Gazette"—that you can't be fooled, and that I hope you will take charge of this country.

Signed

C. R. EDWARDS.

—Boston Post, April 20, 1919.

SMASHING THROUGH THE WORLD WAR

GOV. COOLIDGE'S WELCOME HOME MESSAGE
To the Officers and Men of the 26th Division
The noble deeds of all the sons of our State are firmly written on the pages of American History. You have added a new glory to them. The homage done you is a symbol of what we shall show to all of our boys who have served their State and Country so patriotically and with a devotion that will never die.
Signed, CALVIN COOLIDGE
Boston Post, April 20, 1919.
GREETING TO THE 26th DIVISION EXTENDED BY
SEC. OF WAR BAKER

New England is to be congratulated upon the return of the 26th Division which it furnished to the American Expeditionary forces. During its active service in France from Feb. 1918 until Victory had been finally achieved, it contributed with heroism and distinction to the final and glorious result. It embarked under its commander, Major Clarence R. Edwards, in Sept. 1917, and after training in France was associated with the 11th French Army Corps.

It is gratifying to be able to record that the French Associates of this Division have furnished enthusiastic testimony in praise of the bravery and devotion to duty which characterized the service of the 26th. The 26th, served with the 11th French Army Corps until moved to the district of Toul, where it took over the sector which was previously occupied by the first Division of United States troops. In July, as a part of the 6th French Army, it participated in active offensive operations including the attack North of the Marne, and had a distinguished important part in the famous battles of St. Mihiel and the Argonne.

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No section of a proud and grateful country has a clearer title to the pride and gratitude with which its returned heroes are welcomed than have the relatives, friends and towns-people of the boys of the 26th.

It was hard, perilous service which this Division was called upon to give. It is a pleasure to attest the fine quality of this service throughout, and all beholders concur in admiration of the work which the 26th did.

The pride and joy cannot but be touched with sadness. Some who went do not return; others wear the chevron of gold on their right sleeve and unfortunately there are some who need no chevrons to tell us of their wounds.

I am proud to join with the people of New England in welcoming home the 26th Division, men and heroes, partners in the achievement of a glory and the performance of a duty for which our gratitude will be echoed by generations long after us.

Signed

NEWTON D. BAKER

War Dept. Washington April 1919.

—Boston Post, April 20, 1919.

ROSTER OF BATTERY C AT THE TIME OF THEIR ARRIVAL HOME

OFFICERS

Captain William F. Howe, Jr., 207 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

1st. Lt. Earl E. Jensen, 140 Clinton Ave., Salt Lake City.

1st. Lt. Thompson Dean, Stamford, Conn.

2nd. Lt. George L. Bell, Jr., Fulton County Ct. House, Atlanta, Ga.

2nd. Lt. Paul E. Doty, 419 Maple Ave., Lynn, Mass.

2nd. Lt. Wm. A. Scarlett, 37 Lake Ave., Lynn, Mass.

2nd. Lt., Chas. D. Brown, 40 Chestnut St., Salem, Mass.

FIRST SERGEANT

Sheehan, John G., 285 Hight St., Lawrence, Mass.

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SERGEANTS

Borton, Eric B., 34 Loring St., Lawrence, Mass.
Yule, David D., 223 Main St., Andover, Mass.
Blanchette, Edgar, 41 Tyler St., Lawrence, Mass.
Fegerus, George H., 66 Ysaka St., Worcester, Mass.
Pageau, Joseph A., 52 Railroad St., Lawrence, Mass.
Lorden, Daniel A., 52 Railroad St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hart, William I., 10 Phillips St., Lawrence, Mass.
Calvert, Hartley L., R. F. D. 1, Salem, N. H.
Menzie, William, 440 Haverhill St., Lawrence, Mass.
Carson, Robert G., R. F. D. 1, Ellington, Conn.
Rinehart, Joseph M., 296 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.
Lynch, Edward J., 136 Bowdoin St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hamel, Raymond W., 14 Butler St., Lawrence, Mass.
Churchill, John A., 194 Front St., Exeter, N. H.

CORPORALS

Ferguson, John L., 153 Prospect St., Lawrence, Mass.
Perkins, John Calvin, Route 2, Mansfield, Texas.
Topping, Henry, 30 Nesmith St., Lawrence, Mass.
Innis, James, 67 Warren St., Lawrence, Mass.
Poole, Charles, 35 Park St., Lawrence, Mass.
Noble, Albert, 42 Texas Ave., Lawrence, Mass.
Jordan, William E., 155 Salem St., Lawrence, Mass.
Lacey, Thomas F., 192½ Park St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hadden, Augustine L., 71 Crescent St., Lawrence, Mass.
McDonald, Harold J., 15 Crawford St., Lowell, Mass.
Manion, John F., 3 Bunkerhill St., Lawrence, Mass.
Brochu, Edward, 10 Hobson St., Methuen, Mass.
Barry, Timothy J., 102 Saratoga St., Lawrence, Mass.
Rahilly, Michael J., 311 Hampshire St., Lawrence, Mass.
Connors, Charles N., 66 Texas Ave., Lawrence, Mass.
McDonough, William E., 64 Oregon Ave., Lawrence, Mass.
Cote, Wilfred, 57 Cross St., Lawrence, Mass.
Dick, James, 3 Cuba St., Andover, Mass.
Demers, Walter W., 30 Orchard St., Dover, N. H.
Wyman, Mark W., 43 Falmouth St., Lawrence, Mass.
Poole, Harry, 58 Trenton St., Lawrence, Mass.
Faucher, Rene E., 17 Daisey St., Lawrence, Mass.
McGinnis, William, 115 Spruce St., Lawrence, Mass.

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CHIEF MECHANICIAN

Strout Ralph E., R. F. D. 5, Belfast, Me.

MECHANICIANS

Hayes, William J., 83 Easton St., Lawrence, Mass.

Martin, William G., 107 Nesmith St., Lawrence, Mass.

Belisle, George R., 477 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

SADDLER

Dion, Camille, 161 West St., Lawrence, Mass.

HORSESHOERS

Regan, John J., 85 So. Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.

Murphy, Michael, 1 Bennington St., Lawrence, Mass.

Desbiens, Pierre, 447 Bunkerhill, Lawrence, Mass.

WAGONER

Neal, Daniel, 5 Prospect St., Methuen, Mass.

COOKS

Rossi, Ralph, 119 Elm St., Lawrence, Mass.

Beaumier, Anthony, 218 Abbott St., Lawrence, Mass.

Vallone, Joseph, 303 North St., Boston, Mass.

Sequin, Albert, 72 Margin St., Lawrence, Mass.

BUGLERS

McGeoch, Raymond R., 17 Bond St., Gloucester, Mass.

Morin, Arthur, 48 Railroad St., Lawrence, Mass.

McCrellias, Wm. H., 1010 22nd. St., Rock Island, Ill.

PRIVATES (First Class)

Coakley, Joseph, 167 Salem St., Lawrence, Mass.

Anderson, Andrew G., R. F. D. Box 72, Biwabik, Minn.

Bowden, Bernard J., Castine, Maine

Thibault, Henry, 31 Crosby St., Lawrence, Mass.

Bjorlin, Wm., Anoka, Minn.

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McCarthy, James, 157 Duep St., No. Plainfield, N. J.
Green, Harry, R. F. D. L, No. Adams, Mass.
Corcoran, Thomas F., Contoocook, N. H.
Fitzgerald, Harold A., 460 Water St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hubbard, Melvin H., R. F. D., Minty, Me.
Laycock, Robert E., 32 Melrose St., Lawrence, Mass.
Miller, Arthur M., Ausable Forks, New York.
Peel, Thomas H., 149 Tenney St., Methuen, Mass.
Leslie, Harry F., 69 Fern St., Lawrence, Mass.
Theroux, Lee, Red Lake City, Minn.
Miles, Charles E., 26 Main St., Worcester, Mass.
Ingle, James, 9 Chelmsford St., Methuen, Mass.
Hayes, Francis P., 83 Eaton St., Lawrence, Mass.
Rourke, Frank, 55 Ames St., Chicopee, Mass.
Hoffman, Otto A., 47 Storrow St., Lawrence, Mass.
Knight, Roland P., R. F. D. 1, No. Hampton, Mass.
Coughlin, Edward, 42 Crosby St., Lawrence, Mass.
Collins, Fred J., 16 Turner St., Lawrence, Mass.
Gardner, Harold A., 34 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.
Donovan, William D., 104 Jackson St., Lawrence, Mass.
Bachand, Edward, 40 Norton St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hajjar, George M., 17 Pine St., Lawrence, Mass.
Poole, Ben, 58 Tenney St., Methuen, Mass.
Anderson, Arnold S., Anola, Minn.
Provencher, John, 2 Blanchard St., Lawrence, Mass.
Beatty, Arthur E., 923 Lake Ave., South Duluth, Minn.
Mercier, Throphile, 27 Riverside Ave., Beverly, Mass.
Frazier, Charles, 19 Rowell St., Madison, Me.
Polito, Vincent, 124 Federal St., Providence, R. I.
Dowd, Francis, 99 Abbott St., Lawrence, Mass.
Carney, Leo L., 156 Margin St., Lawrence, Mass.
Dugan, James J., Highland Road, Andover, Mass.
Hull, Josiah, 317 Lawrence St., Lawrence, Mass.
Alquist, Bert, Luinnesec, Michigan.
Carroll, Timothy, 310 Salem St., Lawrence, Mass.
Tordoff, Richard E., 137 Phillips St., Methuen, Mass.
Beaulieu, Rosario J., 44 Tremont St., Lawrence, Mass.
Devine, James J., 149 Foster St., Lawrence, Mass.
Kavanah, John A., 81 Arnold St., Lawrence, Mass.
McCeland, Wm. H., 465 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

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PRIVATES

Stuby, Tony, Willets Ave., 807 River, N. J.
 Bitler, Earl N., 176 Abbott St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Alkire, Ernest C., Richwood, West Virginia.
 Sedar, Bruno, 237 Prospect St., Lawrence, Mass.
 O'Brien, John F., 22 Bromfield St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Beanland, Frank, 88 Chemsford, Methuen, Mass.
 Lewis, Wm. J., 1373 Noe St., San Francisco, Cal.
 Robberts, Luther S. Y., Route 3, Scottsboro, Alabama
 Anderson, George, Route 1, Box 59, Carleton, Minn.
 Botten, Gilbert, 1623 Piedmont Ave., Duluth, Minn.
 Bakken, Roy, 1 East Sixth St., Duluth, Minn.
 Lavin, Patrick, 121 Calumet St., Boston, Mass.
 Brown, John, 5215 Roosevelt St., West Duluth, Minn.
 Silbio, Rocco, Tucca, Italy.
 Blomquist, Charles, Box 274, Eveleth, Minn.
 Hutton, Albert D., 45 Forest St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Sweeney, Charles F., 88 Cedar St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Johnson, Chester E., Route 4, York, Nebraska.
 Conway, Frank, 81 School St., Winchendon, Mass.
 Schwarzenberg, Norman, 1476 Ansel Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Martin, Louis O., 4 Westland Ave., Methuen, Mass.
 Collins, Arthur J., 413 Andover St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Ellsmore, James S., 32 Ringgold St., Providence, R. I.
 Lowe, Guy, R. F. D. 3, Peru, Ind.
 Parent, Alfred L., 7 Eastern Ave., Northampton, N. H.
 Harding, Tolbert, War Eagle, West Virginia.
 Lowry, John N., Blair, Virginia.
 Webb, Patrick H., 129 Bennington St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Curtin, Warren G., 32 Avon St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Kothe, Fred H., 942 Lucas St., Muscatine, Iowa.
 Payson, Frank R., 9 Washington St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Belawsky, Michael A., 25 Howard St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Mielke, John A., Hendrick St., E. Hampton, Mass.
 Retelle, Edward A., 17 Durham St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Barrow, John W., 494 Ridge St., Fall River, Mass.
 Blunt, Charley, Plum City, Wisconsin.
 Smith, Ray B., Fullerton, Nebraska.
 Ruane, Michael, 1233 Sanchez St., San Francisco, Cal.
 Gleason, Fred A., 102 Walnut St., Lawrence, Mass.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

Beletsky, Andrew, 182 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Keeling, Thomas, 1422 Kenwood Ave., Camden, N. J.
Crawford, Percival S., 332 Pelham St., Lawrence, Mass.
Rainville, George, 82 Farley St., Lawrence, Mass.
Carter, Ernest E., 16 Madison St., Methuen, Mass.
Ruhl, Henry Herman, Vicus, Missouri.
Straman, Geo. Henry, 139 Alexandra, Pike Ft., Thomas, Ky.
Hill, William M., Smithville, West Virginia.
Long, Dewey L., R. F. D., Casanova, Wisconsin.
Hurrell, Frederick D., 70 Oakland Ave., Methuen, Mass.
Ryan, Patrick J., 141 Foster St., Lawrence, Mass.
Randall, Leon N., 130 Cross St., Lawrence, Mass.
Linnehan, Mathew J., 220 Salem St., Lawrence, Mass.
Davies, Thomas, 4 Buxton Ct., Andover, Mass.
Ring, Eyle O., R. F. D. 2, Castlewood, Virginia.
Peyton, Henry W., Sinia, Kentucky.
Tatum, Russell A., Critz, Virginia.
Beaulier, Henry, 5611 Main St., West Duluth, Minn.
Dyer, Phillip A., 71 Sherman St., Portland, Me.
Bowen, Leonard A., 149 Grosvenor, Providence, R. I.
Anderson, Leslie, 125 Osgood St., Lawrence, Mass.
O'Brien, James F., 395 Park St., Lawrence, Mass.
Lorden, Frank J., 751 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.
Kane, James J., 50 Lowell St., Methuen, Mass.
Seymore, Grover C., R. F. D. 1, Box 17, Pennington Gap, Vir
Brewer, Ray L., 4830 West Fifth St., N. Y.
Hamilton, Thomas, Big Boone, Boone County, Ky.
Aho, Andrew, 102 Lincoln St., Hibbing, Minn.
Riley, Phillip J., 82 South Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.
O'Grady, James A., 125 Exchange St., Lawrence, Mass.
Poudrier, Alcide J., 286 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.
Delbrudge, Bernard, 2369 Wood St., Wheeling, West Virginia.
Bloomquist, Harden, Lake Nebagamon, Wis.
Joyce, Joseph, 3 Merrill St., Methuen, Mass.
Acquard, Alfred A., Goodhire, Minn.
O'Neil, John J., 98½ Tremont St., Lawrence, Mass.
Mich, Peter, 17 Currier St., Lawrence, Mass.
Mahoney, James, 24 Simpson Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Rourke, Frank, 96 West Sixth St., Lowell, Mass.
Avery, Leslie L., R. F. D. 1, Sedalia, Ind.

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Heffernan, William, 76 Bunkerhill St., Lawrence, Mass.
Bradley, James W., 46 Butler St., Lawrence, Mass.
Surface, Luther G., Petersburg, Boone County, Ky.
Gagnon, Wilfred, 33 Crosby St., Lawrence, Mass.
Hartman, Henry, 98 East Haverhill St., Lawrence, Mass.
Magri, Pietro, R. F. D. 1, Williamsburg, Ohio.
Belanger, Albert, 36 Dracut St., Lawrence, Mass.
Slattery, Herbert J., 12 Elizabeth St., Lawrence, Mass.
Moynihan, Daniel F., 14 Trento St., Lawrence, Mass.
Grey, George A., 62 Washington St., Lawrence, Mass.
Berube, Patrick, 603 Andover St., Lawrence, Mass.
St. Pierre, Omer, 302 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.
McNamee, John A., 46 Margin St., Lawrence, Mass.
Cote, James M., 57 Crosby St., Lawrence, Mass.
Boissoneau, Andrew, 155 Weare St., Lawrence, Mass.
Asselin, Albert, 34 Chester St., Lawrence, Mass.
Silverstein, Benjamin, 53 Sullivan St., Rochester, N. Y.
Bevington, William, 36 Manchester St., Lawrence, Mass.
Bowen, Franklin G., 6 Sidney St., Dorchester, Mass.
Muzio, Edward L., 2330 Grant St., Berkeley, Cal.
Coia, Bernard, 75 Oak St., Lawrence, Mass.
Weiner, Maurice, 206 West Ninth St., N. Y.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

HEINRICH W. W.

CHAPTER XIX

DEMobilIZATION

About April 20th the real work of demobilization began. Almost all the troops had been allowed liberty until this date. Now began the toughest battle we'd ever fought. The Battle of Paperwork.

The details in battery, company and regimental offices, were doubled and then tripled in strength. Sleep was out of the question, it was work all night, to clean up all the intricate work demanded by the discharging officers. It reminded one of the front once more. Runners were running here and there with papers of all kinds inquiring for someone that could not be found, everyone was active. All kinds of "trick orders," were issued which no one understood.

Final statements and payrolls had to be made out, final endorsements had to be put on the Service records, records of service etc, looked up, discharges made out, back pay figured out, for men who through some mistake or misunderstanding had not been paid for sometime, mistakes of which there were countless numbers, in allotments and War Risk Insurance had to be corrected, rating cards had to be revised, men who lived in other parts of the country, outside of New England and had come to the division as replacements, had to be transferred to the camps nearest their homes, for discharge, ration returns figured out, property accounted for and to the sorrow of every Battery and Company Commander the unit funds audited and all the accounts straightened out, in fact a hundred and one things had to be done. The amount of work that discharge entailed is almost unbelievable and if the war had not turned the officers gray, this came very near to it and almost made them nervous wrecks to boot. It seemed as if this endless job would never be completed, but when the time came everything was done satisfactorily to the letter, as the Yankee Division always did everything.

During this period, photographers flocked to Camp Devens and the boys had their pictures taken, singly, in groups and as units.

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On April 24 the Infantry half of the division went to Boston and stayed that day and night, in preparation for the big parade the next day. They were allowed liberty on the night of the 24th and journeyed back to Devens immediately after the parade. The other half, including the Artillery left the Camp on the morning of April 25th. Upon arriving in Boston they immediately took up their post of formation on the banks of the Charles River and awaited the order to move.

It was a raw cold day, with a stiff, cold wind blowing. We were nearly frozen to death waiting four hours for the parade to start as we did not wear overcoats, the dress for the parade being blouses and light skeleton packs. The civilians around the formation points have our heartfelt thanks for the manner in which they treated us. We were invited into their homes to get warm and not satisfied with doing this alone, they treated us to good hot coffee and sandwiches. The K. of C., Salvation Army, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. were also on the job, and passed out hot coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, tobacco, cigarettes and other sweets and luxuries, on the streets.

At the appointed time, 1.00 P. M., the parade commenced with past Commander Major General Clarence R. Edwards and the present Commander Major General Harry C. Hale, leading. Our own General, our "Grand Old Man," was mounted on a white charger and he was shown once again that the people of New England practically worshipped him, "The Man Who Had Led New England's Own to Victory."

The parade was one of the greatest that Boston had ever seen. Despite the unsuitable weather, one of the largest crowds Boston had ever held, was on hand from every corner of New England. Never before had the "Old Hub" seen such a gala day. Never before was she decorated as she was on this occasion and never before were true heroes welcomed in a more fitting and glorious manner than the Yankees were received on this sacred day, April 25th, 1919. A day that will never be forgotten by either the returned "vets" who paraded or the joyous multitude of mothers, wives, fathers, sisters, brothers, and sweethearts, who looked on and shouted themselves hoarse.

Immediately following the parade the Infantry of the Division returned to Camp Devens. The Artillery remained over the night of April 25th. The 102nd F. A. with Battery C

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marched to the Newton Street or East Armory, where they were to billet for the night. Very few remained at the Armory, however. Equipment was thrown off and every one given liberty until 9 A. M. Saturday morning. It is sufficient to say that Boston was thrown wide open to us and that we'll never forget that night.

Saturday morning, April 26th, we entrained and arrived about noon at Camp Devens.

Monday, April 28th, the Infantry of the Division was discharged. Tuesday, April 29th, the rest of the Division, including the Artillery, threw off the shackles of war and became civilians once more.

Trucks furnished by the business men of Lawrence, under the personal direction of Mayor John J. Hurley, met the battery boys immediately after they were discharged and carried them and their equipment to our own dear old home town, Lawrence.

GENERAL SHERBURNE'S ORDER HEADQUARTERS 51ST FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE

Camp Devens, Mass.

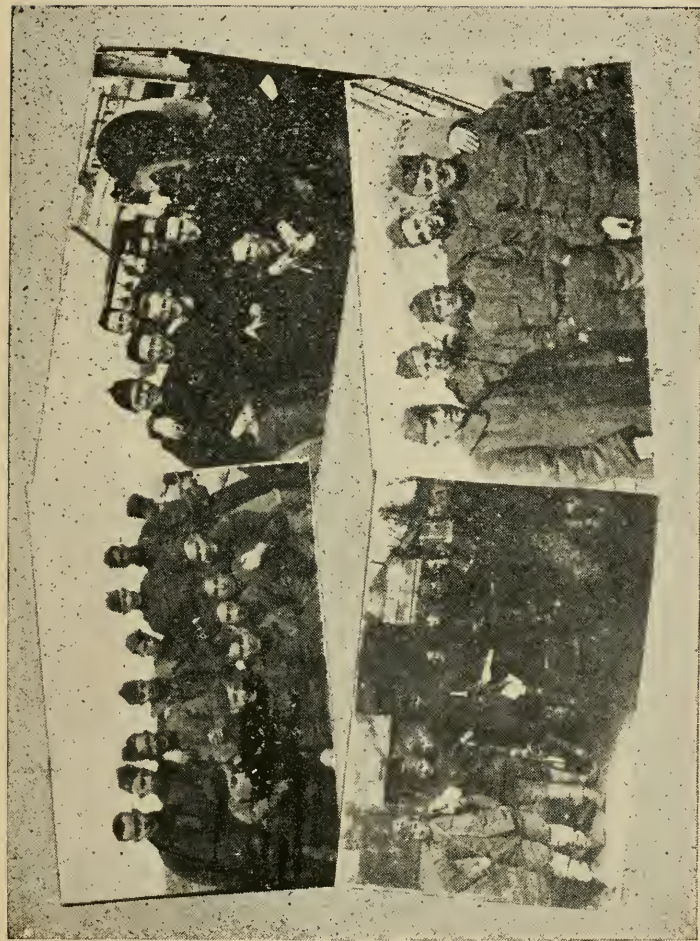
April 25, 1919.

GENERAL ORDER

NO 4

1. Upon the eve of the release of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade from Federal Service, it is fitting that there be on record in the files of the organization a tribute to the magnificent accomplishments of the officers and men who contributed so gloriously to its success.

This Brigade was the first New England unit to fire against the enemy in the Great World War: this Brigade was the first National Guard unit to fire against the enemy; this Brigade made the greatest single and continuous advance into enemy territory of any unit in the United States Army; this Brigade served continuously in the line, in the line of support "en route," with the exception of twelve days, from Feb. 1, 1918 to November 11th, 1918, a total of 284 days, a record unparalleled



Upper Left: On the Mongolia, Mid-Ocean, coming home, left to right standing: Unknown, Pvt. Wm. Donovan, Phillip Riley; Corp. John Manion, Pvt. Patrick Collins, Tommy (Kloby) Corcoran, Norman Barteaux; Kneeling: Pvt. Frank Payson, Richard Tordoff, Patrick Berube, Wm. Heffernan, Bruno Sedar, John F. O'Brien; Upper Right—same boat—Left to right: Standing, Pts. Ernest Carter, Phil. Riley, John Kavanah, Thomas Lacey, Henry Thibault, Frank Payson; Sitting, Pvt. Daniel Danany; Lower Left: Mail day in one of our many (?) rest camps, left to right, Pvt. Bernard Cola, Lt. then Corp. Edward D. Sirois, Pts. Leo L. Carney, Henry Judge; Corp. Wilfred Cote, Pts. Edward Coughlin, Michael Belavsky; Sgt. Wm. F. Weinhold, Pts. Frank Payson, Irving Craven; Lower Right—Mongolia—Homeward bound, left to right: Sgt. Raymond Hamel, Pvt. Louis O. Martin, Mus. Arthur Morin, Pvt. John Kavanah and Corp. Rene E. Faucher. Photos taken by the authors.

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by any similar unit of the Army. Often weary, sleepless and exhausted, officers and men showed an unfailing spirit of courage, determination and cheerfulness typifying the very highest standard of American ideals.

I congratulate the officers and men of the Brigade and I thank them, as I know their former Brigade Commanders would do, for their loyalty and co-operation from the 25th day of July, 1917, to this, the date of my separation from them.

I know that this Brigade will take back into civil life the qualities they have demonstrated and will prove as worthy citizens as they have soldiers

John H. Sherburne,
Brigadier General U. S. A.
Commanding 51st Field Artillery Brigade.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

CHAPTER XX

BACK TO CIVIES

The transformation from Army to Civil life was quickly effected, that is, as far as removing the uniform was concerned, although the rigid discipline of the past two years held us in check somewhat. Civilian clothes did not make civilians out of the men at once. The transformation was gradual. The men were lost at first. There were no bugle calls to answer. One did not have to be on the lookout constantly for an officer, so that he would be sure to salute him before he got by. It was all so strange in these first moments of joy, that one was inclined to rebel at the military discipline of the past two years, but when he allowed cool deliberate judgment to have sway, he began to realize, perhaps for the first time, that while the army had deprived him of many privileges and luxuries, he also realized that he was a better man for his experiences. If a stranger felt like criticising the army, at this time, and gave vent to his feelings, he was apt to be one of its staunchest supporters.

One of the most pleasant features of our return to civil life was the banquet and ball tendered to the Battery, by the Companies K and M and Battery C Veterans association. This was in the form of a reunion of the past and present members—the men who had founded this wonderful organization and had kept it going—the men who had gradually dropped out and given their places to the younger generation—the men who had kept alive the traditions of the old Battery and made it famous in the old days—the men who had answered the call in '98 and the men who had answered the call in '17 and had proved that the old spirit born and instilled in this Battery by these older men was still alive—the men who had written a new page in the history of this great National Guard Organization.

The reception was held in the city hall. Judge Louis S. Cox, a former Captain of the battery was toastmaster of the evening, and many prominent men in public life were among the guests present, including Lt. Gov. Channing Cox, Brig.

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Gen'l. John H. Sherburne, commander of the 51st. F. A. Brigade, the Artillery of the Yankee Division, Col. John F. J. Herbert, commander of the 102nd F. A. of which battery C was a part and also State Chairman of the American Legion and Mayor John J. Hurley. The banquet was a great success and the Veteran's Association deserve great credit for the manner in which the affair was conducted, but then, this Association has always made a wonderful success of every affair of this kind that it has ever run, as the present members of the battery may well testify. Each man in the battery received an application to fill out in regard to joining the Veterans Association with all dues paid up to January 1st, 1920. This was very thoughtful of our Vets and typical of that fine organization and the Battery boys greatly appreciated their comradeship. During the course of the evening the Battery boys had an opportunity to show Capt. Howe, our fighting skipper, in what esteem he was held by his boys. Corp. William McGinnis, in behalf of the men, presented him with a gold watch and chain. Capt. Howe commanded the respect of not only the men under him, but also that of his superior officers. He was first of all a man, secondly an officer.

Just about the time that the Yankee Division was released from service, the fifth Victory Liberty Loan was under way. Many of the local soldiers who had taken off the uniform and had sworn that they would never put it on again because they had seen enough of the army, now showed their true spirit and donned the O. D. once again and helped to put this loan over the top. They spoke on the streets, from tanks and on the corners and it did not even phase these battle scared warriors to get up in the crowded theatres and speak for this last great Drive.

When the chance came along to repay in a very small measure the good done for us by our good and faithful friends, the Salvation Army, the soldiers responded magnificently. Lt. Charles Lannigan was chairman of the committee and the ladies of Lawrence and the different Ladies' societies gave willingly of their services, time and money, for this great cause.

Memorial Day 1919, will be long remembered. On this day of National mourning, veterans of three great wars, marched through our streets gathered at the cemeteries and paid hom-

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

age to the veterans and heroes that had answered the last great call on the field of battle.

Battery C made a remarkable record in the World War. We have done our best to try to give you just a little insight into it. We realize now, as we did when we commenced this tremendous task, that it is a job too great for us to tackle; we cannot do justice to this organization and to the Yankee Division, it has been impossible for us to find words to express our thoughts, feelings and experiences. We trust, dear reader, that you will at least get a faint idea of what Battery C and the Yankee Division went through in the world war and that it will help you to see what crimes, atrocities, sufferings and hardships go hand in hand with the cruel scourge of WAR.

May the record of this organization always prove an inspiration to the young men of our City, State and Country and may they always stand up for the rights of America as these boys have done.

Remember—"MY COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT
BUT RIGHT OR WRONG—MY COUNTRY."

NOTHING GOES, BUT 100 PER CENT AMERICANISM
—SEE THAT YOU YOURSELF ARE 100 PER CENT AND
THEN **DEMAND** THAT THE NEXT MAN TO YOU BE ONE
ALSO.

In writing of the closing hours of the 26th Division, it is both fitting and proper, to recall to the reader's mind, the fact that thousands of our comrades have paid the supreme sacrifice and are buried in the soil of France, to which they consecrated their lives. These are the true heroes of DEMOCRACY; they gave their lives cheerfully with the YANKEE DIVISION SPIRIT, and fell with their faces toward the enemy's lines. May we hope and pray that the CAUSE for which they gave the most valuable and cherished of God's gifts—LIFE—may result in that dream—a world in which every man, woman and child may lead the life which is the inherited right of all, born into this world—may it soon be realized.

There are others, the shattered and battered wrecks of humanity, returned from the war, who were the flower of

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AMERICAN MANHOOD. We ask that you use your influence and we ask you to see that these boys secure a SQUARE DEAL. They do not wish charity, they deserve something more. It was through their sacrifices that the Hun barbarians were prevented from perpetrating the same deeds of dishonor and causing the destruction and devastation, to our own city State and country, which has brought tears to the eyes of the American Soldier in his travels up and down the WESTERN BATTLE FRONT.

The American people have a lot to be thankful for which may be summed up in these few words. They were fortunate to have at least a FEW VOLUNTEER DIVISIONS IN FRANCE TO HOLD THE ENEMY UNTIL AMERICA'S GREAT ARMY WAS TRAINED AND READY TO STAND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH OUR BRAVE ALLIES WHO SUFFERED SO MUCH, DURING THE PREVIOUS YEARS OF THE WAR.

The parents, relatives, sweethearts and friends of the boys in Battery C, may always hold their heads erect. When the call came they answered to a man. America need have no fear of invasion, by a foreign foe as long as the spirit that carried all the Yankee Division units through the hard struggle to final victory, survives.

"I honor any man who in the conscious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn; the countenances of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold; but the sense of duty shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives, or the hearts of friends."

CHARLES SUMNER.

SMASHING THROUGH THE "WORLD WAR"

GENERAL STATISTICS

The rumor has been more or less prevalent as regards the treatment, that the Yankee Division received in France, at the hands of the High Command. To be sure, those on the outside, did not know what was going on, in the inside. But this we do know for certain, that the Yankees were slighted time and again. It seemed as though someone took an especial delight in antagonizing our Division and our gallant officers.

Everytime that we operated with the French, we always received high praise, compliments and many citations and decorations. Why was it that our own American High Command, always slighted us? We never could dope it out. General Pershing, to the best of our knowledge, never singly cited or praised the 26th. When an operation was carried out, in which a number of Divisions had been employed, he would simply mention the fact, in the order issued, that the 26th took part in it. It is a strange contrast to view our citations by French generals and those by our own. It will be noticed that all the citations published in this book are those received from the French.

Whenever a list of men to be decorated was sent to G. H. Q. that list was always horribly, cut to pieces and men who deserved to be decorated came home without them. We recall several instances where two men in the battery whom we have in mind were cited twice one after the other and all these two fellows ever received was a little sheet of paper issued by General Edwards, called a citation, in view of the fact that the High Command threw them down. Such occurrences were not the exception, but the rule.

Of all the generals that were in France, General Edwards was the only one who was not decorated. Why was this? The most gallant General that ever commanded any troops, the only man that we ever recognized as our divisional commander. A man with not a single enemy out of 40,000 men. A soldier, with the interests of his men at heart, who was always right up on the line when big things were going on, to encourage the men. Is it any wonder that the Yankee Division was the best division in France?

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A certain person most certainly made a terrible mistake when he relieved General Edwards and the other gallant 26th Division officers of their command. He must have thought that he could do such a thing and that, that would be the last of it, but he forget that he had the Yankees of Yankees to deal with and he also found out that the folks away back here in New England were ready to pick up our troubles and carry them on for us. The Yankee Division owes many thanks to Congressman Gallivan, Senator Walsh and all the others together with the people of New England for the wonderful manner in which they supported us here at home. After the crowning injustice, General Edwards losing his command coupled with the removal of Col. Logan and the other atrocities committed in our division it was the best thing that General Pershing could do, to keep away from the Yankee division, he was none too popular with the boys from New England.

The Yankee Division was the first of the National Guard and draft divisions ready for France.

The Yankee Division was the first of the National Guard and draft divisions to arrive in France.

The Yankee Division was the first fully equipped and completely organized division of the entire American Army to land in France.

The Yankee Division was beaten to France, by only the 1st. American Division, but this division was not complete when the Yankee Division arrived in France.

The Yankee Division was the first full division on the front.

The Yankee Division was the first full division to take over and occupy a complete divisional sector as a complete division.

The Yankee division was the first division to capture a German.

The Yankee Division was in the first battle that American troops participated in, in France. The Battle of Seichprey, on the Toul sector. The battle of Cantigny that the 1st division took part in did not occur until almost a month after the battle of Seichprey.

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The Yankee Division won the first American victory at Seicheprey. Cantigny was the second American victory and was won by the 1st American Division.

The Yankee Division was a unit of the first American Army Corps formed in the World War, the 1st American Army Corps.

The Yankee Division was a unit of the first American army formed in the World War, the 1st. American Army.

The following statistics were issued by Divisional headquarters in a general order and were posted on the bulletin boards of the different units, about the middle of January, 1919. The figures relating to the casualties, prisoners captured and material captured are only approximately correct, owing to the fact that complete reports were not be had at the time that the order was issued. The total casualties as given here are only 11,955, while the latest War Department orders bring the total up to over 14,000.

About August, 1917, Major General Clarence R. Edwards, then commanding the Northeastern Department, U. S. A., was commissioned by the War Department to undertake the organization and movement overseas of the new, to be formed 26th division.

The 26th Division was organized August 22, 1917, at Boston, Mass., from units of National Guard troops of the New England States and a small quota of National Army troops, from Camp Devens, Mass.

While in the United States the division trained at the following places:—

Divisional Headquarters	Boston
Headquarters troop	Boston
101st Signal Battalion	Boston
Headquarters 51st Inf. Brigade	Framingham
101st Infantry	Framingham

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102d Infantry New Haven, Conn.
102d Machine Gun Bn. Framingham
Headquarters 52d Inf. Brigade Westfield
103d Infantry Westfield
104th Infantry Westfield
103d Machine Gun Bn. Quonset, Pt. R. I.
101st Machine Gun Bn. Niantic, Conn.
51st F. A. Brigade Hdqs. Boxford
101st Field Artillery Boxford
102d Field Artillery Boxford
103d Field Artillery Boxford

The general officers commanding the division while in the United States were as follows:—

Divisional Comander—Major General Clarence R. Edwards

51st Inf. Brigade—Brig. General Peter E. Traub.

52d Inf. Brigade—Brig. General Charles H. Cole.

51st F. A. Brigade—Brig. General William L. Lassiter.

The General officers commanding the division while in France were as follows:—

Divisional Commanders:—

Major General Clarence R. Edwards until Oct. 25, 1918.

Brigadier General Frank E. Bamford.

Major General Harry C. Hale, commanding at demobilization.

51st Infantry Brigade:—

Brigadier General Peter E. Traub.

Brigadier General L. L. Durfee.

Brigadier General George H. Sheldon, commanding at demobilization.

52d Infantry Brigade:—

Brigadier General Charles H. Cole, commanding at demobilization.

Brigadier General George H. Sheldon.

51st Field Artillery Brigade:—

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Brigadier General William L. Lassiter

Brigadier General Dwight L. Altman.

Brigadier General Pelham D. Glassford.

Brigadier General John H. Sherburne commanding at demobilization.

The first troops sailed from Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 7, 1917, and landed at St. Nazaire, France, Sept. 21, 1917.

The division remained in the training area with headquarters at Neufchateau for about four months, during which time details of troops were engaged constructing hospitals, buildings, telephone lines, acting as labor detachments, assisting in organizing sections of the S. O. S. and otherwise making preparations for the army which began to arrive after Jan. 1, 1918.

Successive periods in line on the Western Front:

SUCCESSIVE PERIODS IN LINE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Date of Entry	Place	Sector	Date of Departure
Feb. 6, 1918	North of Soissons	Chemin-des-Dames	Mar. 21, 1918
	Brigaded with the French		
April, 3, 1918	North of Toul	La Reine and Boucq or Toul Battle of Seichprey and Battle of Xivray-Marvoison	June, 28, 1918
July, 10, 1918	Chateau-Thierry	Pas Fini Second Battle of the Marne	Inf. July, 25, 1918 Art. Aug. 4, 1918
Sept. 8, 1918	St. Mihiel	Rupt and Troyon—Battle of the St. Mihiel Salient	Oct. 8, 1918

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Oct, 18, 1918	North of Verdun	Neptune	Nov. 14, 1918
		Meuse-	
		Argonne	
		Offensive	

Aggregate time in the line—seven months or 210 days.

NOTE—The date of entry and date withdrawn as used above are the dates on which the command passed to or from the 26th division. This table does not in reality show the exact time which all units of the division served on the line. There were many instances where regiments and Brigades entered the lines several days in advance or remained several days after the passing of the command of the sector. Also during the nine months' service in the Zone of Advance from Feb. 6, 1918, to Nov. 14, 1918, the division spent only ten days in a rest area, just prior to the St. Mihiel Offensive. The balance of the time not actually spent in the line was consumed in moving from one sector to another or in support positions awaiting entry into the line.

Prisoners captured by the 26th division in battle:—

Officers	61
Other ranks	3087
Total	3148

NOTE this total is only approximately correct. The actual figures are not available at this time.

Among German material captured by the Yankee Division were the following:—

Field Artillery Pieces	31
Trench Artillery Pieces	23
Light and Heavy Machine Guns	163
Rifles	830
Total	1047

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The following casualty list of the 26th Division in Battle is not entirely correct. The total casualties of the 26th Division now numbers over 14,000.

	Officers	Men	Totals
Killed	78	1652	1730
Wounded Severely ...	100	3524	3624
Wounded Slightly	111	2708	2819
Gassed	113	3250	3363
Missing	10	273	283
Taken Prisoner	9	127	136
Totals	421	11,534	11,955

Grand Total 11,955.

ENEMY TERRITORY TAKEN IN BATTLE

Offensive	Date	Depth
Aisne-Marne or the Second Battle of the Marne	July 18-25, 1918	17.5 kilometers
St. Mihiel	Sept. 12-13, 1918	14 kilometers
Meuse-Argonne	Oct. 18 to Nov. 11, 1918	5.5 kilometers

Total depth of advance, 37 kilometers.

The 51st Field Artillery Brigade of the 26th Division, composed of the 101st F. A., 102d F. A. and the 103d F. A. and the Divisional Artillery operated with the division during all activities.

Following the relief of the division in the Aisne-Marne or Chateau-Thierry Offensive on July 25, 1918, the 51st Brigade kept on operating with the Infantry of the 29th, 42d and 4th divisions until relieved on August 4, 1918.

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The 51st F. A. Brigade made a total advance of 41 kilometers in the Chateau-Thierry Drive. This is by far the largest advance ever made by any similar unit of the American Army.

The total depth of advance of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade is 60.5 kilometers.

Important features of the land in the different sectors held by the Yankee division:

Chemin-des-Dames sector—

- (a) The Chemin-des-Dames
- (b) Fort Malmaison
- (c) Chavignon Valley
- (d) Laffoux Valley
- (e) Pinon Woods
- (f) Cheval Mont Hill
- (g) Aisne River
- (h) Rouge Maison (cave)
- (i) Rochepont (cave)

La Reine and Bouc or Toul Sector—

- (a) Montsec
- (b) Bois Brule (Apremont Woods)
- (c) Seichprey (Remieries Woods and Jury Woods)
- (d) Xivray-Marvoison
- (e) Dead Man's Curve
- (f) Hell's Half Acre

Aisne-Marne or Chateau Thierry Offensive—

- (a) Belleau Woods
- (b) Hill 190
- (c) Hill 204
- (d) Vaux
- (e) Bouresches railroad station
- (f) Trugny Woods
- (g) Epieds
- (h) Vesle River

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- (i) Croix Rouge Farm
- (j) St. Marie Farm
- (k) Fere Woods
- (l) Jaulgonne Fere-en-Tardonnois Highway
- (m) Sergy
- (n) Nesles
- (o) Fismes

St. Mihiel Offensive—

- (a) Rupt-en-Woerve
- (b) Rupt Woods
- (c) Nouilly
- (d) Les Eparge
- (e) Vigneulles
- (f) Hattonchatel
- (g) Dommartin
- (h) Bois-de-St. Remy
- (i) St. Remy

Meuse-Argonne Offensive—

- (a) Marcheville
- (b) Bois Belles
- (c) Hill 360
- (d) Bois d'Haumont
- (e) Bois d'Etrayes
- (f) Les Houppy Bois
- (g) La Wavrille
- (h) Bois de Ville derant Chaumont
- (i) Cote de Tolon

The 104th Infantry of the 26th Division, formerly the old 2d, 6th and 8th Mass. Infantry, M. V. M., after the battle in the Bois-Brule at Apremont, was cited in G. O. No. 737-A hq. 32d Army Corps (French) on April 29, 1918 and had its colors decorated with the Croix-de-Guerre by General Passaga of the French Army. At this time the 104th was the only American regiment in the entire American Army to have its colors decorated by a foreign Government.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

An outgrowth of the World War was a veteran association open to ex-soldiers, sailors, marines, army and navy nurses in fact all who can show an honorable discharge from the naval or military forces of the country, who took part in the great war, it gives all the opportunity to meet on a common ground, to weld the friendships formed during the war and it also gives a protecting agency for those who gave their service to the country, when it was in danger.

The American Legion was born in Paris. The first caucus was held in Paris March 15 to 17, 1919 and was attended by nearly a thousand delegates of all ranks, from privates to Generals. They represented every combat division and every branch of the S. O. S., in fact every organization of the A. E. F. was represented. This delegation founded the American Legion. They started the wheels in motion. Brig. General John H. Sherburne of the 51st F. A. Brigade, was one of principal founders of the Legion and to him is due much credit for its prosperity.

The next step in the organization of this great body was the St. Louis Convention on May 8, 9, and 10, 1919, when the work of organizing the Legion was really begun.

Col. John F. J. Herbert of the 102d F. A. was named temporary State Chairman of Massachusetts, a better man could not have been found for this gigantic task. Colonel Herbert started out immediately to organize the Legion in Massachusetts and his work thus far has been a brilliant success.

The local Post, No. 15, received its charter in June, 1919. The Post has been making rapid strides and promises to be one of the strongest and most active Posts in Massachusetts.

The American Legion promises to be one of the greatest organizations for good in the community, State and country that the United States has ever known. Politics are abso-

THE AMERICAN LEGION

lutely barred from the organization. Vigorous resolutions have been adopted. It has pledged itself to take an active part in all civic questions, promote and champion all things that are of benefit to the people and rigidly oppose all those that will be of harm and that are not just. It stands for 100 percent Americanism and nothing less.

Following is the preamble of the constitution of the American Legion:

“For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:—

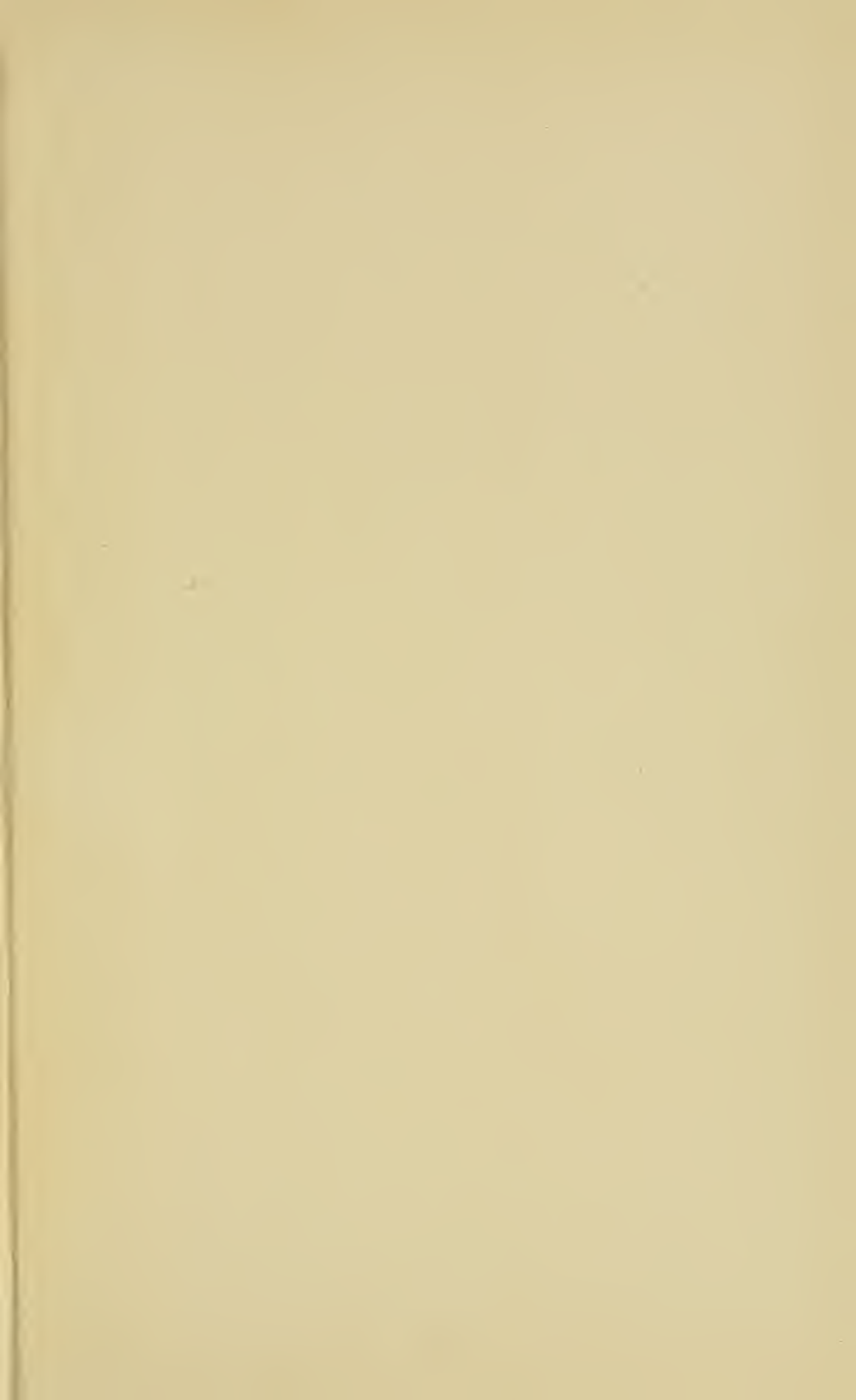
“To uphold and defend the constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and nation; to combat the autoocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.”

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